THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. JULY, 1910. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Don't Have to Apologize for your Tea

WHEN your friends gather around the table isn't it humiliating to have to offer excuses because the tea doesn't taste quite right—so hard to get a kind you like, and so on.

Nor is it much use to complain to the grocer, for the trouble lies further back.

Yet such embarrassment and apologies may be made forever a thing of the past by simply seeing that you always get

Its Rich, Distinctive Flavor and outstanding excellence appeal to and satisfy the most exacting taste.

Best of all, it is Always Exactly the Same. If you made two cups from two different packages of Blue Ribbon Tea, you would not be able to distinguish any difference between one cup and the other.

Again the Strength and "Body" of Blue Ribbon Tea would make its use Economical even at a considerable higher price than 40c. or 50c. a pound, as it makes about 240 cups to the pound, or six cups for one cent.

No better time than now to turn over a new leaf in tea buying, and treat your family and friends to this really good and economical tea.

If you do not find Blue Ribbon Tea satisfactory in every way your grocer is authorized to refund your money.

Any good grocer can supply you. Black or Japan Green, Sealed Packets.

Have You Seen SANITAS

Reproduction of a Sanitas design

Before you select a wall covering—for any room see

SANITAS

Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, dust-and-dirt-proof, never cracks, never tears, is instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

All the handsomest glazed tile effects are also made in Sanitas, for bathrooms, kitchens and pantries.

Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
320 Broadway, New York City

Stamped on Every Yard — *USE MERITAS — the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you ½ dozen handsome Meritas doilies.*

MERITAS STANDARD OIL CLOTH COMPANY

SANITAS
THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

Don't Throw it Away — Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak? USE MENDETS

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B. Collingwood, Ont.

GOES LIKE SIXTY SELLS LIKE SIXTY SELLS FOR **$65**

GILSON GASOLENE ENGINE

For Pumping, Cream Separators, Churns, Wash Machines, etc. FREE TRIAL. Ask for catalog—all sizes

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XI. Published Monthly **No. 7.**

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

Tens of thousands of people will this year take up their abode in the Great Canadian West. Men and women of many nationalities — English, Irish, Scotch, as well as many who have never before known life under the Union Jack; such as Americans, Germans, French, Swedes, Poles, Galicians, etc., and the great aim should be to Canadianize them all. Every true Canadian has a duty in this respect and we do not know of any better way of familiarizing them with western conditions than by getting the Western Home Monthly into their possession. Its aim is to present from month to month what is pleasurable and profitable, and under the following headings subjects are dealt with in each issue that cannot help but make for the good of the country. Matters of vast and immediate importance are dealt with intelligently and concisely in the Editorial page of each number and following that will be found special articles on many subjects treated by men who are recognized as specialists in their respective lines. A wealth of choice stories, Correspondence, Talks on Temperance, Sunday Reading, Woman's Quiet Hour, Music, What to Wear and When to Wear it, Fashions, Patterns, Work for Busy Fingers, Woman's Realm, Farm Suggestions, Home Doctor, Household Suggestions, Puzzles, Young People, Children, The Home Beautiful, Lighter Vein, all come in for due treatment. May we again suggest to you that in speaking of the Monthly to your neighbors or whomsoever you may come in contact with, you are doing something that will help to bring together in one strong Canadian Nationality the many and diverse elements that are fast filling our Western Provinces.

In the June issue we endeavor to impress upon our subscribers the advantage of reading the advertising columns of the Monthly from month to month. There is no department of business to which more thought is given to-day than advertising, and as a consequence much that is interesting and educative will be found in every advertising page. Many of our readers will visit Winnipeg during Exhibition week and there is no better way of getting a correct idea of the city's progress and activity than by visiting the establishments whose announcements appear in the Monthly. This embraces many of the leading institutions of the city and almost every line of commerce. On behalf of our advertising patrons we assure our readers of a cordial welcome whether they call as purchasers or not.

Summer is a very busy season for most of our readers but even while in the midst of the work preparatory to the harvest, many opportunities are afforded our friends of saying a good word for the Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in the Great West and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they could really enjoy reading. We obtain the greater part of our circulation through the recommendations of our readers and this is why we emphasise the importance of any little thoughtfulness which you may care to exercise on our behalf. This idea of getting subscribers for us is by no means a one-sided proposition. Every new subscriber means a step in the advancement of the magazine and those of our readers who have been on our mailing list for any length of time will readily concede that we are constantly adding new features and making the Western Home Monthly more and more attractive.

Our post-office competition—the results of which are announced in another page of this issue—was a phenomenal success. We have received numerous requests for another competition to be run on similiar lines and at the moment of writing it would seem that our readers absolutely insist on another contest next winter. We may have more to say about this next month. We would like to publish all the flattering letters we have received during the past few weeks but lack of space prevents us. One lady voices the sentiments of hundreds of others when she writes: "I may say that I consider the competition in question a very excellent one in every respect. It has proved delightfully entertaining as well as instructive, during the long winter evenings as it has a tendency to sharpen one's memory. Then, again, looking at it from a business point of view, I undoubtedly think it an admirable idea with regard to inducing business houses to advertise in your periodical. I hope it may be only the beginning of many such competitions."

When you come to Winnipeg for the fair, don't forget to look us up and renew your subscription. The majority of our readers renew promptly and it might be remarked that a renewal is the surest sign to the publisher that his periodical is appreciated. The address tag on your paper always shows to what date your subscription is paid so that, as a matter of fact, it is quite unnecessary for us to write and tell you when it is time to renew. By taking an active interest in your subscription and promptly renewing when the time comes, you save us a great deal of trouble and in addition ensure for yourself uninterrupted receipt of the magazine. Some of our subscribers who, on forgetting to renew, have been cut off our list have expressed surprise at our "high-handed" attitude. A magazine, however, should be paid for the same as anything else and while some publishers are philanthropic enough to take long chances in this respect, we cannot, and only guarantee continuous receipt of the Western Home Monthly to those whose subscriptions are paid up in advance.

Earl Grey: I feel as convinced as I am that tomorrow's sun will rise that if you keep true to the highest ideals of duty and disinterested service, nothing can prevent Canada from becoming, perhaps before the close of the present century, not only the granary but the heart and soul and rudder of the Empire.

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We send these by registered mail to any address upon receipt of price, with the understanding that any piece unsatisfactory may be returned for a refund of the price paid.

Send for 120-page Catalogue.

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Limited
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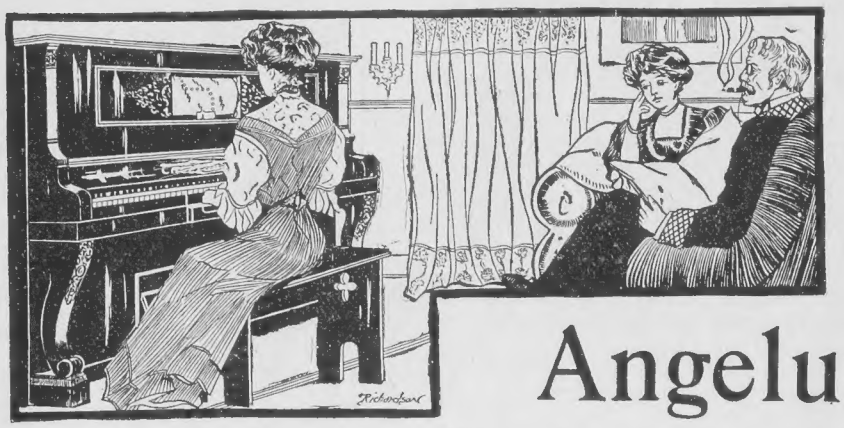
EXHIBITION PIANOS HAVE ARRIVED

WILL BE SHOWN IN THE MAIN BUILDING [NEXT STAND TO EATON'S]

TO out-of-town people, as well as city folk, whether in the market for a new piano or not, we extend a cordial invitation to examine these splendid new models—by far the most worthy and most beautiful pianos ever brought into Western Canada. These new instruments, which form a part of our exhibit, alone are well worth going miles to see. Just think of it—TEN different makes of high grade pianos, comprising 40 styles within easy access of your door. Your choice would surely be a



Chickering **Gourlay** **Knabe**
Haines **Bell** **Schumann, &c., &c.**

Special Discounts during Exhibition Week

Pianos at $250, $300, $350, $400, $450, $500

Three Years to Pay if desired

Angelus Player Piano

[As Supplied to His Majesty the Late King Edward VII.]

We are exclusive agents for the Angelus Player Piano, admitted to be the most perfect player piano, enabling anyone to play any music artistically. No other player piano save the Angelus offers the wonderful means of playing so artistically as is provided for you in the Melodant, the Phrasing Lever, the Artistyle Music Rolls and the Melody Buttons, for all of these are exclusive features of the Angelus Player Piano. Our magnificent exhibit of Grand and Upright Pianos, Player Pianos, etc., will be seen in the Main Building on the Fair Grounds, next exhibit to Eaton's. We have also a splendid showing of Pianos and Columbia, Edison and Victor Talking Machines at our City Warerooms, 295 Portage Avenue. Don't fail to look us up. Catalogue No. 41 and descriptive literature mailed free on application.

295 Portage Ave. **WINNIPEG PIANO CO.** Winnipeg, Man.

Be Well and Strong Without Medicine

Oxygen is death to disease, and life and health to the human body. On this principle OXYDONOR has cured hundreds of the worst cases of chronic disease—pronounced incurable.

The application of OXYDONOR creates a strong affinity for Oxygen, causing Oxygen from the air to be instilled into the body, entirely revitalizing it. The disease, whatever it may be—so long as no vital organ is destroyed—is SPEEDILY driven out and abounding health takes the place of the feeble, diseased condition.

Hercules Sanche

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This seems wonderful, but we have letters from hundreds of people who have experienced it. Here is one from Mrs. E. Poyner, Uxbridge, Ont.: "Your OXYDONOR has improved my health wonderfully in a short time, so much so that I have gained eleven pounds. My heart was very bad, and I had violent pains in my head and I could hardly walk across the floor. Now I can walk down town and back, and the pains have left me. I would not be without my OXYDONOR."

The whole cost of OXYDONOR is the first cost. It lasts a lifetime without any expense, and saves many times its cost in doctor's bills.

Write for our free book telling about the OXYDONOR Treatment and some of its wonderful cures.

DR. H. Sanche & Co.
356 St. Catherine St. West Montreal

Energetic reliable men wanted in every district to handle our goods.

Semi-Steel Fire-Pot—Not Gray Iron

A FIRE-POT of a furnace should be able to endure tremendous heat and to repel the attacks of sulphur fumes.

The material commonly used for a fire-pot is gray iron. The Sunshine fire-pot is *Semi-Steel.*

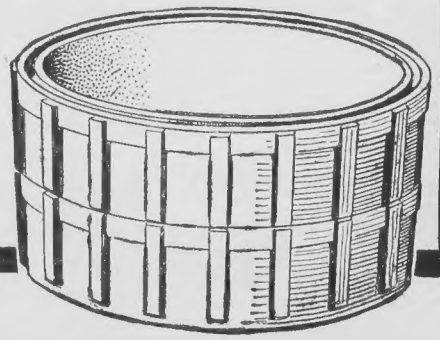
Now, avoiding technical terms, gray iron has what may be called "open" pores. Through these "open" pores the destructive sulphur fumes attack the iron and hasten disintegration.

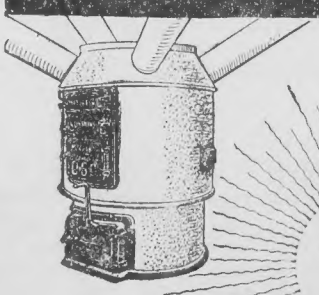
On the other hand, Semi-Steel is a close-grained material, with a smooth-as-glass surface which practically seals or "closes" up the pores. Semi-Steel easily repels the attacks of gas fumes and thus greatly prolongs the life of the fire-pot.

A Semi-Steel fire-pot weighs 20 per cent. heavier than the same size and pattern in gray iron. It is therefore better able to endure tremendous heat.

Semi-Steel is made by an *exclusive* McClary process. You can only get a Semi-Steel fire-pot with a McClary furnace. That is one strong reason why you should have the Sunshine installed in your home. Our agent in your locality will tell you many other reasons. Ask him.

Remember, the Sunshine is *guaranteed,* by the largest makers of furnaces in British Empire, to heat your home to your entire satisfaction. 45





SUNSHINE FURNACE
McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

Our Own Canadian Home.

When the first day of July comes around a feeling of pride takes possession of every good Canadian, for on that day he is led to reflect upon the greatness of the land he is proud to claim as his own. Although it is about three hundred and seventy-five years since Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence and gave to the country the name it now bears, it is only forty-three years since the Dominion as a confederation was born, and it is only within the last decade or two that The Great West has operated as a factor in national development. Henceforth the history of Canada is bound to be the history of The West.

OUR EMPIRE.

With regard to Canada as a whole the loyal citizen first takes pride in the fact that it is a constituent part of the British Empire— an empire whose glory reaches back through the centuries, an empire which stands for freedom, justice and humanity. It is no small thing that one can claim as his own the flag that has braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze. It is no small thing that one can claim as his kindred the heroes of war and the heroes of peace, and that he can claim to belong to a family which includes the bravest of men and the most devoted of womankind.

OUR COUNTRY.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to a Canadian to realize that his country is one-third of the empire; that it is eighteen times the size of France and thirty-three times the size of Italy; that from east to west it extends for thirty-five hundred miles and from north to south for fourteen hundred miles; and in his quiet moments he delights to picture this land with the whole of the arable territory under crop and with the million square miles of unexplored region dotted with the homes of settlers.

The Canadian loves his land not only because it is part of the great empire, but because it is great in itself. He loves it because of its great beauty and its countless natural advantages. It is pre-eminently the land of sunshine—sunshine which means not only health and life and vigor but which means growth and excellence of production.

THE VOLUME OF TRADE.

It is a matter of pride for Canadian people to know that the trade and commerce of this country now amounts to about seven hundred millions a year; that it has doubled in nine years and trebled in seventeen; that it now amounts to nearly $100 per head, while that of the United States is but $35 per head; that in fifteen years it has increased 163 per cent. while that of the United States has increased but 90 per cent. It is moreover a matter of special satisfaction that 40 per cent. of its trade is within the empire, and that it is on such good terms with the rest of the world that it has a thriving trade with every country north and south of the equator. Not the least matter for congratulation is that it lives in perfect harmony with its nearest neighbor, and that the volume of trade between the two is increasing from year to year with great advantage to both.

FACILITIES FOR TRANSPORTATION.

To carry on the trade within the Dominion, Canada possesses systems of railways and waterways of which she has every reason to feel proud. Her railway mileage per head of population is greater than that of any other country; it is greater than that of Great Britain, or Australia or New Zealand. It represents a capital expenditure of nearly a billion and a half.

And as if to make transportation easier the Dominion has been favored with a system of lakes and rivers which places the heart of the country close to the seaboard. When the Georgian Bay canal is completed, the projected road from Edmonton to Winnipeg by way of Lake Winnipeg in operation, and when the Hudson Bay railway is finished, there is not a part of Canada but will be within easy distance of the motherland and the markets of the world.

THE PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURE.

It would be strange if in a country so highly favored manufacture did not thrive. It is a pleasure to note that the banks had on loan at the close of last year about six hundred millions, most of which was to manufacturers. The capital employed in 1900 was about four hundred and fifty millions, in 1905 about eight hundred and fifty millions and at this rate of increase it should be almost twice that amount to-day. Last year the exports of home manufacture amounted to about thirty millions, the bulk of which went to Great Britain and the United States.

THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.

The Canadian finds it difficult to name the great industries of his land, because there are so many that occupy an important place. First of all, however, should come agriculture. Last year the field crops yielded over five hundred millions or $75 per head of population. Of this amount the wheat crop was valued at over one hundred and forty millions.

Canada takes pride in her agriculture for it is an agricultural country. She is just beginning to realize that she is also one of the first mining countries in the world. Her wealth is unknown. She has the richest nickel, asbestos and corrumdom deposits on the globe. Already her gold production has amounted to nearly three hundred millions. Last year she produced nearly ten millions in gold, nine millions in iron, eight millions in copper, twelve millions in silver, and twenty-five millions in coal. Her coal bearing lands so far as known comprises one hundred thousand square miles. If every year wealth can be taken from the fields in the form of crops of grain and roots, the great wealth that lies under the ground in the form of minerals is not yet known or appreciated. But agriculture and mining are but two sources of wealth. There is no lumber field in the world equal to that of British Columbia and there is no fishing ground better than the sea coasts of Canada and the numberless lakes and streams that extend from one border to the other. Last year the export of fish alone amounted to over thirteen millions and the number of people engaged in this industry was close to ninety thousand, and yet the great northern lakes in the centre of the Dominion are practically untouched.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag on Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, and joined in love together,
The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, and Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear, firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained, we swear to yield them never!
Our watch-ward ever more shall be, the Maple Leaf forever.

On merry England's far famed land may kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore, and Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long, till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King and Heaven Bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

Above all the Canadian will take pride in the fact that he is living in a country where there is a popular form of government. The making of the laws rests ultimately with the man who toils. He may have the legislation he wishes, and he is allowed perfect freedom so long as this does not interfere with the happiness and comfort of others.

THE GREAT WEST.

But it is on Western Canada in particular that the eyes of the world are fixed. Here there are four great provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and with regard to each of these a volume could be written. Manitoba is small in area when compared with the other provinces but its position and natural advantages are such that it has been a great factor in the development of the nation. Last year its total grain crop was one hundred and thirteen millions of bushels, of which nearly fifty millions was wheat. The value of its wheat-field crop was reckoned at seventy-five millions of dollars. Yet only about twenty per cent. of the arable land has been brought under cultivation.

Saskatchewan produced last year over two hundred million bushels of grain, of which over ninety million bushels was wheat. The value of the field crops was over one hundred and thirty millions, which together with the live stock brought it over two hundred millions of dollars.

Alberta, a province the size of France, contained one hundred and sixty-two million acres of which only one million are under cultivation. Last year it produced about ten million bushels of wheat while the total value of its grain and roots was over twenty millions of dollars. Nor was this all, for its exports of live stock and dairy products amounted to ten millions.

British Columbia, the largest of all the provinces, with seven thousand miles of coast line, is the mineral and lumber-producing province of the Dominion. Its mineral production last year was close to twenty-five million dollars, while its lumber and fishing industries are growing so rapidly that it is impossible to make a true estimate of them. Not only this, but this province is coming to the front as a fruit producer, there being now over one hundred thousand acres devoted to this purpose.

THE GROWTH OF POPULATION.

One of the most important factors of our national development is that the population is growing at an unprecedented rate. Last year the total arrivals were about one hundred and fifty thousand. One half of the male portion consisted of farmers and farm laborers. Of these immigrants a great many came from the British Islands and the United States and there are enough of these mingling with the native-born Canadians to keep the country British in its language and sympathies. Efforts are being put forth throughout the whole country to Canadianize thoroughly those who are likely to be out of touch with Canadian ideals. Good school accommodation is provided in all the provinces. Ultimately these foreign-born and their children will become good citizens and there is not one but can add something of value to our citizenship. The caution of the Scotchman, the vivacity of the Frenchman, the dogged perseverance of the German, the blunt directness of the Russian, the thrift of the Mennonite, the zeal of the Icelander all of these are valuable qualities and in the intermixture of people in the years to come all these qualities will find a place.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

The more a Canadian reflects upon the resources of his land, the more he allows his imagination to picture what this land may be in fifty years the more satisfied he becomes that his country is to be the greatest on the face of the earth and that the last west is the greatest west.

When the forty cities of a country can boast of about one hundred millions in building operations; when the annual revenue of the country has reached the same figure; when its railway mileage equals the circumference of the earth; when the milk industry alone reaches a hundred millions; and when the imagination can picture the grain output of the near future at ten times this amount; then surely there is every reason for encouragement and satisfaction.

MORAL WORTH.

All this however is worth something provided only that the morals of the nation remain pure and unsullied. Canada has done well to retain her quiet Sabbath and her old fashioned methods of living. She is going to see to it that none of those customs and vices which have weakened the nations of Southern Europe shall affect injuriously the quiet and peaceable existence. "Canada for Canadians" does not mean that those who come to settle here must become serfs, but it does mean that if they throw in their lot with us they must recognize the ideals of purity and uprightness, and justice which here are bound to prevail.

"Nymphs of the Ocean." .. ..

Negative taken on a .. ..

"Wellington"

Extra speedy plate.

Half-tone from a print on Carbon Surface Bromide

For the finest results in all branches of photography, use the

WELLINGTON

PLATES, PAPERS and FILMS

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

IRISH LINEN

WORLD RENOWNED FOR QUALITY & VALUE

¶ Established in 1870 at Belfast, the centre of the Irish linen trade, we have developed our business on the lines of supplying genuine Linen goods direct to the public at the lowest nett prices. For manufacturing purposes we have a large fully-equipped power-loom linen factory at Banbridge, Co. Down, hand looms in many cottages for the finest work, and extensive making-up factories at Belfast.

SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALITIES:

Household Linen.

Dinner Napkins, ¾×¾ yd. $1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 2½×3 yds., $1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, $3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, .33c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, $1.18 doz. Glass Cloths, $1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, $1.32 doz.

Embroidered Linen.

Afternoon Teacloths, from .90c ea. Sideboard Cloths from .90c ea. Cushion Covers from .48c ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from $3.30 ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from $3.00 each.

Dress Linen.

White Dress Linen, 44in. wide, soft finish, .48c yard. Coloured Linen, 44 in. wide, 50 shades, .48c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 48 in. wide, .42c yard.

Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ½ & ½ in. hems, .84c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, $1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ½ in. hem, $1.66 doz.

Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses from .94c ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .56c ea. Combinations, $1.08 each. Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04. Layettes, $15.00. Irish Lace goods direct from workers at very moderate prices.

Collars & Shirts.

Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from $1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, $1.42 each. Zephyr, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff cuffs and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

SYSTEM OF BUSINESS.—Samples and price lists post free anywhere.—Goods packed securely by experts for shipment abroad. — Merchandise forwarded against bills of lading or bank draft. — Carriage paid on orders of £1 and upwards to port of shipment. — Foreign orders receive special care and attention.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED

DONEGALL PLACE BELFAST IRELAND Also LONDON & LIVERPOOL

Telegrams: "Linen, Belfast."

Forging the Golden Chain.

By William Hamilton Osborne.

Jimmy Dolliver was slightly troubled. He was facing one of the problems of life.

"It seems to me," he said slowly, toying with the solitaire that graced Miss Pembroke's hand, "that we ought to marry—soon."

Miss Natalie Pembroke flushed and nodded. "I think we ought," she answered. She hesitated for an instant. "These long engagements seem, somenow, so cheap." Dolliver started. It seemed an odd thing for Natalie to say—his Natalie. The girl, too, seemed instinctively to understand that she had struck the wrong note. "I—I don't mean that so much, Jimmy," she went on, "and, anyway, it doesn't hit us, for we haven't been engaged so long. But don't you know how people talked when Tom Dilkes and Aline Peterson stepped off." She sniggered at the recollection. "After five years!" she laughed. "I think we ought to marry soon," she repeated soberly.

Unconsciously Dollivers' face clouded. "It's a matter of pride with her," he told himself.

To some extent he was right; to a very great extent he was wholly wrong. For Natalie Pembroke—if the expression be permitted—was head over heels in love with Jimmy Dolliver. She loved him for his looks; she loved him for his gentleness; she loved him because he was Jimmy Dolliver, and because he, too, was head over heels in love with her. And there was something behind Jimmy's personality that constantly lent spice to his every word, his every act. It had puzzled her for a long while until she had heard it said one day that Jimmy Dolliver possessed executive ability. That was the phrase—executive ability. Jimmy Dolliver was in the world and of it. He was masterful; he had force.

"Jimmy'll get along," Natalie's father had s id to Natalie.

Jimmy was getting along, as young men of twenty-five do get along. He was head man down at Eisenstein, Thalheimer & Company's, manufacturers of gold chains in Monroe. Jimmy was a practical man. Fortunately for himself, he was living in an age when the American aristocrat doffed his hat in the presence of the practical, successful business man. Unfortunately for himself, he was living in an age when salaries were relatively small, compared with the cost of living, and when the essence of living consisted in keeping up appearances. It was an age when men who ought to marry early married late. And Jimmy Dolliver was a marrying man.

"I can get along," Jimmy went on, to Natalie; "that is hardly the question. The point is, can we get along? I have fairly hard scratching as it is."

Natalie Pembroke laughed. Jimmy was pacing slowly up and down the room. In all Monroe there was no man so well groomed, so well caparisoned, as was Jimmy Dolliver. She liked him for it. It was a part of Jimmy.

"You!" she exclaimed. Again she laughed. "Do you know what the girls say, Jimmy? They say there are few men that lavish money on a girl as you do on me. "They say," she smiled mischievously and with an appreciation of the humor of her own remark—"that you certainly do treat me well."

Jimmy laughed in spite of himself. Anl yet, there was a grimness about it all. Here was Natalie Pembroke, the only child of old John K.—a man who could buy and sell many men in Monroe; a man whose wealth had come down to him through generations—and yet, in spite of her blue-blooded ancestry, in spite of her innate refinement, she voiced unconsciously the sentiments of the age, and in the vernacular of the times. That was the supreme test of to-day, Jimmy told himself, somewhat bitterly—Does this man make good? Does that other show his coin?

But Natalie, too, was sobering. "We can get along, Jimmy, I'm sure," she said simply, and in what she considered was a matter-of-fact tone of voice, "and if we can't, father will——"

"That is hardly the question. The point is, can *we* get along?"

"Stop right there," exclaimed Dolliver; "father won't. He won't, in the first place, because we won't let him, you and I, and in the second, your father will never see, will never know, the weak spots in our system of finance. Father will hand out ivory pianos when we need a joint of mutton. He will adorn us with an Oriental rug when we'd prefer to pay our rent on time. I know—I've seen and heard what other men have borne, and said. I—I want to begin on a sound basis, Natalie," he went on. "I'm not marying a rich girl. I'm marrying a girl whose father is rich. A rich girl is one who's rich in her own right. I'm marrying you," he said, seating himself at her side, "because you're Natalie. You're marrying me because I'm Jimmy Dolliver. That's all. And we've got to fight it out together, side by side."

Natalie Pembroke drew a long breath. It sounded good, this business-like discussion. it was something different from the kind of thing she was accustomed to. It seemed to her that she was standing on the threshold of real life.

"I'm afraid," continued Jimmy, "that I'm making a fool of myself in taking these things too seriously, but, somehow, I want to be understood—I want things understood. I can live, alone—and on very little." He smiled. "It isn't very romantic and it isn't very good taste, and it certainly is sordid, to

mention it—but it didn't cost much to treat you well, as your friends would say. We haven't been to the theatre twice a month; the opera once or twice a year—figure it all out. How much did it cost? It's mean and cheap to talk about it, but——"

"It's fun," returned Natalie; "and besides, when we did go, we had just everything and did everything there was to have or do."

"How much?" persisted Dolliver.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned—"twenty-five hundred dollars. No? More?"

Dolliver burst into a hearty laugh. "This last year," he returned, "just three hundred and fifty dollars—at the rate of seven dollars a week. I figured it all out. For the rest, my board at Mrs. Tackleton's, and as for clothing and the other things—oh, yes, I could get along, but you and I—there's the rub. That's the thing we've got to think about, and we've got to think about it all the more, because—because I'm going to take a step that's going to make me hustle. Somehow—Natalie, I want you to be with me when I'm hustling. Somehow——" There was a wild yearning within him. He threw his arm around the girl and drew her toward him. "I want to begin life—now," he said.

"And I," she whispered.

"Forbes and I," he went on, "are going to buy out Eisenstein, Thalheimer & Company. We know how to make gold chains. Practically we're running the business. Eisenstein is the only member of the firm that's left. He's tired and he's old-fashioned. It's our chance; Forbes' chance and yours and mine. It's a good business. It needs building up. But we'll be manufacturing jewelers, Forbes and I——"

"They all get rich, here in Monroe," said Natalie.

"Those you hear about do," returned Dolliver; "the rest don't. I don't know which class we'll be in, but— I've got a fight to fight, Natalie girl, and I want to fight it with you at my side, urging me on. Am I selfish? Am I wrong? Am I right? I'm afriad it means poverty for a long, long while—secret poverty; a terrific struggle to keep up appearances. How long, I cannot tell."

Had Jimmy Doliver been a little less of a business man he would not have said these things in just this way. Even as it was, he admitted to himself that he had not expressed them just in the way he ought. But he wanted to put Natalie on her guard; he wanted to show her just how it would be; he wanted, above all, to get her down upon the record. She was willing to place herself on record.

She felt the doubt of her that his words unconsciously implied. "I think, Jimmy," she answered him, "that you do not realize that it is the rich girl—or the girl with the rich father, as you put it—who is willing to do as you say. We've been used to luxury; a litle adversity may be a relief. It is a change. It is something new. If I were a factory girl I should look forward to marriage as a grand holiday. I would say, 'Now it is my turn to rest. I'll have servants. I'll order them around.' It is the poor girl who is not willing to face poverty. The rich girl is, with the man she loves. It's the man after all, Jimmy Dolliver. The rest doesn't count so much."

Dolliver crushed her to his breast. She had said the thing he wanted her to say, and just in the way he wanted her to say it.

"Are you sure?" he cried.

"Sure," she answered.

"Do you realize, little girl,' he asked, "what it all means?"

"Jimmy," she answered, "we're going to fight it out together."

They married. All Monroe approved the match; all Monroe liked Jimmy, and loved Natalie. And Natalie's father, who was a club man, was glad to have his only daughter so very well disposed of; he tapped her on the shoulder.

"Natalie,' he said, "Jimmy is the real thing. He's doing well. He's straight as a die, and he's got a thundering good business reputation. You take good care of him, and you'll be all right."

Jimmy smiled. "We'll get along—somehow," he assented.

They lived in a small cottage in a good residence neighborhood on the outskirts of the town. Natalie had picked it out. Jimmy had suggested a flat—not an apartment—at a lower rental. But he conceded the little six-room cottage. The open air and the little flower-beds would do them good. They hired the cheapest kind of a servant, but changed her later for a good one.

'For," reasoned Natalie, "a cheap one wastes so much that a good one pays in the end. She saves so much."

"If there's anything to save," thought Jimmy, for his appetite and Natalie's were sufficient usually to lick the platters clean.

"And besides," Natalie had told herself, "we've got to make some kind of a showing when Genevieve comes here."

Genevieve was Genevieve Lawson, the bosom friend of Natalie. Genevieve had married G. J. Lawson, of Lawson & Son brokers, in Monroe. G. J. Lawson was young and rich. He, too, had a business reputation; though it was said about town that Lawson & Sons was a concern that had learned to run itself. At any rate, G. J. did not let it interfere with his enjoyment of life. G. J. Lawson was as much a friend of Jimmy's as was Genevieve of Natalie's.

"We've got to make some little show, just to keep up with our wedding presents," Natalie told Jimmy Dolliver.

Jimmy would nod in a tired sort of way. He was always tired now, it seemed. "It's good to come home,

"Wait till you have eight, like me," he said.

nights, now," he would tell her, "to home, and—you."

"Why are you so tired, Jimmy?" she would ask. "You didn't used to be."

"Ah," returned Jimmy, "Forbes and I must hustle now. We've got to hustle on our own account, you see. It's hard work to make both ends meet. But we're doing it all right."

"You get home so late," she went on.

"It's a long walk, you know," he answered. He hadn't meant to say it. It slipped out naturally enough. Natalie opened her eyes.

"Walk!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you walk home!" Jimmy nodded. "All that distance?" she persisted. "How far is it?"

"About a mile," Jimmy answered. He lied. It was two and a half. "It isn't far. And besides, I need the exercise."

"But," she protested, "why don't you walk in the morning when you're fresh, and ride at night when you're tired?"

"I walk both ways," returned Jimmy.

"Both ways!" she echoed. There was a note of incredulity in her tone. "Jimmy—why?"

Jimmy took her hands in his. "Because, little girl,' he answered, smiling, "it's just this: we're running so close to the wind down at the shop that it's a matter of pennies—actually of pennies. Seems funny, doesn't it? But it's true. Forbes, my partner, doesn't economize. I must.'

She said nothing just then. But

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when she was alone she sat down and thought about it. "It seeems so ridiculous," she told herself. It was absurd. The idea! What kind of a business was this business of her husband's where ten cents a day could make a difference? She didn't, couldn't understand that some men sell their very shirts to make a business pay. One day she picked up Jimmy's every-day shoes. She turned them up. In the sole of one was a hole, worn almost completely through.

"You must get a new pair of shoes, Jimmy," she said. "You always used to be so well dressed, you know. And these shoes, why, they're disgraceful!"

"I'll get them," returned Jimmy, "just as soon as I have the time." He meant just as soon as he had the money, but he did not say it. And he did not get a new pair. He had his old ones patched and repatched. "It's a matter of pennies, you know," he would tell her.

Natalie didn't like it. It all seemed so sordid. It was of a piece, too, with the general lack of money in the house.

Natalie had not expected to roll in riches. "I don't want money to spend in luxuries," she assured herself; "but I must have necessaries.' And often there was no money for the barest needs of life. Yet, outwardly, they were living well. Her trousseau was still new; their house and table were bountifully supplied with wedding presents. To their neighbors they seemed prosperous. To the eyes of father Pembroke they were comfortable. But to Natalie——

"Weren't you better off when you were on a salary?" she one day asked her husband.

He shook his head. "I had more money for myself," he assented, "but now—don't you see?—I've got a business.

Natalie could not reason it out. What was the use of having a business if it did not yield enough for one to subsist upon? And, besides, no one knew it was Jimmy's business.

"I suppose," she had asked him once, "that it will be Dolliver & Forbes?" He had shaken his head.

"It'll be Eisenstein-Thalheimer still," he had answered. "We can't afford to lose the name, you see."

Somehow, it all seemed so futile to Natalie. She loved Jimmy—oh, so much!—but she doubted his business wisdom. The old thing that had provoked her admiration—his executive ability—where was that?

"Don't you think, Jimmy," she said one day, after seven long days of financial famine, "that it would be better to take a salary again?"

"No," he cried, "no! You don't understand. We're forging right ahead. We're doing business. We're making gold chains, and we're selling them, too. No, no! Wait."

She waited. And it seemed as though things did get a bit easier. Now and then they took a night off, over in New York. And she had more money, too. But Jimmy still kept up his own economy.

"You look so shabby," she complained; what will people think?"

But he only smiled. "A man is judged by his wife's clothes, not his own," he told her. It was then that she exhibited rare presence of mind, so she assured herself. She did not answer him. But, had she answered, she would have told him that it was not good to wear your wedding trousseau for more than a year, no matter how good it was, no matter how well it looked. She could have told him further, that, so far as her new purchases went, his wife was not well dressed. She was afraid, actually afraid, to look Genevieve Lawson in the face again. And Genevieve had come home from Paris with—well, gowns. It was awful, somehow.

And one night Jimmy came home with a new line in his face, but with determination in his eye.

"Natalie, girl," he said to her, after supper, "it's come—the thing I knew must come. Forbes and I can't get along. His ways are not my ways. Forbes thinks I'm too cautious. I think Forbes is too headstrong—he calls it being progressive. He's too extravagant. He keeps us in hot water all the time. We can't get along, that's all. We've got to separate. I've got to buy Forbes out, or he's got to buy me out, that's all. I've got the first chance."

"What will Forbes pay?" she asked. It seemed to her the hand of Providence. If Jimmy could get Forbes to pay him, say, five hundred dollars for his share of the business, they could buy some clothes and get ahead a little, and Jimmy could take another salary, and they could get along. It seemed good.

"What will Forbes pay," she queried, "if he stays in?"

"Ten thousand dollars—cash."

"Ten thousand dollars, cash!" she echoed, faintly. It stunned her. Ten thousand dollars! Forbes must be a lunatic.

"Are you sure, Jimmy?" she queried.

"Why, of course," he answered, in a mater-of-fact tone; "but—Forbes isn't going to buy it out, because I won't let him. I'm going to buy Forbes out, first."

She smiled in spite of herself. "With—what, Jimmy?" she queried. "Ten thousand dollars, cash?"

"No," answered Dolliver, "and that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'm going to give him twelve thousand dollars in my notes—notes that I've got to pay. It's going to be a hard pull. I wanted to see how you felt about it."

"Jimmy!" It was a wail, almost of anguish. And then and there her opinion of Jimmy's mental ability underwent a complete change. It had stunned her at first to learn that any part or the whole of the business could be worth ten thousand dollars. She had even acknowledged that Jimmy—or Forbes, and probably the latter—must have had some ability to make a business worth that, but for Jimmy to turn his back on ten thousand dollars when the business would hardly feed them as it was—it seemed a crime! Jimmy must be a fool.

Jimmy heard her out. But he slowly shook his head. "I must decide alone. I must decide for you. I am doing it all for you, Natalie. If it were for myself, I would take the ten thousand, perhaps, but for you, I'm going to buy Forbes out."

For her! It was so idiotic! When she would be the sufferer! But Jimmy's mind was made up.

"Some day. Some day," he told her. It made but small impression on her mind.

In the midst of it all, a crisis was approaching. Jimmy recognized it. Jimmy had not known whether to be glad or sorry that Natalie had no mother. Now he was sorry that she had none. But the maternal instinct was alive in Jimmy, and he tried to be a mother to her. But Natalie viewed the crisis with alarm. Poverty, she thought, under the circumstances, was terrific, perhaps fatal. And her mind, warped and startled as it was, fixed itself and fastened upon one thing.

"I will have a trained nurse!" she would whisper to herself. "I will have a trained nurse! I will have proper care! I must, I must, I must!"

This, after a time, broke forth into sound. "I will have a trained nurse! I must have proper care!" It was upon her tongue all day long. One night she broke out, hysericaly, with it, in the presence of Jimmy.

"Why, Natalie," he exclaimed, putting his arm about her, "you have one. You have had one for a long while. . . . I arranged it all, long, long ago. Everything is arranged. Everything. Don't you understand?"

She retreated, weakly. "But, but," she faltered, "we can't afford the luxuries."

"We must have the necessaries," he commented. She started. She had not understood before that a man who could walk to work and would wear disreputable shoes could realize—but she did not understand Jimmy Dolliver, that was all.

For the next year she really didn't care about money. She did not think even about the necessaries. For she

possessed the maternal instinct, too, and little Jimmy Dolliver, when he arrived, became her life. As for big Jimmy, the paternal instinct was so strong in him that his business suffered through his late arrival in the morning, his early departure in the afternoon.

"I've got to get back to the kid," he told his foreman.

The foreman grinned. "Wait till you have eight, like me," he said.

The Dolliver's kept on living as best they might. Jimmy had all he could do to pay the notes as they came due. Natalie was glad that she had to stay at home, where her scant wardrobe made but little difference.

"As long as nobody knows," she told herself. But it was heartrending. Genevieve Lawson would come in, detailing the fun, the times, that G. J. and she would have—spending money. Money—everybody had money, save Jimmy Dolliver. And the old, old longing would come back to Natalie.

It was when Jimmy jr. ,was eighteen months old that Natalie made up her mind, one day, that she must go to New York, and—buy. She left Jimmy, Jr., at home, with Maggie, with minute directions covering every possible event that might arise.

In half an hour she was among the factories. She had some little difficulty locating her husband's place of business it was in a dingy street. But she located him first. He did not see her. But she saw him and watched him. It was twelve o'clock. She was behind him. He strode along the street and turned a corner. She stopped, unseen. Around the corner was a fruit-stand, presided over by an Italian vendor of gentle mien.

Jimmy Dolliver put his hand in his pocket. "How a-much?" asked Angelo.

"Three cents' worth to-day," replied Jimmy Dolliver. Angelo measured out a handful of roasted peanuts, slipped them into a bag and passed it over. Jimmy Doliver slunk on down the street.

What frivolity! The idea of this man, her husband, dropping his business, to run out like a little boy and buy some peanuts at a stand. It was incomprehensible. It was absurd. She walked around to think about it, and to give him the opportunity to regain his office. Ten minutes later she walked in. He was there. He rose and kissed her. Upon his lips was the odor of those peanuts.

"Natalie," he exclaimed, pleased. The foreman approached.

"Have you had your dinner, sir?" the foreman asked. "If so, I'll get mine."

"Yep,' answered Jimmy. "I've had my dinner. Go ahead."

The foreman went. And yet, she did not understand. Business, sometimes, so Dolliver had told her, was a matter of pennies. She did not know that there were times when the only man in a factory who went dinnerless, perforce, was the proprietor. All the others got their pay regularly but himself. But Natalie was not thinking of these things. Her eyes had fastened upon five ten-dollar bills that lay upon Jimmy's desk.

"Jimmy," she said, "I've just got to go to New York, to get things for myself and the baby. I can't wait a minute longer, and so I thought I'd come right down and——"

Jimmy Doliver never winced. "How—how much do you need?" he asked. She looked at the money.

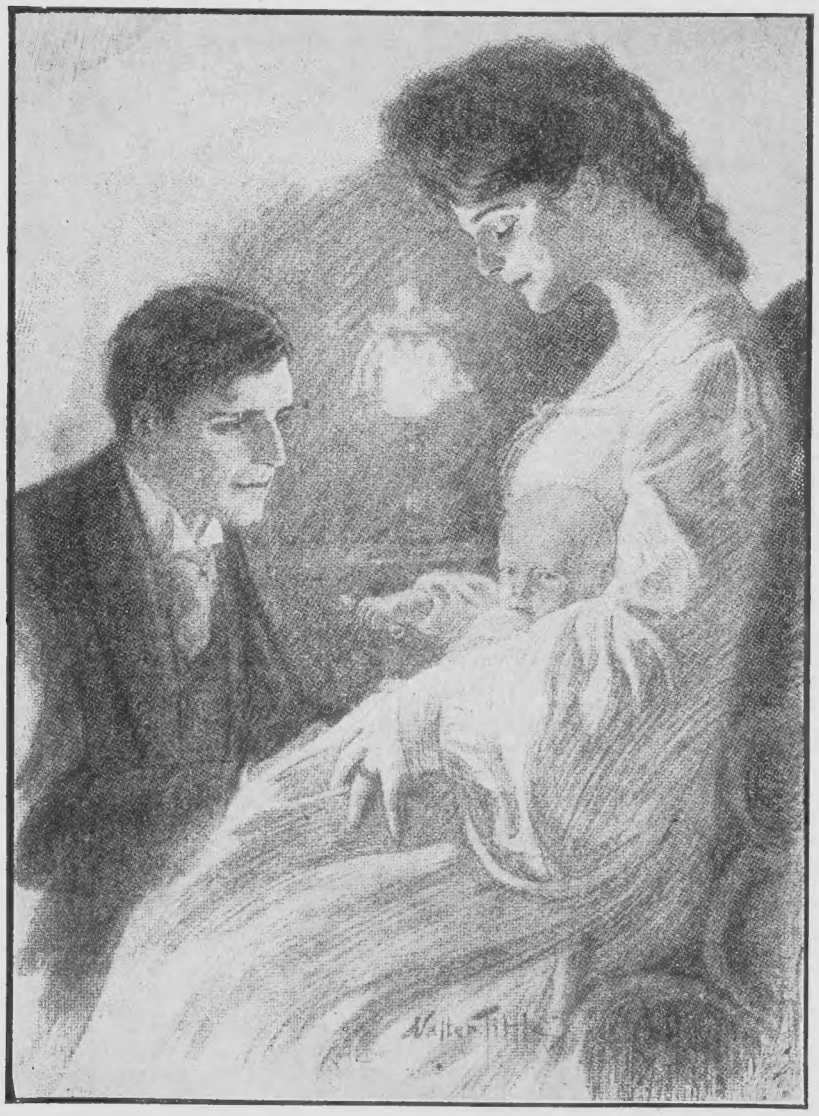
"Fifty would do me, Jimmy," she answered. "I can hardly make it go, but—it will do."

Jimmy Dolliver hesitated for a moment. Then he picked up the money and passed it over. "Take it along," he said. "I'll go home early and see to Jimmy, and you get there when you can." He was just about to kiss her once more, when a man stepped in with a bill in his hand.

"Got that fifty for Carter-Welch?" he queried. Jimmy scratched his head.

"Carter-Welch'll have to wait," he answered. "Its' the only time they ever had to wait for me. I'll have the fifty Monday, certain, but not before."

"O. K., Mr .Dolliver," said the man, as he swung out and rattled down the stairs. Dolliver smiled at his wife.



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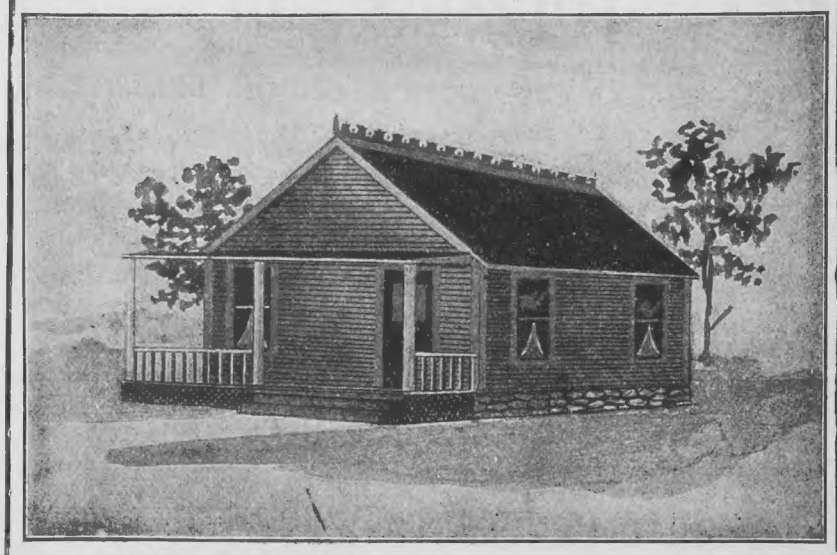

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Young Mrs. Doliver went. "I should think Carter-Welch could wait!" she thought. She went to New York. She spent the fifty, carefuly, economically.

"But—my!" she thought; "it does feel good to spend money once again! It does!"

Two women sat next to her on the Christopher Street car as she came back home. On the way the attention of one was attracted by three Italian women, young and lusty, and very dirty, who carried on the heads huge packs of wood.

"How can they do it?" sighed the woman next to Mrs. Jimmy Dolliver.

The other woman was a philosopehr. "My dear," she said genially, "they have to live their lives, you know."

They have to live their lives! It was a new idea to Mrs. Jimmy Dolliver—an idea that struck home. She must live her life. She had not considered that before. She had taken Jimmy for better, for worse. And she must make the very best of the very worst. And her life—so far it had been rebellion! It could not be thus always. She would be poor; Jimmy would be poor. She must live her life. A sudden resolve thrust itself upon her—she would live her life.

And yet there were things she couldn't understand. On the Monroe trolley, as she hung on a strap, she heard two men behind her talking.

"I can't go away now, not much," he said; "I'm afraid. If I'm going to make gold chains I've got to stay right here in town. I've got to sell."

"Afraid—of what?" the other asked casually.

"Of Eisenstein-Thalheimer," returned the other with a laugh. "They're pushing us close for second place. Look out, yourself."

It seemed incomprehensible, all this. What was a business reputation worth if it did not bring Jimmy business? What was a business worth if it did not bring Jimmy money, and luxury, and ease?

But she thrust it all behind her. "I have my life to live," she told herself: "I'll live it."

And there was something strangely altered in the wife of Jimmy Dolliver when Jimmy kissed her his welcome home that night, and lifted little Jimmy to be kissed. It was intangible, but it was there. And later she slipped her hand into his.

"We'll fight it out together, Jimmy," she said; "and hereafter I'll be a better fighter than I've been."

"What?" he exclaimed. "Better fighter. No one could have been a better fighter than you've been." He drew her tight. "Natalie, girl!" he whispered.

It was two years later that he came in, smiling one evening. "Natalie," he said, "G. J. Lawson is going to sell his brownstone house downtown. It's good. I've been through it. How would you like to buy it, little girl?"

She stared at him in amazement. "How can we buy it?" she asked.

"With money," he answered; "our money—made out of our business—your business and mine, Natalie," he said.

"The business?" she gasped; "is there money in the business?"

"Why, of course," he answered; "it's a good business. It's always been good. From the start we've done well. But it took money to run—and, now it's running, it brings in money."

"You—never thought it; never expected it!" she protested.

"Never thought it?" he returned. "Why, I've always known it. I've always seen it. I've always felt it coming."

They bought the Lawson house. But Lawson was not yet through with it.

"We're going to have a ball first, Natalie," said Genevieve, "and then we go to live abroad."

They had the ball. Natalie and Jimmy Dolliver went in their own coupe.

"That is, it's yours, if you like it," Jimmy said, as they stepped into it that night. For she had not known before. "It's like old times," Jimmy laughed, to cover up her confusion.

"Hello, old man!" G. J. Lawson said to him later. "It seems queer, it does, for us to have this ball in your house—but we had to have a kick-up before we left, you know."

And Natalie noticed one thing that surprised her. The people that knew people—that knew her—seemed to know her husband much better than they did herself. Men stood at attention about him. Men sought him out. Men introduced their wives to him.

"Mr. Dolliver, my dear," they would say.

"Who is Mr. Dolliver?" she heard a new arrival ask.

"Dolliver?" replied the new arrival's husband. "Haven't you ever heard of Eisenstein-Thalheimer, manufacturers of jewelry here in town?"

"Oh, of course!" was the reply.

"Well, Dolliver is Eisenstein-Thalheimer, that's all." It was enough.

Dolliver, of Eisenstein-Thalheimer, moved into the Lawson house. And Lawson moved to Europe—he was retiring, so Monroe understood, having made or inherited his pile. Dolliver shook his head.

It was a year later that he told his wife about it. "G. J. Lawson and Genevieve have come back to Monroe," he said. "They're broke. They were broke a year ago when I bought the house. I knew, but few besides did. They got reckless, that's all. They didn't know the value of money." He paused. "By the way," he added, "Lawson has asked me for a job in the factory, and I've given him one—head bookkeepeer; private secretary. I had to, and besides, Lawson and I can get along together, though I expect he'll lord it over me to beat the band."

Natalie drew a long breath. "Well did you ever?" she exclaimed.

"I saw it coming all along," said Jimmy Dolliver.

"What?" asked she.

"Everything," returned Dolliver. "Here it comes now," he added, turning into the hall.

For Jimmy, Jr., was coming blithely down the stairs.

The Best of Friends.

There are no friends like old friends
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the great divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait on the other side.

"In the morning fix thy good purpose; and at night examine thyself what thou hast done, how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed and thought."—Thomas A. Kempis.

In days of sunshine, cloud or rain,
We need to have a friend,
And toward each other do our best
To lend a helping hand.

Wise Waiting.

All good abides with him who waiteth wisely; we shall sooner overtake the dawn by remaining here than by hurrying over the hills of the west . . . We know not yet what we have done, still less what we are doing. Wait till evening, and other parts of our day's work will shine than we had thought at noon, and we shall discover the real purport of our toil; as, when the farmer has reached the end of the furrow and looks back, he can tell best where the pressed earth shines most.—Thoreau.

The Vanishing Extract.

By Edgar Franklin.

WHEN the thermometer really buckles down to business and tries its best to push the top out of the tube, and mankind swelters and gasps and mops its forehead with its handkerchief, and the newspapers rub it in by running "Heat Wave" scare heads in seven-inch type—then the folks who manufacture ice-cream by the ton go to buying gallons upon gallons of flavoring extracts.

That is, if the extracts are the right sort.

Johnson & Walling, in addition to their sugar and molasses trade, made just the right sort of extracts. It was their business and their pride. What they called "Rex Vanilla" sold for twenty dollars a gallon, and couldn't be beaten at ten times the price. They made an extremely fancy extract of lemon, too, and a twenty-dollar-a-gallon pistachio that drove competitors into green fury.

It may be surmised, then, that Johnson & Walling were prosperous. Part of their prosperity they owed to the intolerable heat, which during that summer broiled on without cessation for ten mortal weeks. Another part they owed to Scovill.

Scovill was the energetic young man who had charge of their flavoring extract laboratory. Single-handed, he manufactured the deliciously odoriferous fluids, bottled them and handed them out all ready for shipment; and Johnson & Walling felt that if ever a man belonged in the "perfect treasure" class, that man was Scovill.

He had come to them from a large Chicago house in the same line; he knew his business thoroughly; he worked like a trooper; and the extracts which he turned out were distinctly "it."

The heat—heartily blessed by Johnson & Walling and fluently cursed by the general public—had been continuing for a month or more on that particular Monday morning.

Johnson, perspiring but joyful, was out among the ice-cream people, taking orders as fast as his fountain pen could jot them down. Walling sat in the office on the ground floor, prodded the shipping clerk to higher speed, goaded the bookkeeper to greater exertions, and himself wrote receipts for the drivers.

It was hot—"hotter'n thunder," as Walling chuckled. The sun-baked street was deserted and still, and in the quiet the junior partner's voice hummed aloud, as he read from a sheaf of orders in his hand to the shipping clerk.

"Ready, Jones? All right. J. F. Brown, two gallons Rex; Brightman, three gallons; Samson Brothers, ten gallons. Gee whizz! What an order!" purred Walling. "Well, that makes fifteen gallons of Rex Vanilla to go, beside what's ready now."

"Samson Brothers, ten gallons Rex Vanilla," intoned the shipping clerk.

"Correct. Ah, Scovill, are you here?" Scovill had just come down from the laboratory. "Got fifteen gallons Rex ready to go?"

"Fifteen?" Scovill echoed. "Why, no, Of course not."

"Why not?" asked the junior partner, somewhat astonished. "You had twenty gallons bottled last night."

"Yes, but you took seven of them before I arrived this morning."

"I did what?"

"You—or somebody else—took seven gallons of Rex Vanilla Extract out of the stock."

Say, Scovill, is the heat getting into your head?" Walling asked ironically. "Nobody but yourself has touched that stock."

"What!" Scovill's eyes opened.

"Certainly not. It's just as you left it."

"It is nothing of the sort!" said Scovill warmly. "When I left last night there were twenty one-gallon bottles filled and on the shelf. This morning I found seven of them on the floor—empty. I supposed that you had used them."

"You mean to tell me that seven gallons of that expensive stuff have disappeared over night?"

"They are gone—that's certain. Possibly Mr. Johnson had them emptied in a keg for somebody."

"He couldn't have. Johnson left before I did last night, and he hasn't been in yet this morning. Scovill, are you certain that the stuff is gone?"

"Come and see for yourself," the young man suggested.

Walling frowned in perplexity.

"Why, it's ridiculous!" he said. "You must have put it into other bottles—or something, Scovill. I'll go up with you."

Now, the building of Johnson & Walling was a little more than two lofts, with a cellar underground. This latter apartment contained innumerable sugar and molasses barrels, and the big furnace which in winter sent grateful volumes of hot air through the heaters.

The ground floor held the offices and a considerable space for storage, while in a corner of the loft above was built the laboratory where Johnson & Walling's flavoring extracts were manufactured by Scovill.

The latter led the way up-stairs.

Together they entered the laboratory. Scovill pointed silently to the seven big bottles on the floor.

There was no mistaking the fact—they all bore the Rex label, and every one of them was as empty as the day it left the glass-works.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Walling. "The stuff's been stolen!"

"But how?"

"Gad! I give that up! Was this door to the stairway locked?"

"Certainly. I have the one key—you keep the duplicate in the safe."

"And how about the door leading to the loft?"

Scovill tried it.

"Humph! This has been unfastened!" he announced.

"Then that must be where the stuff went," Walling sighed. "What a blamed shame—seven gallons of Rex Vanilla!"

"Who do you suppose could have taken it?"

"Don't ask me. It must have been one of those confounded drivers," said the junior partner. "In all probability he sneaked up the back way, emptied the extract into a keg, and carried it off through the loft. But he couldn't get it out of the place. They all have to pass through the office when they leave at night."

"He got it out of here without much trouble," Scovill observed dryly.

"Yes—that's pretty evident. Well, he won't do it again. I'll fix that door so that it will retire from business permanently. Tell the boy to bring me up the hammer and some big nails, Scovill, please."

The boy arrived within a moment or two, and with a grim smile Walling set to work to nail the door to the casing. In a very few minutes he had put that portal beyond hope of being opened with anything short of a battering-ram.

"There! I'd like to bet that no more Rex Vanilla goes out through that door!" he puffed.

Under the surface, the theft created a considerable sensation. It was not discussed openly; but between Johnson and Walling and Scovill the matter was argued at length, and they arrived at various hypotheses.

It seemed indisputable that the extract had been carried off through the loft door of the laboratory—but what had been done with it thereafter? A keg that contains seven gallons of liquid cannot be shoved into a man's vest-pocket, and assuredly nothing of the sort had been carried out by any of the workmen.

Consequently, the stuff must still be

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in the building—and they instituted a quiet search.

They dug and delved into every nook and corner. They turned upside down piles of loose bagging, and peered into empty boxes and empty barrels, but there appeared no sign of the missing seven gallons. They seemed simply to have passed into thin air.

At the end of three or four days, Johnson & Walling concluded that they might as well pocket the loss philosophically and forget the matter. They could keep a sharp watch on the drivers and upon the one or two workmen, and that was about all.

Business thereafter resumed its usual course.

The heat—the glorious, extract-selling heat—continued unabated, and flavoring extracts were sent out almost as rapidly as Scovill could make them.

The mysterious theft dropped into the past. Seven gallons of Rex Vanilla was a pretty stiff loss—but they were making it up.

And then, one morning, some five minutes after his arrival, Scovill hurried down to the office again with a queer smile on his lips.

"Five gallons Rex, two gallons of pistachio and two gallons of violet!" he announced.

"What about 'em?" asked Walling, pushing away at his pen.

"Gone!" said Scovill laconically.

"What!" cried Johnson, whirling about in his chair, as Walling leaped from the stool. "More stuff stolen?"

"As sure as you live."

"It's impossible!" said Walling.

"It may be impossible, but it's a cold fact. I haven't touched the bottles. They're just as I found them. Come and see for yourselves."

There was a scramble for the laboratory.

Scovill had spoken the truth.

Ranged along the wall stood nine extract bottles, labeled, and containing the dregs only of their recent contents!

The three men stared at the line in utter bewilderment. One of the doors was nailed hard and fast—the other had been locked all night. Yet nine gallons of extract had vanished as completely as if it had never existed!

"One hundred and eighty dollars' worth, and gone as clean as a whistle!" Johnson gasped at last.

"And they didn't go through that loft door, either, supplemented Walling, "See—the nails haven't been touched!"

"And they didn't go through the other door, either, Mr. Walling, unless you unlocked it, for I've had the other key on my ring all night."

"Well, where in thunder have they gone?" Johnson demanded.

The trio found seats and pondered the problem.

Putting the doors out of the question, there were just two means of egress from the laboratory remaining.

The first—the big window—would obviously be useless to the thief, for it overlooked the street. Had anything been passed out, it must have been seen by at least a dozen people, for the intense heat kept the dwellers in the adjacent tenements in the open air all night.

The other exit was the large skylight, which could be raised and lowered upon occasion. How the thief could contrive to reach the roof, drop into the laboratory, and climb out again, without attracting the watchman's attention, was beyond conception; yet that seemed to have been his method of working.

Still further, there was hardly room for a man to wriggle in and out, carrying nothing. Burdened with nine gallons of liquid, an escape through the skylight seemed an absolutely utter impossibility.

"But I'm hanged if I can see how else it was done," said Walling, when the subject had been threshed to the end. "He must have come over the roofs and through the skylight."

"Nonsense," said Johnson: "it's impossible."

"It seems so, I'll admit," said Walling; "but have you any better explanation to offer?"

"Me? Lord, no!" said Johnson. "The thing's the blackest kind of mystery to me."

"How about you, Scovill?"

"Same here. I never saw or heard of anything so confoundedly queer in my life!"

"Well, I tell you, it was the skylight," Walling reiterated. "That is the only way the fellow could possibly have gone in and out. Had he gone through the building the watchman must have heard him. Listen to this scheme.

"To-night, Scovill, you leave a light in the laboratory. I'll go home in an hour or so and sleep. Then I'll return after closing time, sit down on the roof beside the skylight and watch. If the fellow comes over the roofs, I'll get him. If he wriggles through the keyhole, I'll have a glimpse of him through the skylight. See? Either way, if he comes, I'll have a look at him, and maybe more. How's that for a scheme?"

"Suppose he doesn't choose to visit us?' asked Johnson.

"Then, by Jmiminy, I'll stay on that roof every night until he does come!"

Before lunch, Walling went for his nap.

Johnson was up to his ears in work when, at six o'clock, Scovill called to him from the laboratory:

"I'm going now."

"Eh? What? All right."

"Do you want to look at the stock before I go, in case of—accidents? Everything's in shape for the night."

"Oh—no," Johnson called back. "Got a memorandum of what's there?"

"Yes. The Rex Vanilla shelf is full

"Little Mary Jane's top note."

thirty one-gallon bottles. Then there are forty galons of —'

"All right -let it go at that," said Johnson, dashing back to the ledger through which he had been running. "The gentleman won't visit the laboratory to-night, any way, if Walling's going to watch on the roof. You may depend on that, Scovill."

The extract-maker locked the door of the laboratory and descended.

"I put a little wax over the keyhole," he murmured in the senior partner's ear. "If any one has a duplicate key, we shall find it out that way."

"Good idea," Johnson commended approvingly.

When the men had gone and the place was empty except for the watchman, Walling returned and made his way through the scuttle to the roof.

He took his station by the skylight in such a position that by turning his head he could either survey the apartment below or sweep the roofs to the end of the block.

He laid his revolver beside him and laughed savagely. If the individual who had made a fine art of spectacular extract stealing had happened to turn up that night, he wouldn't leave with a whole skin.

In the morning, Johnson and Scovill arrived almost simultaneously, and together they mounted to the laboratory.

There was not a scar on the thin

little wafer of wax. Scovill scraped it away and inserted the key. As they entered, Walling's face appeared at the skylight, and a minute or two later the gentleman himself dropped into the apartment.

"Well?" inquired the senior partner eagrely.

"No crooks around last night," Walling yawned. "I'll guarantee that. I haven't closed my eyes all night."

"No, we seem not to have been molested," Johnson agreed. "Everything is as you left it, isn't it, Scovill?"

"It seems to be—but——"

"But what?" cried both partners.

"Perhaps it is my imagination," said Scovill slowly, "but I believe that these Rex Vanilla bottles have been tampered with!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Johnson. "You don't mean to say——?"

"Oh, get out!" growled the junior patner. "I haven't had my eyes off that shelf all night."

"Well—wait," said Scovill. 'I'll count the bottles."

He stood upon a chair, for the shelf was rather high.

There were ten bottles of Rex on the first row—there were ten bottles of Rex on the row behind that; but on the third row—the one back against the wall——

"For—Heaven's—sake!" gasped Scovill, thrusting his arm to the back row. "Look!"

He drew forth an empty bottle!

"What! Another gallon gone?"

"Another!" cried Scovill. "Here—take this bottle, please. Here's another

Prince Rupert's Cosmopolitan Population.

—and another—and another! Why, the whole back row has been emptied!"

"The—entire—ten—gallons?"

"Every bottle has been cleaned out over night!"

A long pause followed. Johnson and Walling looked blankly at each other, and then at Scovill, who looked blankly at them.

"You went to sleep, Jim," Johnson said finally.

"I did nothing of the sort," his partner replied with vigor. "I wasn't even sleepy until after daylight."

"But you were watching the place—and the stuff has been carried off, from right under your nose."

I—I—I—confound it! I can see that." said Walling.

"It must be spooks," mumured Scovill, with dreary humor.

"Well, I'm blamed if there's any other explanation," Johnson snapped. "We leave thirty full bottles locked up here, Jim. You watch them all night. In the morning, ten of them are stark empty. And yet you swear that nobody has entered the room!"

"Yes, and I'll stick to it!" said Walling doggedly. "I've had a gun pointing into this apartment since seven o'clock last night, and if a man had so much as poked his head in, you'd see blood on the floor!"

"Then the best thing we can do is to blame it on spooks!" the senior partner cried angrily. "Somebody in spookland is working out a grudge against us! We'll have to built a spook-proof vault to keep the infernal extracts. Bah! It beats the very devil."

Walling laughed sourly as his associate stamped down to the office. It certainly did seem to have some connection with the Old Nick.

And the worst of it was that not a single tangible clue existed to show that the extracts had been removed by other means than sheer magic. Had the bottles themselves been taken, the mystery would have held a somewhat more solid quality; but for the extract simply to desert its jars in the dead of night was rather staggering.

The day, as usual, was hot and sultry, and frightfully busy, and no man in Johnson & Walling's establishment found time to draw an idle breath. But late in the afternoon a respite came, and Scovill repaired to the office, where the air was rather less torrid than in the laboratory, and speculated fruitlessly with the partners as to the phenomenon.

Both of them had candidly "given it up."

Scovill was apparently unable to do better.

The trio argued for a while, accomplished a complete circle, and came back to the starting point—no wiser than when they began.

Scovill finally arose and yawned.

"My day's work is over," he said. "Everything is ship-shape up above. I think I'll clear out if you have no objection."

"Go ahead," said Johnson.

Scovill loitered toward the laboratory for his hat and coat. Johnson was hunting for the box of cigars, while Walling drowsed happily in his chair and was just falling into a delicious doze, when:

"Mr. Johnson! Mr. Walling! Come up here—quick!" rang through the place in Scovill's voice.

"By George, he's caught the thief! He's got the son of a gun!" Johnson shouted, diving for the stairway and yanking Walling from his chair. But there he was wrong.

For when they tumbled pell-mell into the laboratory, there stood Scovill, seemingly paralyzed, staring stupidly at a row of no less than eleven empty Rex Vanilla bottles, ranged along the side of the room!

"And it can't be ten minutes since I first went down-stairs!" Scovill mut tered.

* * * * *

Two utterly uneventful days followed.

On the afternoon of the second, Johnson came in from his round of ice-cream men and seated himself with unaccustomed weariness.

"Walling," he said, "did you ever expect to see competition on that Rex Vanilla of ours?"

"No, sir!" replied the junior partner. "And I don't expect to now."

"No more did I. I thought that we had something altogether distinctive in that stuff—something that nobody would duplicate or cut prices on."

"So we have. You can't touch our Rex Vanilla," Walling said, with placid assurance.

"Don't you believe it—not for a minute."

"Why?"

"There's a fellow named McMullen, somewhere on the other side of town." said Johnson, "who is making every bit as good an extract and selling it for just eight dollars a gallon!"

"What!"

"Fact. I've been up against him for two or three days now. The man has cut me out of at least a dozen orders to-day. Folks say that his vanilla is as fine as ours in every particular——"

"As good as Rex?" cried Walling.

"Yes; and what's more, it is. It seems to be almost identical. I got a little sample from one of the confectioners who bought of this McMullen. Here it is."

Johnson extended the bottle.

Walling took it, removed the cork, rubed a little of the extract on his palms and sniffed critically.

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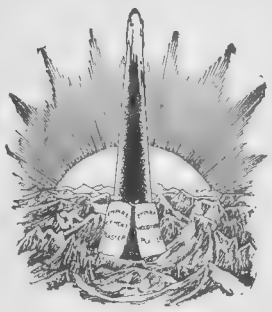

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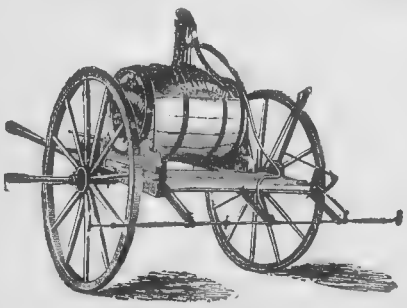

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"Well—that's a mighty choice vanilla," he admitted.

"Just as choice as Rex," sighed Johnson. "I tell you, Jim, what with this sort of thing, and spirit burglaries, and so on, the business isn't what it used to be."

"Ah, about the vanishing extract," said Walling, glancing about to make sure that they were alone. "See here, Tom. Did you ever suspect Scovill of having a hand in that?"

"Scovill? No—nonsence!"

"I don't know that it's altogether nonsence," muttered the junior partner gravely.

"But it is—on the face of it. Why, suppose that the fellow was a professional crook, he couldn't get the extract out with him. He always passes through the office, and he never carries so much as a bundle. Any way, he's as straight as a string, Jim."

"Are you sure of that?"

"He had the best kind of recommendations from that firm in Chicago."

"I know that," said Walling with a peculiar smile. "Tom, have you ever met Rob Jergensen?"

"Never heard of him."

"He's the generad manager of that Chicago house. I used to know him out in Cleveland, and I ran across him yesterday in the Astor House and lunched with him."

"Well?"

"Well——" laughed Walling. 'I happened to speak of Richard Scovill, and how satisfactory we had found him, and Jergensen thought I was crazy.

"Why?"

"Because Richard Scovill has been back in his old position with the Chicago house for nearly eight months!"

"With the Chicago house!"

"Precisely. Furthermore, Jergensen informed me that Scovill hadn't been outside of Chicago for five years. He started upon his own hook when he left them, and failed—and then went back to his old job."

"Walling!"

"And still further, the Chicago Scovill lost a wallet containing his letters of recommendation about a year ago."

"Well, by George!" said Johnson. "Then Scovill isn't Scovill—is that the idea?"

"That's the idea. Our Scovill is somebody who found the original Scovill's letters and knew the business of making extracts. Probably he has excellent reasons for not possessing his own letters of recommendation. Hence, knowing where the real Scovill stood in our line, he came here and got the job. Are you sure of him now?"

"I can't see that he has had any chance to steal our extracts—to save my life I can't."

"No more can I," sighed Walling, "but he's had something to do with it. See here, I'm going up to the roof by way of the feed-store next door. It strikes me that it is about time for more stuff to disappear."

Walling found his hat and hurried down the street. Later on he might have been seen to slip into the feed-store. Still later one might have met him on the roof of the Johnson & Walling building.

Scovill had not been out of the place more than five minutes when the junior partner entered once more, beaming triumphantly.

"Tom, I've got it!" he cried.

"What! The mystery——"

"It's all clear as a bell!"

"What is it? What is it?"

"Nay, nay," smiled Walling. "I won't tell you now. Wait until morning and you'll have ocular demonstration. More stuff is due to disappear about nine o'clock to-morrow morning, take my word for it. Scovill left rather early, didn't he?"

"Yes; I noticed that."

"I happened to slip on the roof, and the noise scared him away. Be here to-morrow by half-past six, Tom. Good-night!"

"Say!" called Johnson wonderingly. But Walling had departed, whistling.

Several things occurred next morning.

Walling arrived first of all accompanied by two policemen. His partner hurried in several minutes later, and stared hard at the officers.

"It's all right, Tom," laughed Walling. "I thought we might need a bit of an audience for the demonstration. But now for the mystery. This little affair is best reasoned out backward—from effect to cause. You'll see why presently. In the first place, how did those extracts leave the building? Well, our man Brady carried them out in broad daylight!"

"Old Brady, the truck-driver?"

"The same. Yesterday I noticed that he had two casks on his truck that I couldn't account for. I watched him, and he smuggled up a third one—from the cellar. That settles one point."

"But how on earth did they get down cellar and into casks?"

"Come down and I'll show you. One of the officers will accompany us."

They stumbled down the dark stairway. Walling lit the gas and led the way across to the big heating furnace, now long cold.

"You may remember that our hose disappeared two or three weeks ago?" he said, opening the furnace door and groping around inside. "Well, there's one end of it!"

He dragged out the brass nozzle of a garden hose and a yard or so of the rubber tubing.

"There! That forty-foot hose is simply hanging down the heating shaft," he announced. "The other end is secured to a hook up-stairs, just behind the laboratory radiator!"

Main Street, Prince Rupert.

"Well, I'll be blamed!" gasped Johnson.

"Do you see the game now?" cried Walling. "Bray usually works down here late in the afternoon, coopering barrels, and so on. Scovill gives him some sort of signal. Brady drags out this nozzle and sticks it in a cask. Then Scovill pours extract down the hose by the gallon. Next day Brady sneaks out the cask and delivers it to friend McMullen, while Scovill is as dumbfounded as the rest of us at finding empty bottles on the floor!"

Johnson scratched his head.

"But it is mighty near time for Scovill to appear," said Walling, "and I want to get him red-handed. Officer, just stay by the furnace. If this man Brady comes down, don't interfere with him; but don't let him get out."

They extinguished the light and repaired to the office. The other policeman was hidden in their private sanctum.

Then Johnson and Walling waited.

The trucks appeared for their first load. Walling smiled with huge satisfaction, for Brady strolled absently toward the cellar and down the stairs.

Very shortly Scovill entered, nodded good-mornng, and mounted to his laboratory.

"Gad!" chuckled Walling. "I knew he'd be here early! McMullen must need more extract! Come on, officer."

They paused a moment on the stairs and listened.

The laboratory door was closed, and they could hear Scovill stepping about rapidly. Then came a series of light thumps, as if heavy bottles were being placed upon the floor.

Walling noiselessly placed a chair before the laboratory door, motioned Johnson to join him, and very carefully raised his head to the level of the glass transom.

Scovill, within, absorbed in his own operations, worked on rapidly.

At his feet six Rex Vanilla bottles stood in line, their corks removed. Scoville turned from them and seized the register—a little square of iron grillework set in the wall.

A strong pull, and it came free in his hand. He felt about in the heating shaft for a moment. Then he drew forth the other end of the missing hose.

Walling had been quite correct.

Scovill jerked gently at the hose In an instant the answering signal came—a responsive jerk. He picked up a glass funnel and inserted it in the rubber tube. Then he raised one of the open bottles and tilted it.

Gugg-gugg-gugg-gugg! Rex Vanilla, worth twenty dollars a gallon, was flowing down through the hose and into the cask in the cellar!

The first bottle was empty. Scovill set it down and gently picked up the second. Gugg-gugg-gugg-gugg!

Scovill was grinning broadly.

The second bottle was half-emptied, when Walling's head poked through the transom.

"Scovill," he said mildly, "do you think McMullen needs that extract more than we do?"

The bottle crashed to the floor, and a wide pool of Rex Vanilla spread over the boards.

Scovill staggered back, gazing in a sort of fascination at the face in the transom.

"I—I—I——" he could only stammer hoarsely.

"Well, we'll take your word for it," said the junior partner genially. "Oh, there's no use looking at that skylight. You can't get out that way. You see, Scovill, your friend Brady is down cellar with a policeman."

"Brady!"

"Exactly. And furthermore," smiled Walling, as the policeman behind them pushed past the chair and through the door, "this gentleman has a warrant for your arrest."

The Luck of a Book Farmer.

By John R. Spears.

I HAVE very good reasons for remembering the year 1904, and especially June 1 of that year. For one thing when noon came I had worked just a year and eight hours for Mr. Jonathan Burwell, on his farm overlooking the Mohawk Valley, and then after dinner we made a bargain for another year.

"My year was up last night, sir," said I, after he had shoved his chair back from the table, "but I thought I would put in this morning for good measure."

Mr. Burwell's eyes closed a little—a trick he had—and then he said:

"Have another piece of pie while we talk it over."

It was cream custard pie, but I had eaten so much fried chicken with hot biscuits and gravy that I couldn't do it, and I said so.

"I've been thinking I'd raise you a dollar a month for the next year, if you stay," he said.

"Make it twenty-five cents a week and I'll do it," said I.

"No," said he. "You've had $18 a month, and that's fifty cents better than anybody else is paying. In fact, I don't see where the money is to come from to pay what I'm offering—um—unless I get a chance to trade horses with old Dunlap again."

He grinned, then, for he had beat old Dunlap out of forty dollars at least that very morning; and I had to grin, too, for it was done so slick. Well, there was no use of arguing with him, and so I took his offer.

But that isn't all that happened. While I was cultivating the corn that afternoon I saw Mr. Burwell go down the road to the farm adjoining us on the south, the Ogden place, and then cut across into the gulf, as we called it. The gulf was a deep gulch at the back of the Ogden farm. A big spring came out at the head of the gulch and both sides were lined with trees down to the bottom. I reckon that was the coolest place in the country, but what Mr. Burwell went down there for was more than I could guess, and I was puzzled the more because I'd seen him going there before. However, in less than ten minutes a neighbor came up from town bringing the mail, and then out comes Miss Nellie, and says:

"Where's papa, Jacob?"

"He's just gone over to the gulf to cool off, I reckon," said I.

"The idea!" she said. "Then you'll have to go and tell him to come home."

"I'll be glad to go if you say so, Miss Nellie," said I; "but he told me to keep the cultivator hot, and——"

" Oh, that's all right, Jacob," she said. "Tell him I sent you. He'll frown and say, "She hadn't ought to take you from the work,' and then he'll say, 'I suppose you had to come when she told you to,' and then he'll smile and say 'All right, Jacob, hurry back' you know how it'll be."

She was right about his humoring her. She was his only child, and as pretty as they grow, and educated, too. Why, she'd graduated already, though she was only twenty. Mr. Burwell often said he enjoyed the fun of making money as much as anybody, but the most he cared about it was to give her as good advantages as any of the swells in town had. Of course, I hurried to the gulf, but Mr. Burwell did not smile, as we had expected. He jumped up and, swinging a big hammer as if he would brain me, he said:

"What ye sneaking around following me for?"

He had been breaking some red kind

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of stone with the hammer, and when I saw that, I wasn't much scared by his actions; I told him what Miss Nellie said, and then I added:

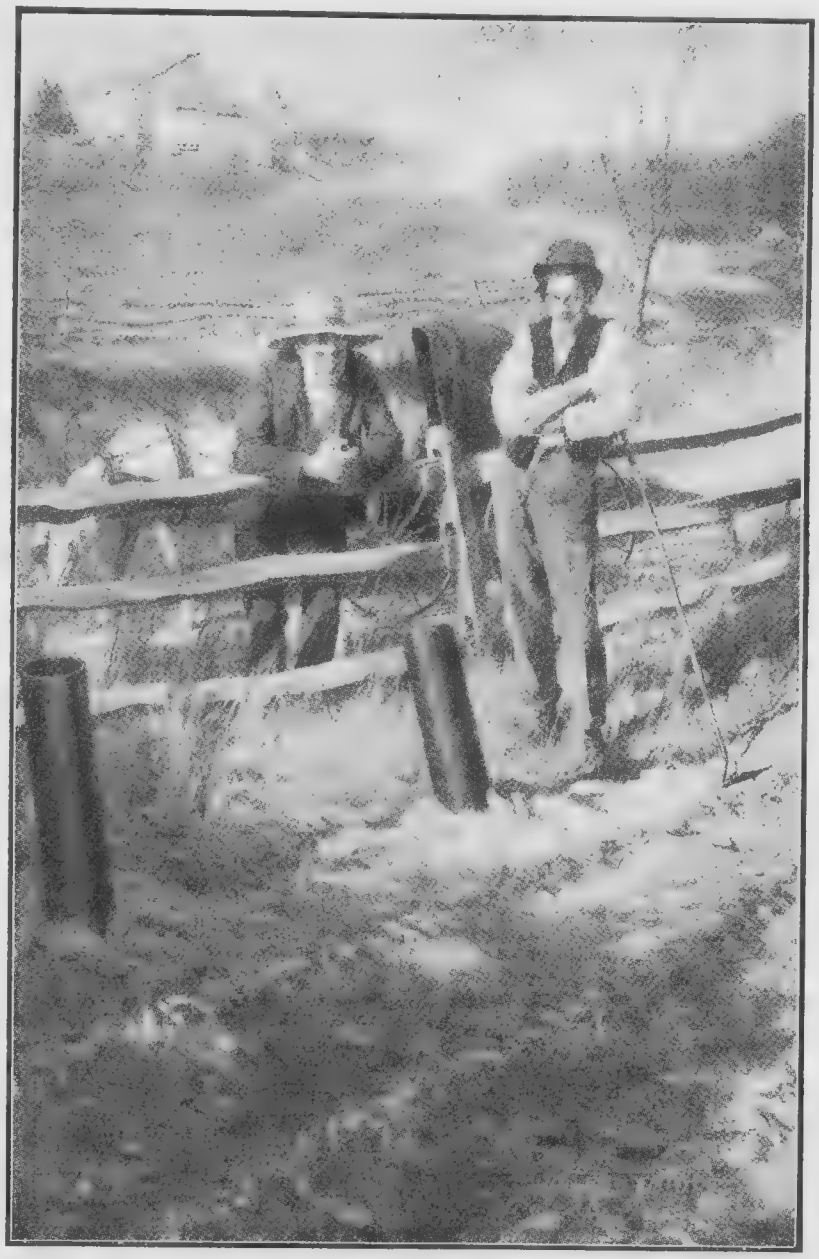
"It looks like you wanted to be secret about that red rock you've been breaking, and all I've got to say is that if you think I'll blab about it, you don't know me, and you'd better discharge me at once."

His face changed then.

"That's so," he said. "I never had a man keep his mouth shut as close. Um—you know what the rocks are?"

"No, I don't know, and I don't aim to ask," I said. "But they look like the iron ore I used to work in "

"That's it," he said. "The whole gulf's an iron mine, and I guess you knew it the moment you saw the stuff, seeing you worked in a bed of it up in Jefferson City. Now you keep still until I get title to the farm, and I'll make you foreman of the gang when I begin development work."



"Will those pipes keep the frost from nipping your early beans ?" said I.

I calculated I shouldn't have to wait more than a year for that job, for I'm lucky, but things don't always happen as I expect.

When we got home, Miss Nellie met us in the front yard.

"Here's a postal from Odgen's nephew," she said holding it up. "He's to reach the Falls at four o'clock. You wanted to be called, if necessary, you know, so I sent Jacob."

"That's right, Nellie," said Mr. Burwell. "I knew you wanted me the moment I set eyes on Jacob. Um—we'll be as friendly as we can to young Mr. Odgen. It's no more than right we should, seeing his uncle was our nearest neighbor for so many years. We must make him feel comfortable."

As Miss Nellie turned away her eyes half closed, just as her father's did when he was making a bargain, and I knew she was thinking he was up to some kind of game when he was talking about being friendly to the young man. And it was a slick game, too, but of course I didn't show any interest in what was said and done then.

As I said, the Odgen farm joined ours on the south. It lay where the land began to pitch down into the valley. The house was small and old the barn was worse, and the whole place was grown up to weeds and quack and briars. I have heard that Mr. Burwell used to complain about the eyesore as much as anybody, but for the last year or so before old Odgen died (he'd been dead a week when his nephew came), there wasn't a man in the country that showed any sort of friendly interest in the old crank but Mr. Burwell.

Did I call old Ogden a crank? Well that's what he was. He'd been a machinist in his day. Then he bought the farm and said he'd show people how to raise big crops. And he did it, too, for a time; but he lost his grip, some way, the place went to the bad and when he found he had to die soon he made a will leaving the farm to some kind of asylum down the valley unless a nephew of the same name living in New Jersey, somewhere, would come up and raise a crop on one acre that would sell for a thousand dollars. And the crop was to be raised within two years of taking possession.

The will as first written called for a five-hundred-dollar crop, but the price was raised, and just why no one seemed to know or care, at that time, though I had an idea which I kept to myself.

Well, Mr. Burwell soon hitched up his roadsters and drove away. It made me smile to think how the young man would feel when he came to his farm, especially if he really were a farmer, as everybody said he was. But I never was more mistaken in my life. As Mr.

Burwell was driving up past the place, he said to the young man, joking of course.

"You see you've got a good start with blackberries, already. I've heard that cultivated berries pay big money, sometimes."

"Not blackberries," said Ogden. "At least not big enough for me. Strawberries do with hill culture, but as for me, I like string beans. The land lies right and looks right for beans, too."

"Um, I'm afraid the quack'll give you a lot of trouble if you try beans," said Mr. Burwell.

"Oh, I don't mind quack," said he, as cheerfully as if quack were as easy to get rid of as dandelions. "The heavier the quack, the better the soil."

He was talking as if he was really determined to try his luck; and so he was. Mr. Burwell set him down as about as much of a crank as old Ogden had been. But this is not to say the young fellow did not examine the land. He looked at every rod of it, and he would have seen the ore if Mr. Burwell hadn't thought to send me down and hide what was in sight. When he was done, he said:

"It needs humus and it needs lime, but it's got the making of the best soil I ever saw. Best of all, it slopes to the south, and then there's the spring for irrigation. I think I can make it show up as well as Uncle Ben wanted me to do."

Mr. Burwell said it was hard word to keep from laughing when he said that, especially as the soil was underlaid with limestone, a few feet down, and it cropped out along the road. But what he did first of all seemed more foolish yet, for in spite of the slope he laid three lines of tiles under the patch, 66x660 feet large, that he laid out for beans. At the upper end of each line of tiles he put in an elbow, and so with added tiles made openings from the drains to the surface. Then above these openings he fitted iron pipes painted black. I had to ask what they were for.

"You know a chimney makes a draft, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," said I.

"Of course you do," said he. "Well, these iron chimneys will heat up in the sun and make a draft that will draw the cold air out of the drains, and they will then draw the warm air into the drains from the lower ends. So, when spring comes I'll put them at work, and the warm air will warm up the soil all around the drains and clear up to the surface. My soil will be ready for beans two weeks at least ahead of any other around here."

"Will those pipes keep the frost from nipping your early beans?" said I.

"Why, yes, to some extent. The ground being warmer will protect them; but I have another plan for fighting frost, as I'll show you when the time comes."

In the meantime Mr. Burwell hired him for the harvest—two dollars a day, and worth the money, as I had to admit, though I hated him for his airs. Between hay and oats he had a few days off, and he put in the time ploughing under the weeds on his patch. Next he spread on a ton of quicklime and harrowed it in, after which he put on a ton of phosphate (he called it "a mixture of potassium sulphate and acidulated rock!"), and harrowed that in. Last of all he sowed Canada peas in drills.

Did I say he had determined to try his luck? Well, the old saying, "A fool for luck," came true. Rain fell just right, the weather was coolish, and along in August the vines were a foot deep, and solid, as one may say, all over the patch. Then he ploughed them under and, after spending more money for phosphate, he sowed vetch and cowhorn turnips, "for a cover crop to

"Nellie and I had become very friendly."

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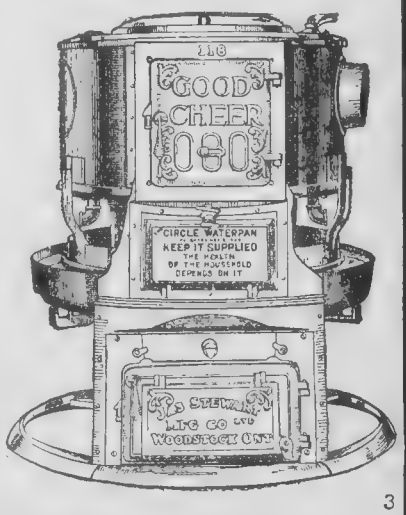

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plough under next spring," as he said.

His luck in rains changed them but he put a big ram at the spring in the gulf and it throwed the water right to the head of the patch. It was a sight to see his stuff grow after that, but it was just disgusting to hear him talk about it. And that wasn't all that roiled me, either. He had a big lot of books sent up from his old home—he was living at his place, then—and noting would do but we must all go down and look at them standing on shelves, and tell him how much we appreciated that sort of thing; at least, Mr. Burwell did, but I didn't. Then he kept bringing books up to our house; and they weren't all about farming, either. Some of them were poetry—I looked to see – and one day I heard Miss Nellie say to her mother:

"It does seem good to have some one in the neighborhood with some culture, doesn't it?" And her mother smiled when she said, "Yes, dear, it does indeed."

Of course, he didn't talk poetry to Mr. Burwell and me. It was all about his books on soils and crops and "rations"—especially rations for the stock. He said it was a waste of land to let sows run to pasture, and that one acre of land like ours could be made to supply two head of stock with hay or fodder. Mr. Burwell humored him, of course; but when we were alone together, he said to me.

"The boy's got his head full of his book nonsense, but he means well, and when we've taken the conceit out of him he'll make a farmer all right. Of course he knows some things now. He's learned how to work up soil from those market-gardeners down near New York, and I'm thinking that if his uncle's will hadn't called for a thousand instead of five hundred he might have won out, even though no one ever got more than three hundred out of an acre."

He laughed softly when he'd said that, but he didn't say anything more.

That winter Ogden went to the Falls and got work in a livery stable.

"Couldn't you get a better job?" I heard Miss Nellie ask him.

"Yes, in a way," he said, "but the wages are better there, and you know I need every cent I can get."

I don't know why Miss Nellie asked that question, but I know that the work did not keep him out of society. Why, before the winter was over he was lecturing in one of the churches. I heard him once, but that was enough for me. He generally talked about birds and posies and what he called the wonders of nature; and when I heard him he said everything in the world—even the steel in an axe—was made up of little bits that he called molecules, "just as a sand-bank is made up of grains of sand," he said. Then he said all of the molecules were all the time in motion and not one of them touched the other. Huh! Some of the people thought he was saying something great; but I had used an axe in my time, and always found the edge tolerably firm.

Still he had some sense. He got chummy with the owner of the stable, who said he helped business, and so he was able to buy what he called "old stable sweepings" at a bargain. He put fifty loads on his beanpatch in March, and plowed them in, for the snow went off early that spring; and it went from his bean-patch first of all, on account of that aeration business, he said. After he ploughed the ground he kept his harrows—disk and smoothing—going about all the time. Some snow fell, of course, before the end of the month, but it did not lie a day on his lot. Finally he spread on another ton of his "potassium sulphate and acidulated rock"—huh!—and worked that in. Then on May 1 he put in his beans.

"It's all right now," said Mr. Burwell, that night. "The frost'll mow his crop for him. I was getting scared over the way he has handled that land. It's the best piece of ground in the State for any crop. I think he stood to win, if he hadn't been in such a hurry to plant; but now it's all off and he'll soon pack up for home."

I felt relieved about the beans myself, but I wasn't so sure that the young fellow would go back to New Jersy; though, of course, I didn't say anything about that.

Of course, we all watched his patch after that. Ogden kept his chimneys drawing every warm day, and he plugged them at four o'clock every afternoon to stop the draft for the night. The soil dried out rapidly, but he made little ditches between all the rows—east and west—and he kept the irrigation ram thumping whenever water was needed—"about an acre inch at an application," as he said. Nobody ever saw such beans in our country, nor better anywhere. And the more they grew, the more nervous the young fellow seemed to get. Or if he didn't, I did. Anyway, I got in the habit of taking a quiet look at the patch every night; and I generally saw him out beside it, if the weather was anyway cool. He had two thermometers tied to a stick with a wet rag around one of them, and he told Mr. Burwell that they would tell when frost was due.

No frost came, however, and time passed until the 15th of May; and the weather records kept at the Falls showed that we'd never had a frost after that date.

"It's just as I said, sir, 'a fool for luck,'" I said to Mr. Burwell, that afternoon.

"It may be so," he said, "but there's a sign of frost in the air this minute."

He shut his eyes about half-way and the wet his finger in his mouth and held it up in the air.

"We'll have some frost here for sure," he continued; "but whether it will touch his warmed-up slope, who knows?"

We went about our work and said no more, but both of us were thinking about the frost and the chance of getting an iron mine. After supper I had to hitch up a carriage-horse for Mrs. Burwell and Nellie, who said they were going to some kind of church doings down at the Falls, and then I walked down the road and cut across the meadow to the head of his bean-patch.

"If he sees me," thinks I, "I'll tell him I came to learn his trick of keeping off the frost, as he was telling me when we talked about the chimneys."

He was always glad to talk about such things, and I knew I could fool him out of thinking I was spying on him. There was no moon that night, but the stars were bright as they always are on a frosty night, and I could see everything. I was expecting to find him out with his thermometers working, but not a sign of him could I see; and then I noticed that there was no light in the house. Seeing that almost took my breath, for the same minute I saw the water was running into the waste-drain from his irrigation-pipe, and it occurred to me that there was the chance to make sure the frost would cut those beans for good and all.

First I knocked at the door to make sure, and when I got no answer I hurried home. Mr. Burwell was in the yard looking at the sky.

"Come on, sir," said I. "Ogden's gone away and we'll just help the frost a bit. We'll just turn on the irrigating stream and see that the whole patch is wet. The evaporation will cool things off, as he is always telling, and the frost'll do the rest good and slick."

"That's so,' 'he said, and then he stopped. "It's malicious mischief in the eye of the law; and what's more, the risk is too big, no matter how much I may lose if I don't do it."

"All right, sir," said I, "if that's the way you feel about it; but I can't afford to lose the job of foreman of a mine gang, risk or no risk. So if you are scared, I'll go alone."

That settled it. He went, and we gave the patch one of the "acre inches" the young fellow was always talking about. We calculated to give a little more, but we heard a team coming up the road, and just dropped everything and went home.

I've an idea Mr Burwell was feeling pretty nervous when we got there. Anyway, he kept saying, "It's a good thing I've always been friendly to him. It always pays to be friendly." Then when we cleaned our shoes, I noticed that he was extra careful to get the dirt out of a crack where he had a patch on one heel. I had to laugh quietly at that, for the dirt was from the road, and even if it had been from the bean-patch, no one could have told the difference. So, all things considered, I was feeling pretty well when I went to bed, and all the better, maybe, because Mrs. Burwell and Nellie had not come in yet.

Next morning Nellie did not come

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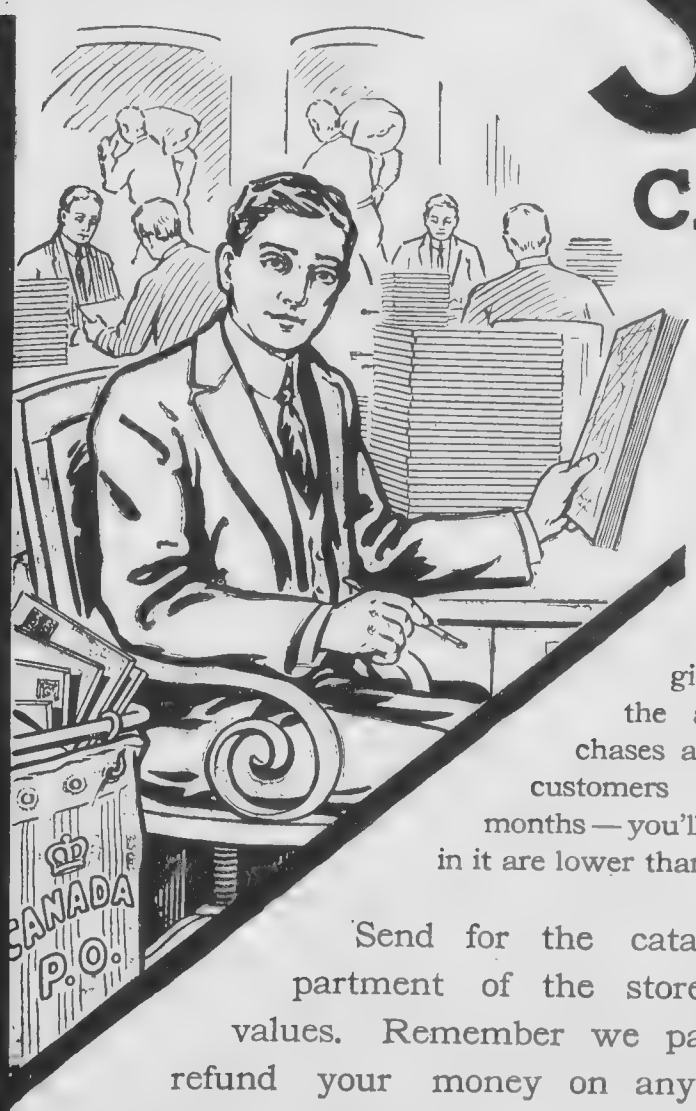

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down to breakfast. Mrs Burwell said she needed more sleep, and Mr. Burwell said "All right," in a way that showed he was thinking of something else. We'd seen frost when we were doing the chores, and when we went out after breakfast the frost was still there.

"It looks all right, sir," said I.

"Yes," he said. "I never saw one as late as this before. Your job on the mine gang is all right; of course I'm a little anxious for a look."

We were on the way to the barn, but just then we heard a noise at the gate, and both of us turned. What we saw was young Ogden coming in. He was having some trouble shutting the gate, and when that was fixed he came on rubbing his hands into all kinds of shapes.

"Just you keep shut and let me do the talking," said Mr. Burwell. "He's seen the beans, and he's taking it hard." Then, as the young man came near, he continued, as cheerful as ever:

"Good morning, Ben. You're out early, eh?"

"Thank you, sir. Ye-es, sir. It's earlier than I ever called before. But when I saw what you had done for the beans I just had to come and—and—I don't hardly know how to go on, sir."

"Now see here, young man," said Mr. Burwell firmly, "I don't know what you are talking about; but if you have anything to say just begin at the beginning and tell us all about it."

With that young Ogden pulled himself together.

"I'll try to, sir," he said. "It was all on account of that iron ore in the gulf. You see, the lawyer who drew Uncle Ben's will told me, last winter, that the sum to be secured from an acre of ground was raised from $500 to $1,000 at your suggestion, and I connected that fact with your interest in the ore. He offered to bring suit to annul the will, but I didn't care to do that. It wasn't necessary to do that, anyhow."

He paused for a moment while his mouth twitched as if he were trying hard not to laugh, and then he went on:

"The fact is, I wanted to make good under the will just to show what I could do, and I had my reasons for doing that. Of course I felt a little hard toward you. I see now that I was wrong and that I ought to have told you that Uncle Ben brought that ore from a mine in Jefferson County, intending to fool somebody into buying the farm for an iron mine. If I'd told you about it, everything would have been all right, I hope, but seeing, as I supposed, that you were working a game on me, I thought I'd get even in a game of my own. You see, sir, Nellie and I had become very friendly—ah—we were engaged, sir. So I told her and Mrs Burwell about the ore and the—ah—what I thought about your wanting me to fail with the beans so you could bid in the farm at the sale, and—well, sir, they agreed to my plan, though Mrs. Burwell told me I'd be sure to lose if I locked horns with you. Anyway, she went with us last night, sir, as you know, and after the social we were married.

"I forgot all about the beans until after Mrs. Burwell and Nellie came on home. Then I hurried out for a look, and found the water running around all the rows. It was the one thing that could have saved them, and it was what I was intending to do from the first. Then I hunted for the tracks to learn who had done it, and found that while I was treating you—ah—as I did, you were down here saving my crop for me. And all I seem able to do, sir, is to acknowledge my error."

He stopped and began twisting his hands as he did when he was coming in from the gate. Mr. Burwell had listened to what he had been saying without a twitch of the face or a motion. Now he looked from Ogden to the house, looked back to Ogden, gave a glance at me, and then, looking at Ogden again, he said:

"When we came out, wife said Nellie wasn't feeling very well. Perhaps if she knew you were here she'd be better soon."

Then he turned to me, and closing his eyes a bit, he said:

"I think, Jacob, there's nothing more to be said by any of us on this subject, but—um—it may be I was a little too close in making the bargain for the year with you. I think—um— I think I will make the raise twenty-five cents a week, as you wanted, instead of the dollar a month."

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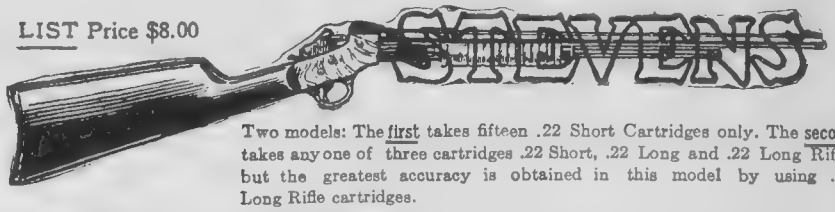

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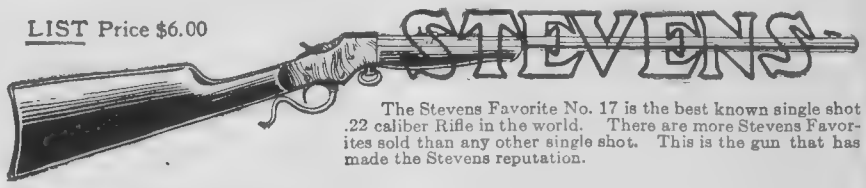

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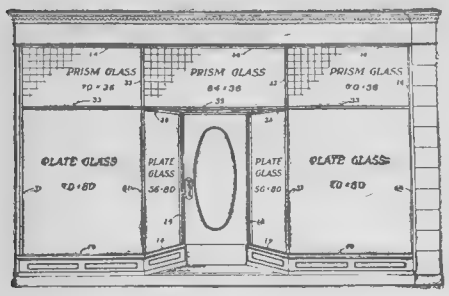

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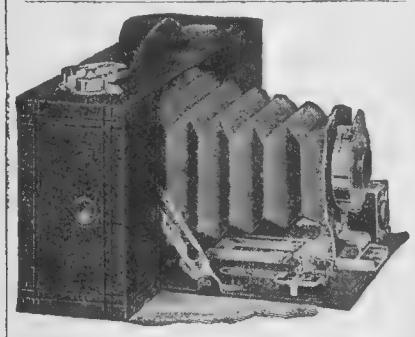

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The Chief Vanquished.

By Vera Dredge, of Saskatchewan

IT was a sultry August day and in the passenger department of the large audit office of a back Eastern railroad, in one of the big cities, could be heard the busy hum that is made by the turning of pages of numerous letters, statements and books, and the voices of many clerks calling out figures here and there all over the great room.

At his desk, elevated above those of his assistants, sat the chief clerk poring over the pile of papers placed before him for his consideration, or signature, but he was not too busy nor too much oppressed by the heat but that he could, by a glance now and then, discern what was going on around him.

He was a rather handsome man of about thirty years, well built and proportioned and but for a certain savage look that seemed to be the outward expression of a still more savage disposition would have had a most likable and prepossessing appearance.

As his quick and experienced eye scanned the papers on his desk a sudden angry look spread over his features and turning to his office boy, seated near at a lower desk, he told him to "tell Miss Welsh to come up."

Quickly the boy darted off to inform the lady clerk that the chief wanted her.

Rising from her seat the girl hurried to obey the summons, her already colorless and delicate face looking almost ghastly, and her heart going like a sledge-hammer for well she knew by the chief's expression that he was prepared to give her a most severe reprimand and perhaps dispense with her services altogether.

Before she got well up the steps of the high desk he turned with that repelling bull-dog manner and roared at her, "Miss Welsh, what do you mean by making such an error as this." The girl's face, before so pale now went scarlet and then back to its former pallor and she looked ready to faint for she was not strong and the heat of the day had alone been a trial to her.

"I don't know, sir," at last she managed to stammer out. "You don't know," he repeated, and his temper seemed to go beyond his control altogether. "You don't know, then if that is all the excuse you have to offer you may——" but before he could finish what he had started to say, a lithe young figure suddenly came up the steps with the spirit and dash of a war horse and confronting the glaring brown eyes with a pair of indignant brilliant blue orbs, Miss Grace Murray, the new girl from the West, said, careless of interruption, "You brutal man, how dare you speak to a woman in that way? Did you never learn that a woman should not be treated like a dog or horse? You—you are the most selfish monster I ever met. Can you not see that this poor girl is nearly fainting with fright and yet you sit there and abuse her with words uttered in such a tone as to make a man feel like knocking you down."

Utterly amazed and even bewildered the chief sat and looked at the champion of the delinquent lady-clerk, and was still bewildered when she turned and led the other girl back to her seat.

The busy hum of the office had as it were suddenly ceased for all eyes had been turned towards the scene of this little unexpected play, and all ears were listening to the words of the Western girl, and many a male clerk felt like saying, "Bravo!" when he saw how utterly dumfounded the chief still was, for not many of the men cared for the man who so often acted the tyrant because of his position.

No sooner had Miss Murray reached her own desk than she commenced deftly putting the papers and books in order, for she knew she could not remain another hour in such a place.

Her desk in order she quietly went to the lady in charge and told her she intended to leave at once. Then going to the dressing-room she hastily donned her hat and with head held erect she bade good-bye to her career as a clerk in a railroad office and made her way home.

As she walked along she thought the matter over carefully and finally made up her mind that had she the same act to perform again she would do it in precisely the same manner.

Yet notwithstanding this generous decision she felt rather discouraged about the sudden change in what promised to be a satisfactory career.

About a year before entering the office, she had lost her father, and her mother and herself together with her brother, some years her junior, had moved from their home in the West back to the East, where her mother had lived before her marriage.

On arriving home Mrs. Murray was surprised and somewhat shocked to learn what had taken place, and the reason of Grace's early return. After talking the matter over they both felt that it would be impossible for Grace to return if the chief had chosen to retain her services.

So now there was nothing to do but for her to find a new position, as their means were limited and it was necessary that Grace should help augment the family finances.

She was sitting that evening after tea thinking over her plans for the next day when her young brother, Fred, entered the room and noticing the somewhat discouraged expression on his sister's pretty face he went up to her and said, "Never mind, Sis, you did just right, and if I had been in your place, and a man I would have knocked the coward down." "Yes, Fred, I know you mean exactly what you say and it feels good to have your sympathy but mother does not see it in the same way as we do. She thinks I behaved in a most unladylike manner and that I have spoiled my chances of getting another position."

Just as Fred was about to add a few more words of sympathy in his own way a ring was heard and he ran to attend the door.

The next minute a gentleman entered the little sitting-room in which Grace was seated.

She rose to receive the caller but she was almost too astonished to speak as her eyes took in the familiar features of the chief.

"Mr. Pryde," she managed to articulate

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at last, "is it you?" "Yes, it is I, Miss Murray and I should be very glad if you will be kind enough to let me explain the meaning of this intrusion. There is no need to recall what took place this afternoon. We both remember it too well, but I do want to explain matters a little, and perhaps when I have finished you may possibly not think me quite such a brute as you evidently, and with just cause, did this afternoon."

She motioned him to a seat and without saying a word sat down opposite to him.

"To better have you understand my outburst of temper to-day, I must first of all tell you something of my previous history. I was left an orphan at about the age of ten with only just enough money to put me through public school, but thanks to the kindness of a friend of my father's I was given two years' extra education in the High School of this city, and at the end of that time I entered first as office-boy in the office in which I am now chief. It was my dearest ambition to become a great railroad official and to that end I put all my energy to work—studying at nights when other boys were out getting some kind of recreation. But I was strong and thought that so long as I kept well I had no need of any outside pleasure beyond that of striving to rise. My father's friend was of course proud of me, but even he said, "All work and no play made Jack a dull boy."

"I continued this until I was of age, having risen considerably in that time, and then the temptation to make a change came to me.

"My one great boy friend had moved out to a ranching district in the West with his people, after graduating from the High School, and many a glowing letter did I receive from him telling of his life there, of his aims and his chances of doing well. Finally he said he was starting a small horse-ranch of his own, and wanted to know if I would not care to come out and become his partner, and give up my beloved office work.

"Well, it was a temptation, for if there is one animal I have learned to love more than another in my narrow life it is a horse, and the idea of being with them so much and possessing one of my own to ride where and when I pleased is more than I can explain excepting to one who loves this particular animal as I do. After thinking the matter over, however, and having at that very time received another advance and promotion I deliberately set my foot down on what I considered was such a traitorous thought to my ambition and wrote to my friend that I could not accept his offer. I suppose he was very much disappointed for he only writes occasionally now. He has done well financially, but the one thing better is that he has developed into a splendid type of manhood, possessing some soul, while I, although having done well as material success goes in this world, have lost that feeling that makes men become whole-hearted and liberal in their actions toward others in the world, and instead I have become a mere machine by my ceaseless grind, and believe me, Miss Murray, it was only this very afternoon, following your daring denouncement, that I seemed to get my eyes opened and to realize the extent to which I had allowed my better nature to become deadened. And now, Miss Murray, you will no doubt wonder what all this conversation means. Well, it is simply this—I have resolved to give up my long cherished ambition in regard to becoming a great railroad official, and go out West to my friend and see if I can yet become a man with some feeling instead of remaining a mechanical monster void of all that goes to make up the joy of living. For this decision I have you to thank, Miss Murray, and I hope I may yet be able to prove to even your satisfaction that I can be something better than a brute.

"I expect to leave within the next week or ten days, in spite of the fact that another promotion was almost ready for me.

"Before I go, if you will allow me, I shall ask my father's old friend to give you a position in his office. I know he required another clerk and I am sure you are fully qualified to perform any of the work he may require to have done. I am proposing this as I learned from

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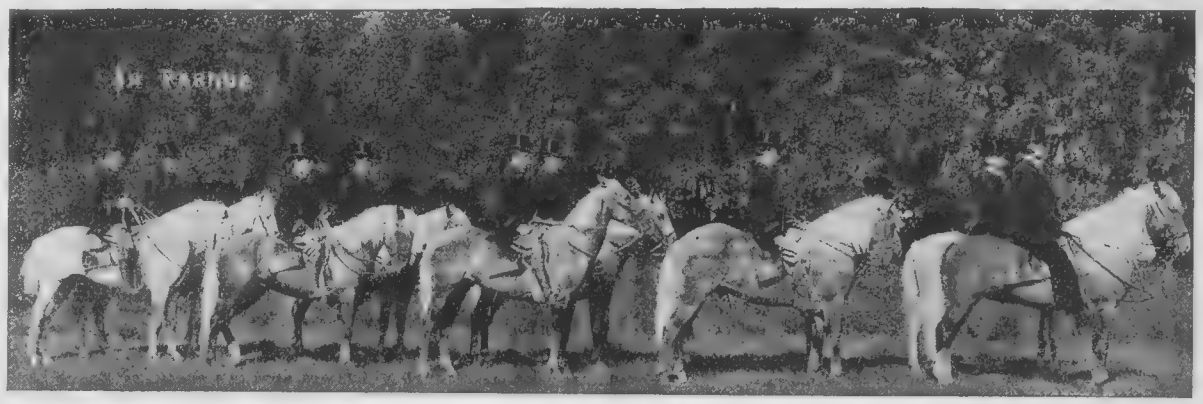

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JULY 13-23, 1910

the lady-clerk in charge that you had resigned your position in our office."

As he finished speaking, Miss Murray looked very directly at her former chief, and said, "Mr. Pryde, I cannot tell you how interested I have been in what you have just told me, nor how sorry I am that circumstances have made you what I thought you were, when I took that poor girl's part this afternoon. However, I am glad you have decided to give up such a soul absorbing ambition and try what a simple out-of-door life will do for you. Please wait just a moment and I will ask my mother to meet you."

"I am delighted, said Mrs. Murray, after the formality of an introduction was over, "to learn that you are going West and I wish you every success, and hope you may like the life. If you ever return to the city we shall be very pleased to have you call."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Pryde as he rose to go, "I shall remember your kind invitation, Mrs. Murray, and hope to take advantage of it. Good-bye, Miss Murray, please do not forget that I feel deeply indebted to you for so unexpectedly opening my eyes as to what I had become."

A day or two after this interview, Miss Murray received a note from Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Pryde's friend, asking her to call at his office as soon as possible. She did so the day she received the letter, and as Mr. Ferguson seemed pleased with the recommendation given by Mr. Pryde, he told her he would like her to commence work the next day, if she thought she would care to take the position.

Thanking him she agreed to come the following day.

Her first day in Ferguson's office was one of many that followed. The work was interesting, and although it kept her fully occupied yet she enjoyed it and was able to perform it to such satisfaction that Mr. Ferguson advanced her salary considerably.

More than eighteen months passed away in this manner, with little change, and during that time, her employer had only twice mentioned his former protege's name.

Once on his safe arrival in the West and again about a year later when he casually remarked that "Mr. Pryde appeared to like the West."

She sometimes, to her own surprise, found herself wondering what he was doing, how he liked the West, and if he would ever return East, and what he would be like, and some other thoughts which she kept most carefully to herself. She was still strong and healthy, thanks partly to her resolution not to drive on the street cars, to and from the office, when the weather was at all suitable for walking. This alone gave her an hour's exercise in the open air. Then there were quite a few entertainments in which she took an active part, and made for herself many warm friends, but in spite of all this there were times when the blue eyes would look dreamy and her sweet face thoughtful, and it was of no use for her mother to ask for a song or Fred for a game, when she was in such a mood.

One night she was looking unusually abstracted and was feeling more than ordinarily tired. She was thinking of her former life of freedom when her father was living and they had been homesteading, and at that very moment she would have given a great deal to have been able to go for a good canter on her old pony over the prairie with its fresh and invigorating air. As these thoughts came crowding into her mind she could not keep from wondering if Mr. Pryde still liked the West, and there is no telling just what other flights her imagination might have taken if a ring at the door-bell had not suddenly put a stop to all.

On going to the door, Fred did not happen to be in at the moment, she was astonished to meet her former chief, but looking so different that she did not at first recognize him. True the features were the same, but the expression was as different as sunshine is from gloom, and at sight of her bewilderment he was forced to laugh.

At last she held out her hand and warmly welcomed him back.

Then followed a description of his life out in the ranching district, what he had done, what he hoped to do, and how different he felt from the time a certain little Westerner had opened his eyes.

At mention of this her glance fell, but recovering herself she said she would bring her mother in to hear more of the West and his exploits.

The evening passed only too quickly and both mother and daughter were intensely interested in all they heard.

Just before leaving however, Mr. Pryde managed to say to Grace that he would like to call again the next evening and make a proposition to her mother, which he hoped she would look upon with favor, although she was not the only one it concerned, and at the same time he looked long and earnestly into the lovely face before him. At his ardent glance the blue eyes faltered but regaining her composure she informed her mother in regard to what Mr. Pryde had asked.

Mrs. Murray quite graciously assented to his request and told him she would be pleased to listen to his proposition. Next night when Grace received him he said before speaking to her mother he would rather first ask herself about something that had been on his mind since the night he had called more than eighteen months ago, and seating himself beside her he asked her if she could guess what it was.

Looking shyly up at him for a moment she said she was not sure whereupon he caught her hand in both his strong ones and kept it there.

Then compelling her to look at him he said, "Grace, I love you, and your love is the one thing needed to make my new life complete. Do you think, dearest, you can give it?" he asked, looking earnestly at her.

For answer Grace put out the other hand, which he eagerly grasped, and said simply, as he drew her to him, "Yes, Hugh, since you have become so different I can, but I cannot forsake poor mother and Fred."

"I knew," he said, "that would be one of your difficulties, but the proposition to your mother will remove that. I want her and Fred to come with us. There is room for all and when Fred is old enough there will be a partnership for him in the ranch if he cares to take it."

"Oh, Hugh," said Grace, with the happy tears in her eyes, "you are more thoughtful and good than I ever imagined you could be."

The proposition to Mrs. Murray must have been acceptable for the result was a quiet, but happy little wedding shortly afterward, and when the bride and groom had taken a trip to some Eastern places of interest, all left for their new Western home with the best of wishes from their many friends.

Wit and Humor.

The lightning rod agent stopped before the farmhouse and addressed the old man who was sitting in the door-way sharpening his pack-knife.

"Anything doing in my line to-day, sir?" he asked.

"I dunno. What's your line?" asked the farmer.

"Lightning rods," said the agent.

"What good be they?" demanded the farmer.

"They'll save your house from ketching fire if it's struck," explained the agent hopefully.

"Git out o' here, gol dern ye!" cried the farmer wrathfully. "I bin payin' seven dollars a year insurance on this here shack o' mine for the last ten years and nuthin's happened yet. My luck's bad enough as it is without your addin' to it with your pesky old fandangoes. How in heck d'ye think I'll ever git my money back with one o' them things around?"—Judge.

Rena's Hasty Conclusion.

By Emily Ruth Calvin.

Fortunately for Ralph, he received help from unthought-of sources, and he was enabled to continue his business. He had worked hard, it is true, and Rena spent many a lonely evening, but she had ever in mind the thought of her former hasty judgment and its consequences.

Sweetest of all, was the thought that she and Ralph were necessary to each other's complete happiness; more, that they could not be happy apart. She begrudged an evening spent away from their little home when they were forced to meet others.

"We'll lose all our friends," Ralph said, jestingly. "We never go out, and people are beginning to forget us."

"Oh, Ralph," Rena responded, "isn't it lovely that we can live for each other. Outsiders are not necessary to our happiness."

"No, that is true," Ralph agreed; "but don't you think we should try to keep old friends at least?"

"I pay calls sometimes in the afternoon," Rena replied; "and I am jealous of our evenings together." Ralph kissed her fondly. She drew his head down till his eyes met hers.

"Are you dissatisfied, Ralph?" she asked, wistfully.

"You know better than that, Rena. I am entirely satisfied to be alone with you always." The cloud melted from Rena's face.

"Your mother is coming for a visit some day, Ralph," she reminded him, "and then we shall go out more."

Soon after this little talk, an affair was given at Ralph's club, which he desired to attend.

"We'll have a gala time," he said to his wife; "we'll take dinner down town and go to the club afterwards."

Rena assented, and at six o'clock she arrived at Ralph's office. They enjoyed the little dinner immensely. Ralph brightened up perceptibly; the atmosphere of lights, life and music seemed to have a tonic effect upon him. He was in a gay mood when they reached the club. The occasion was a lecture, and already the rooms were filled with people.

"Let's go and sit near the platform," she suggested; "there are two seats vacant."

"Why don't you go and talk to the ladies," Ralph answered; "I'd like to see some of the men; if we stay together all the time I'll not get acquainted with the members.

The words were lightly spoken, but they rang with dreadful distinctness in Rena's ears. Without a word, but managing to bring the ghost of a smile to her lips, she left her husband and went to the front of the room. Ralph, exhilarated with contact with others, did not notice that anything was wrong, and soon he was in the midst of old-time men friends and being introduced to others.

He wanted to know other men, while she cared nothing for the society of other women. Before their marrigae, she remembered that he was inclined to resent the appearance of another caller on his evenings at her home. She had not forgotten the experience through which he had recently passed, when to satisfy her artistic sense, she had developed a situation that contained in it elements of the tragic. But this, she told herself, was entirely different. She had, on that other occasion, grossly misjudged him, but now the facts, bare and unadorned, stood out plainly before her bewildered and tear-blinded eyes.

Feverishly, she laid out her plan of action. She would give him no more chance to languish discontentedly at

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her side; there should be no more quiet evenings at home. Now she remembered their conversation where he had said they would lose their friends if they maintained their seclusion. She had not known then that he was beginning to tire.

After the lecture, Ralph came downstairs and sought his wife. She had gone immediately to the dressing room and was waiting for him near the door. A bright spot burned on either cheek, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. Ralph tucked her arm lovingly in his as they descended the stairs.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked.

"Very much," she replied; "I think that you are right, too; we should go out more."

A pleased smile crossed his lips. "I'm glad you've come to that conclusion, Rena," he said; "I think it well to mingle with others at times; keeps up interest in the things of the world."

A faint affirmative escaped Rena. Then, with her recent resolve again in her mind, she added hastily:

"Perhaps this evening's performance has gotten into my blood. I think I should like to go out a deal. We can't afford theatres—"

Although somewhat bemused by her sudden change of front and acceptance of his views, Ralph interrupted her eagerly:

"I shouldn't be much of a man if I couldn't afford the theatre and other amusements occasionally." Then he pressed her arm closer to his side. "We'll have some good times, won't we, girlie?"

A vision of the little home with its cheery look in the evening crossed Rena's mind. There was nothing so sweet in all the world to her now as the tiny sitting room with its air of simple comfort. She loved to sit with her sewing or reading and glance at times at her husband's strong profile, or view with a woman's delight, the masculine movement of his capable hand when lighting his cigar. But all that was ended.

The next day she called him up on the telephone.

"I should like to go to the theatre tonight. Can you get tickets for Juliet?" she asked.

Ralph was somewhat taken back. "Of course, I can get them," he replied; "but you do not want to go out again tonight?"

"Yes," she responded, quickly. "I want to go out tonight, and I have promised Mrs. Brownley that we'll go over there to her card party tomorrow night."

When he hung up the receiver, Ralph's mind was busy. Then he smiled fondly. "Sudden change," he murmured, "but that's just like Rena."

So night after night they theatred, visited and played cards. If nothing else suggested itself to Rena, she would insist upon a trolley ride. Gradually she lost flesh and cricles appeared beneath her big eyes.

"Can't we let up a bit, Rena," Ralph implored one night. "I am tired to death; tomorrow night I shall have to stay at the office, too."

"Do you want to let up?" Rena asked, a little quiver manifest in her voice.

Blind Ralph answered immediately: "Not if you wish to keep on going, dear."

So the game went on. Rena cherished no resentment against her husband. She had been taught too clear a lesson for that, in her misjudgment of him before. But she felt that he cared little for his home and her sole companionship. She would, therefore, render it impossible for him to be satiated with either. She had no motive in the matter, so she candidly believed.

Yet, it would seem that her friend, Mrs. Brownley, possessed doubts regarding Rena's motives; for one day, in a burst of confidence, Rena told her all.

Mrs. Brownley was a sprightly matron some years older than Rena. She knitted her brows over Rena's story, and looked searchingly at the girl's pale face and hollow eyes.

Little Sunshine

"But why do you drag the poor boy out night after night?" and she went on, not waiting for an answer; "Aren't you afraid he'll break down, working on the nights that you don't take him out?"

"I've told you why," Rena said, answering the first question. "Remember, Laura, I'm not blaming Ralph in the least, and there's no revenge, as you seem to think. He simply grew tired of our little home, and— of—me."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Brownley ejaculated. "I wish you had my baby boy for several hours every day."

"Why?" Rena demanded, puzzled over her friend's irrelevancy.

"Well, you'd get to stand mannature better, that's all. Don't you know that Ralph is desperately in love with you? I know that you are the envy of some married women."

"Oh!" Rena opened surprised eyes. "Tell me, Laura, then, why does he want to go out; and can you possibly explain his words at the club?"

"Certainly; he likes his kind, and because he does, it does not argue that he loves you any less; freedom is an essential element in a man's character. Notice my baby, now he can stand alone, he thrusts my hands away from him. He wants no help. Now, Ralph couldn't explain his action at the club to you to save his life. If he attempted to, he would undoubtedly hurt you by his awkward words.

"A rather blunt woman told me after my marriage, and when I was groping just as you are, that a diet of cake and cream is very well, but a man sometimes longs for steak and black coffee."

"Well, that doesn't lessen the pain a woman feels when she discovers that her husband doesn't care for his home any more, Laura."

"Rena, he does care for his home; to a good man his home is a shrine, and if Ralph has become tired of his, rest assured he would not have been so candid. He simply felt the need of a little excitement, the desire for contact with wholesome outside surroundings. Why, Rena, you told me that you were going away for a time in the summer. Couldn't Ralph argue that you didn't care for your home because you were willing to leave it for a time?"

"I suppose so," faltered Rena.

"Remember, dear, these men whom we women love are very human after all. I know that Ralph has some of the finer sensibilities of a woman, but there is a fine streak of vibrant manliness in him, too."

Rena's eyes kindled at the praise.

"Notice the boys whom you know who are about fourteen or fifteen. Then the primitive instincts are strangest, and they are all building Indian houses in the woods or camping out and playing that they are about to be seized by an enemy. Anything to get away from the civilization that is so irksome to them; the conventions that to them are useless and mean nothing. Well, a man is only a boy grown up. To sum up the situation, Rena, go out whenever the spirit moves you; entertain your friends and have your sweet little times at home—alone. But don't go to extremes, girlie."

With a parting kiss, Rena hurried away, still smiling at her friend's words.

That night Ralph came home very tired. After dinner was finished he looked at his wife.

"Are we going out tonight, dear?" he questioned tentatively.

"Do you want to go?" she replied, brightly.

"Well, I should say not," he burst forth, emphatically. "I'd much rather stay at home." Then suddenly he looked closer at his wife.

"You don't look well, Rena," he said, pushing back his chair and drawing her to him. "We've been going out too much, that's the trouble."

"Oh, Ralph, forgive me, forgive me—"

"For what, sweetheart?" he asked, in surprise.

Then Rena belatedly remembered her friend's warning as to the futility of climaxes.

"Oh, nothing," she answered, the while her lips met his lingeringly.

Through His Majesty's Mails.

By Clara K. Thomas, Junkins, Alberta.

"Pat!"

"Sor?"

"What are you reading?"

"The Western Home Monthly correspondence column."

"Trash, Pat, trash. You might better read the advertisements."

"Shure? 'Tisn't so very long since ye were moightily interested in that same, sorr."

"Yes, I know; and that is why I am warning you."

Harold Raymond continued his restless pacing of the floor, and his hired man, Pat Sullivan, watched him out of the corner of his eye, as he returned to his paper. Something was seriously wrong with the Boss, usually so cool and composed. Pat had noticed it for days, but well knew that the worst way to satisfy his curiosity was to question his employer. Confession was good for the troubled soul—it would all come out presently.

Pat was right. The Boss stamped his foot, grit his teeth, and finally, looking very sheepish, returned to the table and again demanded, this time almost pleadingly—"Pat!"

"Yis ,Sorr," dutifully responded Pat, pushing aside his book.

"You are right about me being all taken up with that correspondence column a while ago, but by George, Pat, I've got in a deuce of a scrape over it."

"Got bit?" inquired Pat, with a grin.

"Listen and I'll tell you. It was in the winter I read her letter—just an ordinary kind of letter, but I liked its tone. She was an Ontario girl, twenty-three years old, tall and slender, blue-eyed and brown-haired, my ideal—wanted correspondents for amusement, as young men were scarce down there, and signed herself Apple Blossoms. Well I wrote to her, and that was like taking the first glass of whiskey—the rest followed easily. We corresponded week about for a couple of months, and exchanged photographs. Here is her's. Now if that isn't sufficient excuse for a man making a fool of himself, show me a better."

"Aye," said Pat, shortly, as he glanced at the pretty face, "Oi've seen it afore—that is oi've seen ye lookin' at it."

"O, probably," assented Raymond, replacing the photo in his inner pocket. "I will admit I was infatuated. And she is as good as her face is bonny—at least her letters made me believe so. She seemed to possess every desirable quality, and her letters were delightful And so we slipped serenely aloug, from one stage to another, till I—"

"Ye did it?" suggested Pat, with a grin.

"I did it!" repeated Raymond in a scared voice. Then he sprang suddenly to his feet, and began to tramp once more up and down the room.

"By the Lord Harry, I must have been crazy! I swear I was bewitched. Think of me Pat—at may age—a sober, sensible bachelor of thirty-five, asking a girl to marry me, whom I had never seen, nor heard of. By Jiminy, I deserve to get it in the neck! I can see it all plainly enough now, but I was as blind as any bat then, and till after that letter was gone. Then I began to wake—and I assure you the waking wasn't pleasant—and by the time I had read her reply I was thoroughly awake;

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and I haven't slept since—in any sense of the word."

"Did she refuse ye?"

"Refuse me! Glory! I wish she had; then this night-mare would be over. No, sir, she accepted me with alacrity, said there was no need for delay, and she would come west on the first excursion. She is on her way now."

"Thin pwhat in thunder are ye grousing about?"

"Pat, can't you see? I can see it all so plainly, now it is too late. It's all a fake, and I'm a great big April fool."

"Can't just see the point, Boss. Ye have the photygraph and the letters. Thim letters was surely written by some girl, and that is certain a picture from loife. Pwhat does it matter if her name isn't Apple Bloosoms?"

"Her real name is Laura Merle—pretty as her picture, but that this girl"—tapping the region of his breast pocket—"and the one on the train, are one and the same, I don't dare believe."

"Can't foller ye, Boss. Pwhat are yer suspicions?"

"Well Pat, I have worried it over till I'm blue, and I've come to the conclusion that this Laura Merle is the scribe for a bevy of mischievious girls, down east, who have had a winter's fun at my expense."

"Thin ye think there is no bride comin'?"

"Great Caesar, I wish I could think so! No, Pat, girls who could marry on the correspondence without a hitch, could act it to completion. No, sir; I am convinced that they have selected some ignorant, no-account servant girl—perhaps a foreigner—and have bribed her to come out here and cap the climax. Horrors! The very thought of it makes my blood run cold."

"Can't say I'm sure," answered Pat, scratching his head meditatively.

"Perhaps ye're roight Boss; gurls are up to all sorts of pranks these days. But it wouldn't be me to suspect the purty critters, at all, at all. If Miss Apple Blossoms wrote me she was comin' up to be me bonny bride, why Oi'd march up to the car shteps expectin' to meet Apple Blossom, and not Thistle. But if ye're doubtful, why don't ye make inquiries?"

"Of whom? I don't know a soul down there. Besides I told you I was bewitched till it was all said and done—I had no doubts." "Well there is this photygraft man; ye moight send a tillygram yet."

Raymond shook his head. "It doesn't look honorable," he said. "Anyway it is too late; she will be here to-morrow."

"To-morry? Thin yer misery will soon be over," comforted Pat. "Have ye everythin' ready?"

Raymond waved his hand toward the chaotic jumble of new furnishings. "You see I have been busy," he said. For to-morrow? Yes I have the license and the ring—got them in the city; but I went twice to the Parson's gate, and then didn't go in. He enjoys a joke, if he is a preacher, and I'd never hear the end of it if—"

Raymond laid his hand suddenly on the horny toil-worn fist of his hired man. "Pat," he said earnestly, "haven't I always been good to you?"

" 'Deed ye have, Mr. Raymond. Ye've been a Mither to me since Oi arrived here with an empty stomach and tattered overalls, five years come nixt July."

"Then will you do me a favor?"

"Be the bogs of owld Oireland!" exclaimed Pat, jumping up and upsetting his chair. "He wants me to marry the gurl."

"No, I don't," snapped Harold Raymond, with flashing eyes—"not if it is Laura—I mean if there is no mistake—no joke. But I'm sure there is," he added gloomily, "and I have thought of a plan that will put me even with that bunch of beau-catchers, if you will help me."

"Oi'm wid ye, old man. Foire away," "Well my plan is for you to go with me to the station to-morrow—you are sure you could recognize the original of that photo?"

"Among a hundred, bedad."

"Well if it is her, all right; I won't need your services. She told me she would wear a blue badge, so I would make no mistake, and I was to do the same. Now if the girl wearing that ribbon is a foreigner or ugly or coarse; in short if she isn't Laura Merle—you, wearing a corresponding badge, make yourself known to her, and tell her that you are my servant and that I died suddenly this morning. Savvy?"

"Aye, aye, sorr. Oi shmell the scent o' battle. Thin pwhat shall Oi do wid the poor widowed bride?"

"Here." Handing him a roll of bills. "Buy her ticket back to Ontario, and pay her hotel bill till the next eastbound train. Then I'll come home a sadder and wiser man, and be your friend forever."

Five minutes before train time the following afternoon, two rigs drove quietly into the livery stable behind the station in the little western town.

Harold Raymond, nervous and pale, his wedding attire hidden beneath his long rain-coat, gave his spirited driver and covered buggy over to the hostler, and slipped unobserved through the back door of the station, and chose a position, where safely hidden, he could yet clearly see and hear.

Pat Sullivan, shining in his unaccustomed Sunday best, tied his team, then strolled leisurely onto the platform, trying hard to look serious and solemn, and carefully hiding the badge on his coat.

The train came in with a rush and a roar. An unusually large crowd of home-seekers disembarked. There was the usual gathering of waiting friends, curious onlookers and shouting bus-drivers. Girls there were plenty, but none alone, nor wearing a blue ribbon, as a passport to her western home. Harold looked in vain for his divinity.

Swiftly the pushing crowd was melting away, and he scarcely knew whether to be pleased or disappointed. Yes there was one girl alone—a graceful veiled lady, but she wore no trace of blue. Ye gods and little fishes! There she comes! Three inches of blue ribbon pinned to the thread-bare, ill-fitting jacket of a little snub-nosed, freckle-faced, red-headed scrub of an Irish girl. That was how Harold Raymond described her, as he gasped for breath, and tried to recover from the shock. Then the sight of Pat sauntering across the platform, revived him. "Praise the powers, I enlisted Pat," muttered Raymond fervently, and he craned his neck to listen.

"Good afternoon, Miss," began Pat politely, "Ye will be Miss Laura Merle?"

"That's what this means, I s'pose," she answered indifferently, pointing to her adornment. "And be you Mr. Harold Raymond? You're not a bit loike I expected to see."

"Shure now, Miss, ye're roight; I don't look much loike the Boss. But its bad news Oi must be tellin' ye. The Boss poor man, he couldn't come hisself, because he's dead."

"Dead!" cried the little immigrant in horror dropping her numerous bundles; and "Dead!" echoed a voice from somewhere down the platform. Raymond didn't know who was waiting there, and was too much interested to find out. How would Pat manage now?

But Pat was equal to the occasion. He carefully gathered up the fallen parcels, and proceeded to administer consolation.

Oi'm shure ye have me sympathy, Miss, losing such a husband as the Boss would ha' made ye. 'Tis a crule fate that took him from ye, after ye thravellin' all these miles to him. And him that fond of ye, Miss! The old shack wasn't good enough—he must build a foine new house, all the toime thinkin' of the pleasure he'd have, watchin' ye fix things up, and make it bootiful and home loike. Ah! ye may tell thim Apple Blossoms down east that 'twas the most lovin', thruehearted gintleman in the west, that wrote thim interesting letters, and Oi'm shure they—you—er—" and Pat, becoming suddenly embarrassed in his flow of eloquence, sought refuge in grief, and hid his face in his handerkerchief.

As if reminded of her duty, the girl shifted her parcels, and brought forth her own handkerchief and dabbed her eyes with it. But the amused Raymond noticed that each stole inquisitive glances at the other.

There was still considerable stir about the station, and the pair were quite unnoticed. The veiled lady still quietly

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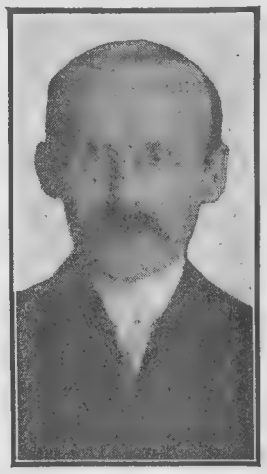

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Give also the size of your room, height of ceiling, whether instrument is for use of beginners, or finished players or singers.

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waited in the shade of the building, but there was no hint of laughter in her mein, though Raymond felt sure she was listening.

Suddenly Pat jammed his handkerchief into his pocket and spoke his mind.

"Begorra, Miss, but ye do mind me forcible of some one Oi used to know."

"The same to yerself," she responded curtly, "If ye would smoile jist onst, Oi think Oi could identify ye."

Pat grinned obligingly,, and she exclaimed instantly, "'Tis Pat Sullivan."

"And ye are Rosie O'Shane," and the next moment they were shaking hands like old friends.

"Wonders niver cease," quoted Pat, "but how in the world did ye come to lave the Owld Counthry and land out here, Rosie, lass?"

"O, things have changed since ye were there, Pat," she answerd wearily. "The dear owld Mither is gone now, and Oi'd nothing to howld me. So Oi thought Oi'd shake the owld shiftless crowd, and thry me luck in this big counthry, where they said there was room, and work for all."

"And how long have you been in Ontario, me honey?"

"Ontario? Oi niver was there in me loife—savin' perhaps Oi came through it on the thrain. Oi-ve been through most every counthry on earth, Oi think 'twixt the owld sod and this."

"Then how did ye get in with thim Apple Blossoms, as ye're representin?"

Rosie looked guilty, then she said hastily, "Oi don't s'pose it can do any harm to tell ye Pat, especially now the poor gentleman is gone. The lady—and she is as purty and swate as a duchess —was on the thrain, comin' up to be his woife; and she got thinkin, what a quare thing she was doin'—goin to marry a man she'd niver seen, and the more she thought the more scared she was, that he moight not be the foine gintleman she was expectin' to mate, but some boor she couldn't rispict.

So fin'ly we agreed—for Oi offered her any help Oi could, she had been that good to me—that she was to sthay in the dark till Oi invistigated—nather of us havin' a thought that the poor dear man would be dead."

"Oi savvy," said Pat, grinning broadly. "Two of a kind! And where might the lady be now?"

"She is over there," replied Rosie, nodding her red head in the direction of the veiled lady.

Harold Raymond started impulsively forward, then sprang back as quickly, for the veiled lady had slipped quietly over to the pair, and laying a slim, gloved hand on Pat's arm, said in a sweet voice, that thrilled her hidden listener strangely: "Mr. Pat, will you take me to your Master?"

Pat scratched his head doubtfully and made frantic efforts to attract the Boss' attention. "Oi don't know, Miss, Oi'm sure whither Oi should."

"I'm sure you should," she pleaded earnestly. "We were engaged and I expected to marry him to-day. I cannot return without at least looking at his poor dead face. If he thought as much of me as you say he did, I'm sure he would want you to do that much for me."

"Well Miss,' began Pat irresolutely, then seized by a sudden inspiration he asked: "Ye are raley and thruly the Apple—Oi mane, of course, Miss Laura Merle?"

"I really am," she said eagerly and threw off the shrouding veil.

Raymond drew a long breath. "Laura, my Laura," he whispered. "More beautiful than her picture, and refined, and graceful and queenly. Now Pat, my boy, make haste."

And Pat did. "Ah!" he said cheerfully. "That's the purty face in the picture, and Oi must congratulate ye, for he's not dead at all, at all; only got scared loike yerself, and went and hid. But as Thingamebob said, 'All's well that ends well,' and here he is."

And Harold Raymond sprang to her side crying:—"Laura my darling, forgive me for doubting you," and took possession of the amazed girl, who only whispered brokenly: "Oh, Harold, I'm so glad—so glad you are not dead."

"Come along, Rosie," cried Pat merrily, "Let's gather up the luggage."

"And now for the parson's," said Harold to his bride; when all the baggage was stowed safely away in Pat's waggon. "Then we will go and have our wedding breakfast, or dinner, or whatever it is. You must be tired, love—you would like to rest a while first?"

He was inwardly much disturbed. The little town supported only one minister, and he was, perforce, a very busy man. Suppose he should be away! What would Laura think of him, when she found he had made no engagement for the important ceremony for which she had travelled hundreds of miles.

Fortune favored him. "O, Harold," she said, "Can't you take me somewhere, where I can brush up a bit? Do you know," blushing prettily, "that I have my wedding-dress in that suit-case. "I would make a sorry looking bride in this travel-stained attire."

So he took her to the one decent hotel the town boasted, and hurriedly left her to make his too-long delayed visit to the preacher.

"Hi Boss!" called a voice as he hurried from the place, "What's yer rush?"

"To the Parson's," he replied shortly, "and I'm afraid of my life he'll be away."

"No he won't,' said Pat soothingly. "Bill Green has just come in, and he said Parson was nailin' up his fence as he came along. Say! Can't ye put in a word for me, whoile ye are there? Ask him if he will kill two birds with one stone, or tie a double knot, or pwhat ye loike to call it."

"What do you mena, Pat?"

"Oi mane," said Pat stoutly, "that Rosie O'Shane has come all the way across the bloomin' ocean, and this continent, to work for sthrangers—which same she has done ever since she could howld a broom, and she isn't goin' to do it no more, so long as Pat Sullivan has two hands to work."

"Why Pat! You don't mean to say you want to marry that little red-headed—" "Rid is me favorite color," interrupted Pat gallantly. "As for little, 'tis a wonder she is that big, the way she has roughed it all her loife."

"But Pat, isn't this all very sudden? Marriage is a serious problem, my boy. Don't let your kind heart run away with your better judgment."

Pat grinned broadly. "Suddent, is it? Me that has knowed Rosie iver since she learned to walk—aye and run—to get away from her drunken brute of a father. Why man Oi'd ha married her afore Oi left the owld sod, but Oi hadn't a cint to bless meself wid. And ye're the man to talk about bein' slow and careful, ani't ye, Boss?"

"You are right ,Pat. But what will you do with her? I don't want you to leave me."

"And pwhat is the matter wid us livin' in the shack? Ye won't be needin' it now. And Rosie will be no end of help to the Missus; she's that handy and quick, and the ranch will be lonesome loike, fer one that's been brought up in an orchard."

"You are a jewel, Pat. Yes I'll put in a word for you with the Parson, while you are getting ready. By the way, have you any money?"

Pat grinned again. "Oi've the wad ye give me last night," he said. "I'll be borrowin' a bit, I guess."

"You needn't borrow. Keep it for a wedding-present. You'll be needing it now you are going into housekeeping. And Pat—"

"Yis Sorr!"

"Take your sweetheart around to Smith and Foy's—they keep ready-made ladies clothes, and get her a new outfit—something light and pretty. They have a dressing-room in connection. And tell her to do her hair up high. She would be real pretty if she were fixed up a bit."

"That's pwhat Oi think meself," replied Pat proudly, but its loike yerself to say so, whin yer own bonny bride is such a quaine."

"O go on with your blarney!" laughed Raymond happily. "You have no time for that now—nor have I."

He hurried away, but was again recalled by Pat's eager "Hi Boss!"

"Well?"

"Three cheers for the Western Home Monthly's correspondence column."

Pat Mulligan had been discharged from the artillery, and went to live in a cottage in his native village. One day he left on a week's visit to some distant relatives, and a day later the village constable was standing at his door when he heard the sudden boom of the rusty cannon Mulligan had mounted on his front hedge.

An instant later a brick whizzed past the constable's ear, and smashed his door to smithereens.

The indignant officer, followed by the populace, rushed to Mulligan's cottage and found it still tenantless, but showing signs of recent burgling.

When Mulligan returned the next week he heard the news, and was delighted.

"Oi prepared for burglars afore I wint away," he said, "by thrainin' the gun on yer front door, constable, and connicting it by sacret wires to the doors and windies, and loaded it wid a brick. An' it hit the door slap in the middle? Bedad, Oi wasn't a gunlayer in the artillery for nothin'!"

Globe-Trotting.

Miss Whackemall was lecturing her class upon the formation of the globe.

"Now, what country," she said, turning to the dunce of the class, "is opposite us on the globe?"

"Dunno " answered the pupil.

"Come, come!" said Miss Whackemall. "Suppose I were to bore a hole through the earth here, and you were to go in at this end, where do you think you would come out?"

"Outer the hole, miss!" shouted the dunce; and went down one.

Once upon a time Mulligan paid a visit to Dublin, and he was never tired of telling of his experiences.

"Sure," he said, "them tramcars are a grand invintion, entoirely, but it's the deuce and all to tell where they are going to.

"One day I stood in the middle of the road, and sez I to a policeman, Can yez tell me where I can get a car to the Green?' 'Bedad,' says the policeman, 'you stand there another two seconds you will get it right in the small of your back.'

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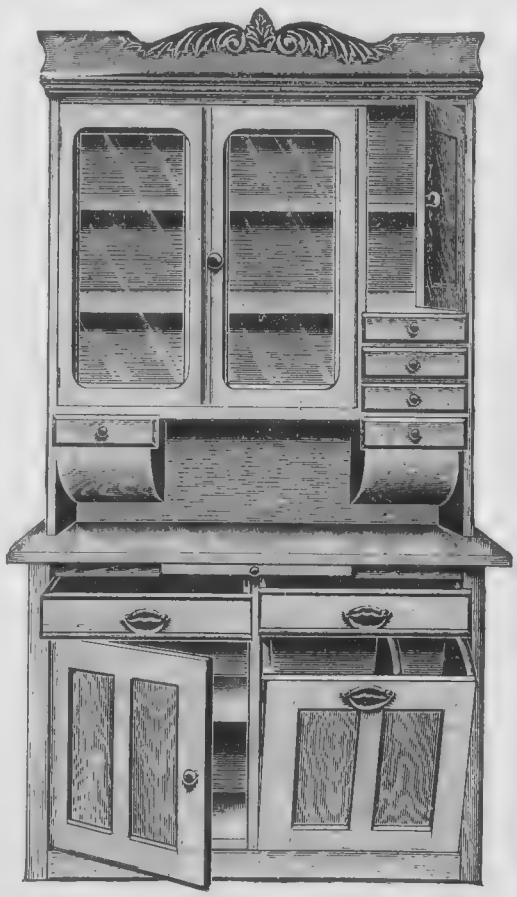

WINGOLD STOVE CO. LTD., 181 Bannatyne Ave., E., 3rd Building East of Main.

Cousin Jack.

By Chas. B. Leslie.

WITH his broad back turned upon the town and harbour of Portsmouth some few miles away the young sailor breasted the hill, and pausing on the summit gazed down on the village of Reepham lying at the bottom of the slope below. The day was hot, he drew his coat sleeve across his damp brow, and wished the village was his destination instead of Battley, three miles further on. A little lower down the road a man leaning against a gate hailed the sailor as he passed.

"Why, it's Jack Forbes, Sure-ly."

"Wrong mate," said the sailor, halting, "my name's George Perry."

"Well, you're 'mazingly like 'im, leastways if he's much like what 'e was three years ago when 'e went away."

Mr. Perry, glad of an excuse for a rest, came up to the gate, and producing his pipe and pouch offered the latter to the speaker, who acknowledged the courtesy in fitting words and filled a well-used briar. Both men lit up, and resting their arms on the gate gazed contemplatively at the country beyond.

"Just left your ship?" inquired the countryman presently.

The sailor nodded. "'Canopus,' paid off this morning.

"Ah, Jack Forbes is a Royal Navy man, too. Wish I was 'im."

"Why?"

"There's three 'undred pounds waitin' for 'im. See that red cottage over there? Well, that's where Mrs. Forbes lived; 'er sister, Mrs Maynard, lives there now with 'er daughter. The old lady died nearly two years ago; she left the cottage to her sister and the money to her son. Jack's with the Australian Squadron, but I did 'ear 'e'd got transferred and was comin' home."

"He knows about his mother's death, then, and the money.?"

"Rather! 'Is aunt's been correspondin' with 'im. She comes from London, and so does Susan Maynard; and she's the prettiest girl in the village. Bit standoffish p'raps."

"Ah," said the sailor thoughtfully, "wish I were Jack too; reckon they're old sweethearts eh?"

"They ain't; Mrs. Maynard and Susan ain't ever set eyes on Jack Forbes, I 'appen to know that. Well, I must be moving. So long.

"So—long, mate," said the sailor without turning his head and continuing to gaze at the red cottage half a mile away which sheltered Jack Forbes's aunt and cousin, till the steps of his acquaintance had died away; a thought was taking shape in his brain. There yonder was a pretty girl expecting a sailor cousin she had never seen, a sailor to whom he bore some resemblance. Why should he not impersonate Jack Forbes? The more he thought upon it the more tempting the prospect appeared; he would be received by Mrs. Maynard as an honored guest, would be privileged to kiss Susan.

"Here goes,' said Mr. Perry, "I'll do it, it'll be a rare joke. I'll kiss the woman and stay to tea, and p'raps stop longer—but I'll see 'ow things pan out."

Ae he approached the red cottage a girl in a white pink frock came out into the porch and talked to a blackbird, whose cage hung against the wall. Mr. Perry regarded her critically; she had a pleasing figure and yellow hair, he noticed; then as she turned and re-

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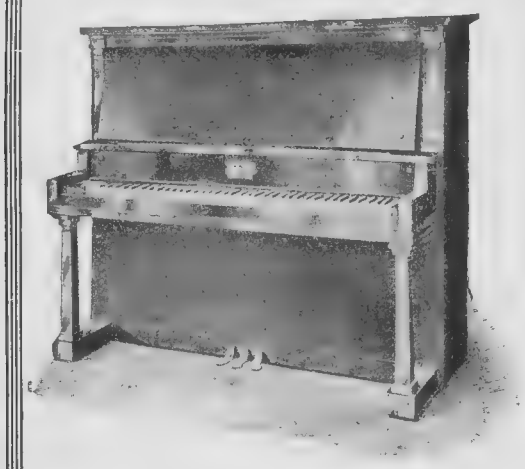

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garded him he saw she had deep blue eyes—his favorite color. Yes, certainly, she was the prettiest girl he had seen for a very long time, and his last scrap of hesitation vanished.

"Why--you must be Cousin Susan," he exclaimed smiling, holding out his hands, and as she stared at him in blank surprise he took advantage of hers being lowered to put his arms round her, and bestow two or three cousinly salutes on her lips and cheeks.

"Don't—how dare you!" cried the girl furiously breaking from him and backing with crimson cheeks into the house.

"I'm Jack Forbes, your cousin," said Mr. Perry in a tone of pained surprise; "you are Susan Maynard, ain't you?"

"Yes. Who do you say you are?" she asked sharply.

"I'm your cousin Jack, from Australia; landed at Portsmouth this morning, and here I am."

Was she going to accept him or not? For quite a minute Mr. Perry stood regarding her, and his smile was becoming a forced grin, when to his relief the girl's face changed, and she put out her hand.

"Oh, your Cousin Jack; you took me by surprise, you know; and you'd no business to kiss me, whether you're my cousin or not."

"I was so main glad to be home again," explained Mr. Perry, following here into a cool comfortable-looking kitchen. "Ah! the dear old place isn't changed one bit—and where's aunt?" he added hastily, wondering if the dresser and china upon it, and the press in the corner, belonged to the Forbes's era or to Mrs. Maynard.

"Upstairs—dressing," exclaimed the girl. "I'll go and tell her you're here; we didn't expect you for four weeks yet. How did you manage to come so quickly from Adelaide?"

"I'll tell you that presently," Mr. Perry promised, sitting down, and Susan with a nod withdrew, and he heard her light footfall on the stairs.

For quite a quarter of an hour he was left alone, and then she returned accompanied by a stout elderly red-faced woman, who advanced towards him with a pleasant smile, holding out a hand.

"Well, I'm sure, this is a surprise; so you're Jack. I'm heartily glad to see you, Jack."

Mr. Perry shook hands. His newly-adopted aunt showed no desire to be kissed, for which he was thankful, but seated herself and listened with a comfortable smile on her face as he discoursed volubly on the joys of being ashore again. Meanwhile Susan was preparing tea. Her lithe figure flitted here and there, tea cups rattled, and a kettle joyously sang under her administering touch. Presently she laid the cloth, and with the volunteered assistance of the newcomer the board was spread and they sat down.

It was all so pleasant that the sailor heartily wished he really was the sailor cousin. How different from the only house he knew on shore, to the house of his uncle and aunt at Battley, Mr. Perry, the blacksmith, deaf and and taciturn, and his aunt, a thin vinegar-faced woman, voluble and fussy; it was her tongue which had driven him to sea.

For a time the conversation turned to the sailor's experiences, of which life he expressed himself weary.

"Ah, going to marry and settle down on shore?" said Susan.

"Well, that's been on my mind even since I came in 'ere," he confessed.

"And is it to be Jennie or Rose?" and then as Mr. Perry made no immediate reply, she added, "I gave your loving messages to them both, cousin Jack. But it'll be a bit awkward for you, for Mr. Huggard has moved into one of the Jubilee cottages next door to the Ashleys, and you won't be able to call on one of them without the other knowing all about it; so you'll have to make up your mind quick."

"Oh, that was only my fun," protested Mr. Perry, pained to find the real Jack appeared to be a philanderer.

"Oh, Jack, after what you've said in your letters you'll have to marry one of them, if you stay in Reepham."

"I've never asked either of 'em to marry me," he protested warmly; this was a totally unexpected complication.

The two women looked primly at one another. Susan pursed her lips, and her mother spoke severely.

"It ain't fair to the girls, Jack, that's all I can say; I let Susan give the messages because you said you hadn't made up your mind, but would decide as soon as you got home. Now didn't you say that?"

"Well, in a sort of way I suppose I did, but I ain't going to decide in a hurry." Mr. Perry pushed back his chair in a very bad temper, he was no longer enjoying himself. The old lady began a lecture on the evils of not knowing one's own mind, when in the midst of it, Susan, saying she heard a knock at the door, left the room to return immediately with an open note in her hand.

"Oh, Jack," she burst out, "isn't this dreadful, the old Squire has heard you're back, and he's ordered Brilling to arrest you."

"Wha—what do you mean?" stammered the sailor.

"Why, the warrant for your arrest. It's to be put in force; oh, it is mean of him after all these years."

"But what have I done?"

"The assault on the keeper, of course, you can't have forgotten that. The letter is from Jennie, she daren't come herself, the Squire's put the keepers on you already. The cottage is watched, she says and Brilling starting to come here. We'll have to hide you in the cellar and lock the door, and mother and I'll go out for the evening and leave the place; then even if they search the house they won't find you; quick, this way, Jack.

Mr. Perry, confused and bewildered at the situation suffered himself to be led into a tiny passage, a door was opened, and Susan impelled him down some dark steps, then he heard the door close, the lock turn, and the key withdraw. He swore softly but with fervour.

His prison was very small and very dark, the walls were slimy with damp, and the floor paved with coals and bottles; the only ventilation apparently came from under the lintel of the door.

After Mr. Perry had sat for some time on the step he made up his mind the thing was not good enough, he was not the inconstant, poaching, Jack Forbes, and declined to suffer for his sins. He would confess, and so raising his voice bawled for liberty. There was no answer, and it soon became evident he must stay where he was whether he desired it or not. The women had gone out, and the searchers for the man he was impersonating had evidently not entered the house. Could he break out? He tried the door; it was stoutly built and firmly fastened, and he could find nothing except empty bottles wherewith to attack it. Too late he realised he ought to have confessed the deception ere he permitted Susan to hustle him into durance vile. Now he must wait her pleasure to get out.

He waited and the time seemed interminable. It could not have been more than five o'clock when the key turned on him and as the hours passed and his intermittent shouting brought no succour he grew seriously alarmed; surely the Maynards did not intend to stay away altogether. He was trying to resign himself to an all night vigil, when on his listening ear a step fell and the key turned in the lock.

The sailor scrambled up the stairs and followed Susan, who bore a lighted candle into the kitchen. "You can get away now, I think," she told him, "if you leave by the garden palings and keep to the fields for a bit."

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"Look here why did you leave me shut up so long?" he asked in an aggrieved voice; "I've been hours and hours——"

"Only five, Jack; it's barely ten now. We thought it safer not to come back earlier; and, Jack, here's your money in bank notes, mother had it all ready for you, you'd best take it now."

She indicated a small flat paper parcel lying on the table. George Perry picked it up and laid it down again.

"Oh, no, you keep it for the present," he said, awkwardly.

"But why, Jack? It's your money, and we don't care to have the responsibility of keeping it longer."

"I ain't your cousin Jack," he answered in a rough voice; "I just pretended I was for a lark that's all."

Susan laughed lightly. "Oh, we knew that all along, and there's no bank notes in the parcel. We wanted to see if you were a thief as well as an impostor. I'm glad you're not," she added softly.

"Then if you knew I wasn't him why did you hide me in the cellar?" demanded Mr. Perry.

The girl laughed again. "Oh, you stupid!"

Light dawned on the bewildered man. "You've been having a game with me, there's no warrant out for Jack Forbes!"

"You've taken a long time to find that out. Would you like to say goodbye to mother before you go, she's in the parlour with Mr. Ashley, who's been seeing us home?"

"Thanks, I won't disturb 'em." Perry turned as if to leave, then with a quick movement tried to catch the girl, but she had been watching him closely, and slipped behind the table. "If you try and touch me I'll scream, and Mr. Ashley will come out and talk to you."

"You've bested me all along," confessed the sailor, "but I've had one kiss, and, though I've had five hours' cells for it, it was worth it."

He put his hand on the latch and spoke gravely. "I'm sorry, Miss Maynard. There's no harm in me; it was just a joke. I was paid off this morning, and walking to Battley picked up the news about Jack Forbes on my way. That's the whole story."

There was no answer; the sailor lingered on the threshold

"May I come and see you and Mrs. Maynard to-morrow?" he asked humbly.

"Who will you be to-morrow?" she asked coyly.

"George Perry, nephew of the blacksmith at Battley. That's who I am; and if I come," he added in a firmer voice, "I'm coming courtin' you, and that's dead earnest."

"Oh, you're ridiculous; we never met before to-day," the girl cried.

"Everything's got to have a beginning," declared the sailor, "an' you're the first girl I've met worth quitting the sea for. I've been lying a bit this afternoon, I admit, but I wasn't lying when I said I thought of marrying and settling down ashore; that came into my head as soon as I saw you."

"I think," she answered, "a lot of silly ideas come into your head; but you may come to-morrow—just to apologise to mother."

Edison's First Job.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, whose sixty-second birthday occurs this Thursday, modestly claims that he owes much of his success to luck.

"One day," says Mr. Edison, "when tramping the streets of New York, without a cent in my pocket, I happened on a telegraph-office, which had about five hundred subscribers. I was standing beside the telegraph apparatus, when it gave a terrific rip-roar, and stopped. In a few moments hundreds of messenger-boys were yelling for someone to fix the tickers.

"I stepped in, and moved a loose spring that had fallen between the wheels.

"Next day I was appointed to take charge of the service at three hundred dollars a month."

But this was due to something more than luck.

A Hearty Welcome to Eaton's to Visitors to Winnipeg Exhibition

TO the many outside friends and patrons of this store — and they are numbered by thousands—a journey to the city at Exhibition time has, as one of its supreme and most interesting features, a visit to Eaton's.

This year special preparations are being made for their reception. These include beautiful store decorations and an extensive display of Agricultural Implements on the Fourth Floor. For their special convenience a large waiting and resting room has been arranged for on the Sixth Floor in connection with the Mail Order Department. Here friends can be met, letters written and rest taken when fatigued.

Parcels and wraps can be left, free of charge, at the Check Office, Main Floor, and this privilege entails no obligation to purchase a single penny's worth.

Wednesday, July 21st, will be Farmers' Day at Eaton's

This day there'll be a special display given to merchandise of particular interest to visitors, descriptions of which will be freely advertised in out-of-town papers, and through the city papers many special values for the day will be announced. These will present open-handed economies which can be made the means to largely defray the expenses of the trip to town.

And this season there is more to see at Eaton's than ever. A larger Eaton's. A growing Eaton's.

Guides will be provided, if asked for, to show parties everything of interest in this great establishment, and it is a safe prophecy that to those who take advantage of this offer, the trip through Eaton's will be among the pleasantest incidents in connection with the Winnipeg Exhibition of 1910.

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The Frog Catcher.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

(*Photographs by the Author.*)

There is an industry confined to our remoter lakes and rivers, marshes and drowned lands, that is in danger of total annihilation, a rude industry it is true, but one in which the profits are very great and the investment almost nothing. It almost enters the field of sport on account of its natural environment, it attracts to its ranks trappers, hunters, guides, farmers' sons, fishermen, as well as a lot of idle good-for-nothings that would rather potter along at the starvation returns now received by them than do a hard day's work.

About thirty-five years ago a bright American while fishing on the Otonabee River noticed the huge bands of bullfrogs that nightly made the woods re-echo with their deep bass notes. It was late in May, the spawning season of the bullfrogs and they were out in countless thousands. The tourist fisherman calmly estimated—"a frog to every square yard,—thirty to the pole—twelve hundred to the rod—about five thousand to the acre—why there's a fortune calling at these people's log houses and they don't perceive it, guess I'll take a hand." He did and to some purpose. He built rude pens, hired every available man and gave them a cent a piece for every frog they would bring alive to his camp on the river side. He taught them the first rude method of capturing the big yellow chaps. A long cedar pole, a short line, a large bare trolling hook with three prongs. All night long the population was aloft in their clumsy punts and log canoes, their rude birch-barks and an occassional board canoe, the new invention of a Rice Lake or Otonabee River man—now a much disputed point. At the bow of every craft a great iron "jack" stood aloft, a rough hand-shaped jack fixed into a pole was set mast like in the front deck, this was filled with fat pine knots, lighted and constantly replenished; and this weird procession of busy workers in their half-hidden crafts, with the great flaming torches on the bows darted in and out of all the secluded places of lake and river like so many "Will-e-The-Wisps" all the night long.

Catching by hand

Attached to big sacks in the bow of each boat were boxes with small sliding doors. Ahead in the gloom the frogger could see the yellow crescent formed by the big jaws of the frogs; as he drew nearer the eyes and entire forebody of the amphibious animal could be seen, swimming so high that the back was exposed below the forelegs. In the circle of light formed by the sputtering jack as many as ten to twenty of these roaring splashing frogs could be counted. Fascinated by the advancing light, and dazzled by its rays they ceased their concert and sat staring at this new monster that was invading their century old spawning ground. Now was the frogger's harvest: he set to work and carefully advanced

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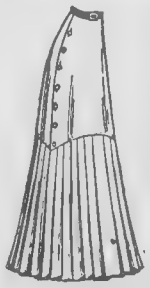

Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a $6 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in black, brown, navy, green, cream, and dark red; it is one of the new spring styles. It is the best. You will be pleased with it. Pleated all around and trimmed in fancy buttons on side and made generally just as pictured. Opened in back with inverted pleat; beautifully tailored, guaranteed to fit as perfectly as a skirt can fit; will give complete satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in fine Luster, same shades as Panama above, $3; also in all wool Venetian, all shades, $3.98. Give waist and hip measure; also length of skirt desired. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains to-day. Add 35c for postage. Order skirt No. 33. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.

Send 10c receive 25 silk pieces different colors suitable for fancy work. Send 10c receive one black girdle. Send 20c receive one pair pillow shams. Send 10c receive one fountain pen. Send 15c receive one dream book. Standard Co., Box 308, London, Ont.

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the pole and dangling hook until the sharp points were lost in the shadow of the big yellow jaws, a quick uplift and the big frog was jerked into the air splashing and twisting and clawing at the hooks that held him. Rapidly the frogger passed the pole back through his hands, grasped the squirming slippery animal and to a series of grunts and squeals deposited it in the half-filled bag that moved and rolled and quivered in the bow before him.

For ten long years this unequal contest was kept up, the natural fecundity of the frogs alone prevented their immediate annihilation. It was in the year 1882 that I first stood on the marshy river banks and watched the weird workers dodge hither and thither in the darkness and mists that enshrouded the "drowned lands." My mind instantly reverted to the "Phisognos-cos-pochriphals" of my childhood's days; masked mummers with torches held erect that yearly paraded the dark streets of the college town I was born in. Boyishly I stood wondering. I was alone in my first camp in this new scene, my chum had missed his way—in every bay and creek these strange lights flashed and bobbed; suddenly a pair would be merged into one, then there would be a mighty burst of flames and falling sparks and two revived marsh meteors would glide off in different directions. To my horror one sparkling crackling light headed directly my way, it seemed to be a man's height above the water and advanced without any perceptible aid from human means. I had a pistol in my camp, one of those that are to be feared as much as two, for this ancient weapon was dangerous at both ends. Into the tent I dashed and seized my arms and crouched behind the canvas door and like some modern Bob Acres—felt "my courage ozzing out of my finger tips" to the trembling accompaniment of the tent curtain that I grasped.

The swinging rolling light stopped within six feet of the bank and I saw a human hand emerge from the gloom and poke a long pole out into the glare of light that fell between us. Instantly it was lowered, fished with for something and I saw the first frog I had ever seen captured dangling in the light of the fat pine fire. Re-assured, I stepped out and said "Good-night." I said it in a loud firm voice, all too deep for my boyish tones, but I wanted to steady my nerves; the effect was far from what I had anticipated—the pole was hurriedly jerked aloft, it struck the jack with sufficient violence to send out a great shower of sparks and to tear the struggling frog from its slight hold and send it splashing down between us.

A Small Frog Pen.

Then the canoe was pushed ashore and a boy—for it held a very youthful frogger tremulously uttered, "Oh! my, how you scared me"—well there were two of us.

For another five years the work went merrily on, the froggers had to cover greater distances and penetrate into deeper places, but still it was nothing uncommon to bring in a five hundred bag for a good night's work and the best man of them all had almost a thousand to his credit—taken between sunset and sunrise. From May until October these easily-caught animals were hunted, every lake, creek and bay, marsh, drowned land and river was nightly hunted; then the froggers began to notice that the big-eyed, yellow-jawed game was getting smaller—it was the beginning of the end. The steady stream of frog's legs packed in ice, twelve hundred to a barrel, that had poured into Fulton Market, New York, was drying up at its source, they were "killing the goose that laid the golden eggs," but there was not, nor is there now, any protection for these defenceless animals.

About 1887 the principal shippers began to regret the lack of method and terrible slaughter, but they failed to get together, jealousy in this, as in many a good game, held them apart. Finally one or two men tried to get preserved grounds, but even the government's permit to a certain closed district failed to keep rival froggers off navigable waters, and for another ten years they picked up industriously and carefully the few big bullfrogs that if left might have saved the breed.

The methods were changing too; the long poles had been discarded, the frogs were now caught with the naked hands; this put them into the pens practically uninjured, but it was slow work to collect sixteen hundred, the number now needed for a barrel. Four would make a pound when the frogging was in its prime, now it took six, sometimes eight,

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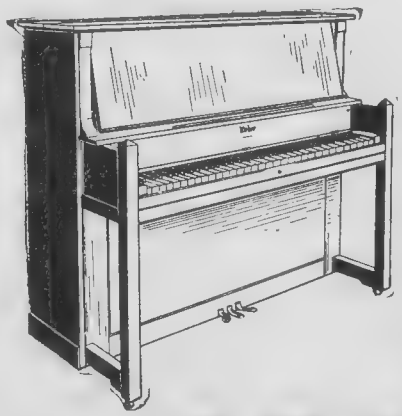

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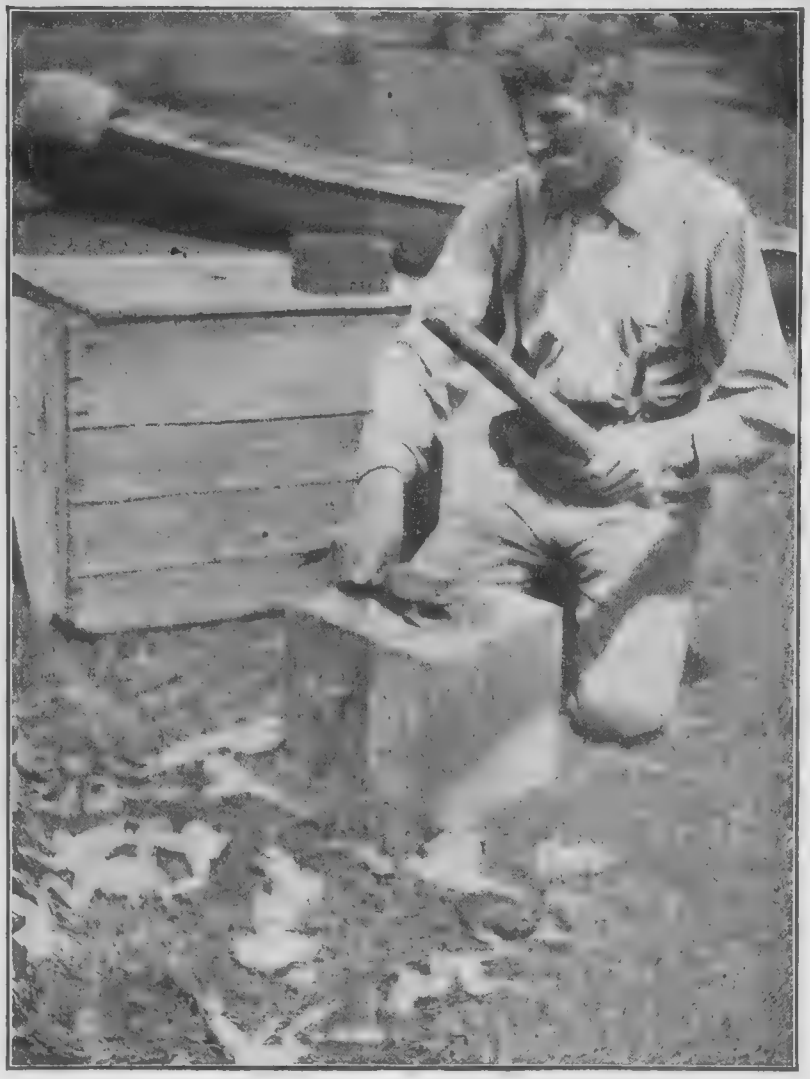
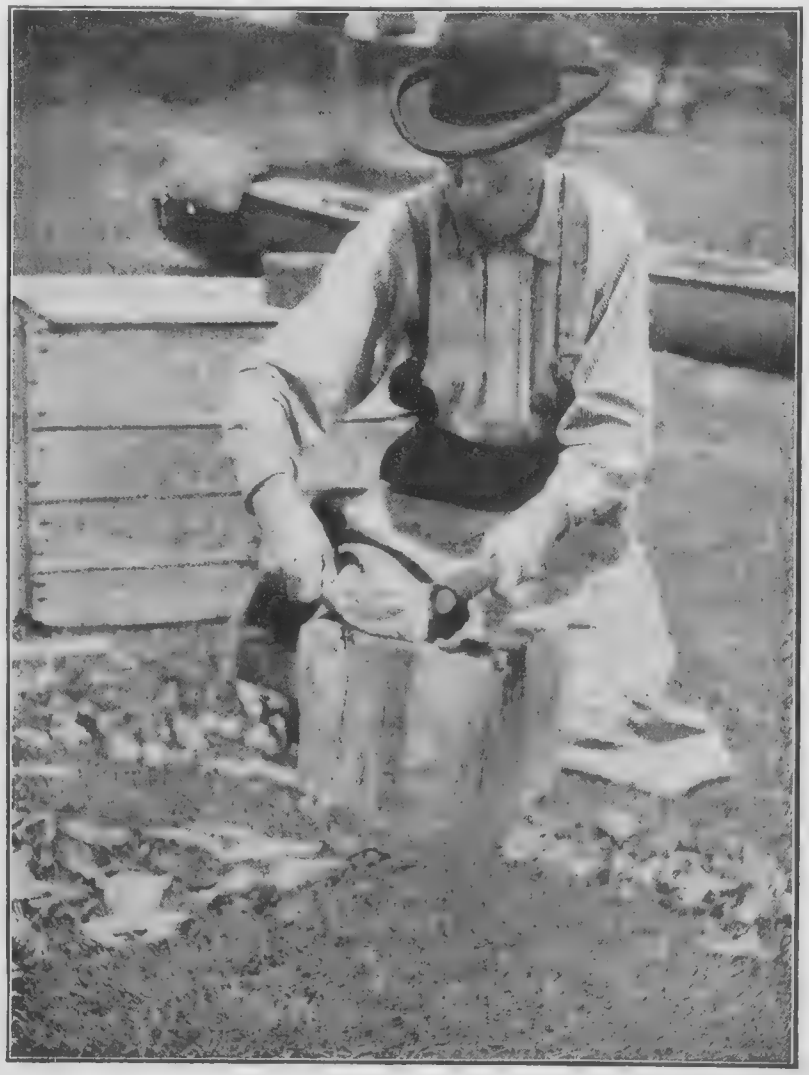


Killing

the bullfrogs they were catching now were only two or three years old at the very most.

No longer was night made hideous by the roaring of the bands, a solitary "croaker" sounded the long "Morum—," the deep bass notes had given place to the sharper call of the young frogs. I do not think they averaged a dozen to the mile now, still a few of the workers that hated to drop a pursuit that once paid so well kept on, bringing in scores of one, two or three dozen. Then a new market was created for the expiring breed by the vivisctionists; they desired the frogs caught alive and shipped alive for the study of anatomy, the structure of the bullfrog closely resembling that



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of the human being. A price of ten cents per frog was readily obtainable for this purpose, and so even now the far hidden survivors of this once innumerable family are carefully sought for in every secluded spot. If we do not enact a close season, one to last for several years, this breed will almost entirely pass away.

To show you the methods of catching, killing and preparing, I had a frogger do his work within range of my inquisitive lens. The canoes are now provided with a great lantern. The frog-box is clipped to the gun-wale of the canoe and the frog is hand sought. They are kept in pens of various sizes until they are shipped alive to the colleges, or if enough are captured they are then killed and packed in the core of a barrel of ice and bring a large price in any of the leading American cities.

Mercifully—I do not say it was always this way; the frog is first stunned, a good stout hardwood club being used. You have no idea how tenacious of life this animal is unless you have stood at one of the killing pens. It looks very human stretched stunned on the grass. Then the frogger seizes it by the hind legs and severs the head and forelegs from the body, then grasping a pair of pinchers the skin is seized by their nipping jaws and rapidly pulled off over the feet, coming off as neat a glove and revealing a clean, white, marketable looking pair of legs.

The latest method adopted to make a commercial success possible is frog-farming. There is in this departure, to the man that has a low-lying piece of land, a piece that is readily netted off with wire at its stream exit, and cannot be used for average farming or ranching, a profitable business, but make sure that the changing of waters on this continent will not leave you in the predicament of a friend of mine.

Desirous of an easy business, one where the dollars nimbly trip up to the door and beg to be taken in, he netted off the end of a thirty-acre field that he had purchased at a fair price, then he bought every frog he could lay his hands on, paying the anatomical rate of ten cents each. After five years he had secured some four thousand frogs. These as he glibly said had spawned and brought forth at least ten times their number. He claimed his loss by migration had been very slight as his fences were thorough and complete. Froggers had let him alone severely—he had a gun that was a perfect automaton, and the way it haunted likely places to find froggers by day or froggers by night gave it an evil name. The mink had lived well and waxed fat on his pets, but as he levied tribute every winter and spring on these sleek fur-bearers he claimed he stood even on this game. I stood and listened to the noble chorus that arose from his flooded fields and listened to his patter in the pauses of their song. How he intended to catch only two thousand next year, making it four the next, eight the next—why he had a proposition good enough for a Cobalt promotor and just as uncertain—for listen—I visited that same drowned land two years after. A neighbor had cleared and drained his field, drying up the frog farm. The frogs had made a mighty march, actually going up over the dry ground at the end where it was unfenced—and the froggers told me there never was better catching in the river than there had been the last spring.

Skinning

Frog Swimming

It's time eneuch to skreigh when ye're strucken.

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" 6—Victor Dance Album of all the popular Dances, a fine collection you should have
" 7—Popular Parlor Pieces (should be in every home)
" 8—Little Flower Pieces for little players
" 9—Classic Rags, a collection of the latest Rag Time Music
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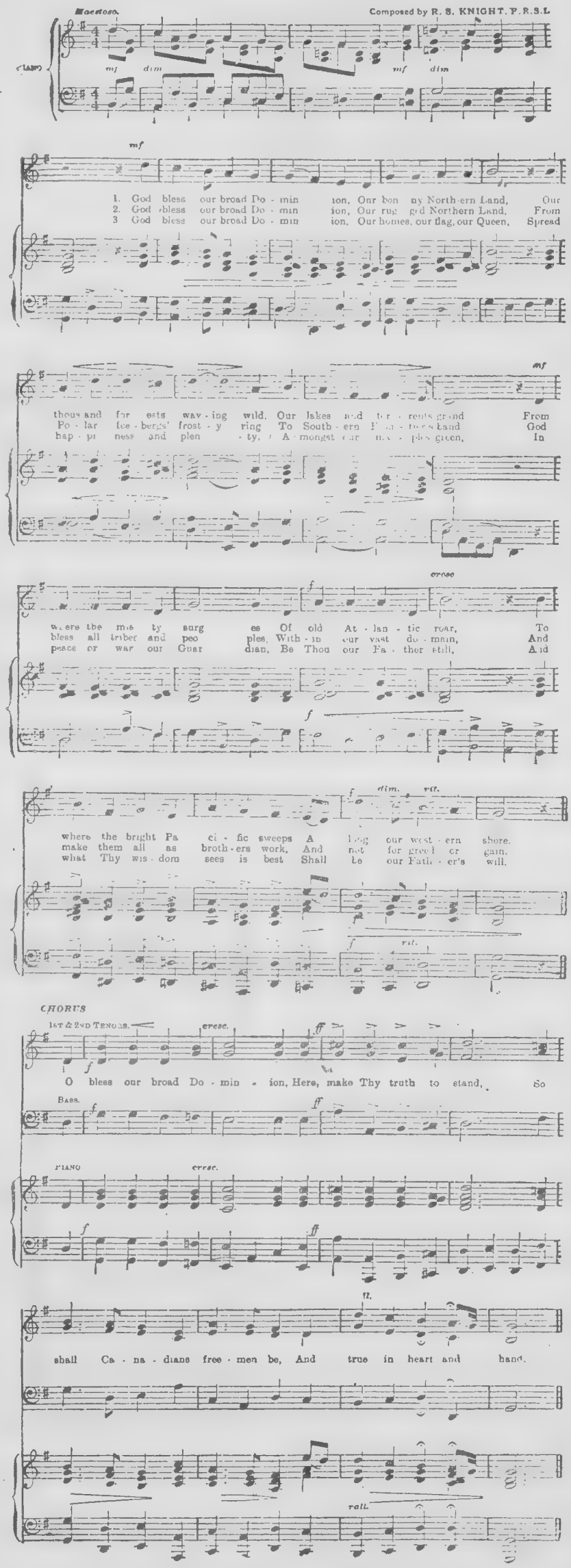

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Dr. Weir Mitchell: To be cheerful is nearly to be well.

Kate Douglas Wiggin: The man with no sisters seldom makes a good husband.

H. G. Wells: There is romance in everything if you care to seek it.

Commander Peary: The explorer, like the inventor and the chemist, gets no reward unless his efforts are successful.

Principal Falconer: Education is not intended to make clergymen, schoolmasters, or lawyers, but men and women.

Rudyard Kipling: Artists teach outsiders where to look for beauty, and to discover it in places where they have not seen it before.

Arthur Brisbane: It is not a crime to be fooled; so many smart persons are trying to fool you. But it is a crime to fool yourself.

Sir Gilbert Parker: Medical men say there are two emotions which make men insane for the time being—namely, instant love and instant hatred.

Lord Halsbury: That which is at the bottom of our constitution is the right of every man to express his views according to his own conscience.

Rev. Dr. Bland: Education does not mean putting into a child's mind bucketsful of facts, or even cramming him with our own opinions.

Lord Crewe: The separation of castes in London is carried very far. Hundreds and thousands of well-to-do people never meet with anyone who is not of the same class as themselves.

Mrs. Humphry Ward: The world is very sick and very weary of talk, perpetual talk, about right, and it listens with avidity and hope to one who speaks of duties and speaks about them plainly and emphatically.

Theodore Roosevelt: The community that is determined to be well governed will likely find a way. The community that is indifferent will likely pay for its indifference, no matter what form of government may be adopted.

Dr. Van Dyke: How often a man has cause to return thanks for enthusiasms of his friends! They are the little fountains that run down from the hills to refresh the mental desert of the despondent.

Sir Conan Doyle: If we thought of the mortality in the South African war, and put it beside the infant death rate, we would find that more children were lost under the age of three every year than there were lives of men lost in South Africa.

Rev. Dr. Rose: There is perhaps no strength so great and abiding as that which follows from a resisted temptation. Every dangerous allurement is like an enchanted monster, which, being conquered, loses all his venom and changes at once into a king of great treasure, eager to make requital.

W. J. Bryan: In spite of all the confusion and thwarting of life, the habits and resiliences and the counterstrokes of fate, it is manifest that, in the long run, human life becomes broader than it was, gentler than it was, finer and deeper. On the whole—and nowadays almost steadily—things get better. This is a secular amelioration of life, and it is brought about by good will working through the efforts of men.

Music and the Drama.

There is no doubt that the Canadian Guild of Organists will become a great power for good in the musical world of Canada. We have much pleasure in giving some extracts from their Calendar which has just been published. For further information, address Mr. F. C. Thomas, Secretary, Brantford, Ont.

Preface—it is universally acknowledged that the Royal College of Organists, England, has rendered invaluable service to the cause of church music in the Old Land by the promotion, advancement, and improvement of musicians as well as protecting the interests of practical organists. It is the opinion of prominent men in the Canadian profession that an organization somewhat similar to that of the Royal College of Organists, England, should be established in Canada, and it was most emphatically expressed that the organization should be purely of a national character, consequently the name "Canadian Guild of Organists" was adopted. This decision should meet with the hearty approval of every loyal Canadian, for we are part of that Empire whose Motherland has for centuries recognized the high office of the organist through her universities, by providing in its curriculum a course of education consistent with the dignity and musical knowledge demanded by the church.

Hon. Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada.

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EXAMINATION REGULATIONS.

Examinations for the diplomas of Fellow and Associate will be held in the months of January and June each year. Dates and places will be announced.

The following general regulations are at present in force:

1. All candidates must be members of the guild. 2. Ladies as well as gentlemen are eligible for examination. 3. Application for membership must be made on a proposal form to be obtained on application, and must be returned, duly filled up, at least two weeks before the date of examination.

There are examinations for the diploma of Associate, Fellow and Choir-Training. Also examination for blind candidates.

Fee for each examination, $10 (ten dollars); annual subscription for members $3 (three dollars).

Thaviu, the celebrated Russian band master, who will head the Winnipeg Exhibition Band Battalion, is a great originator and explorer among the hazes of contemplated public approval and fancies. It is said that he was the first to introduce a large chorus with a band. In 1906 he also organized and introduced another distinct novelty (The Russian Singers and Dancing Troupe), it being a part of his programme accompaniment. Thaviu also introduces big orchestral numbers with his band at every performance.

King George V. and Queen Mary, whose personalities now are of paramount interest to theatrical people, have not shown any great liking for the stage, if the record of their playgoing for the past year counts for anything. Last year they paid only sixteen visits to London theatres. Three times they went to the Gaiety to admire "Our Miss Gibbs," while among the other pieces they saw were "An Englishman's Home," "The School for Scandal," and "False Gods," at His Majesty's, "The Arcadians," "The Whip," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Arsene Lupin," "Henry of Navarre," and "The Woman in the Case," Their Majesties were also present at the matinee at Drury Lane in aid of the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium at Davos.

We were glad to hear such good news of the well-known Canadian singer, Pauline Donalda. The London correspondent of "The Musical Courier" says: "Pauline Donalda gave her annual concert at Queen's Hall, May 27, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Arthur Nikisch. Madame Donalda's work is so well known to the general public with whom she is such a great favorite, that detailed criticism is quite unnecessary, but the exquisite charm of her fioritura, the grace with which she delivers each and every phrase, and the delightful quality in her mezzo voice, make such numbers as the aria, "Iphigenia in Fauride" by Gluck, the aria "Michiarmano Mimi" by Puccini, and one from the new opera "Quo Vadis" by Nouques, numbers sung with the orchestra, especially worthy of notice. Again in two lovely songs by Von Weber, "Das Alte Leid" and "Im Walde," with piano accompaniment, the singer was at her best. Very sympathetic accompaniments were played by W. D. Murdock.

The results of the recent examinations in practical music held in Winnipeg for the Toronto College of Music are given below. The names are put in the order of merit for each grade:

Third Piano—First class: honors Leone Stephenson, pass, Annie Marshall.

Second Piano—Honors, Maysie McKay, Marie Granger and Lillian Downing (equal); Gladys Downer; pass Issie McLean.

First Piano—First class honors, Verra McLennan; Irene Morris and William Beggs (equal); honors, Amy O'Neil, Rachel Oliver, Elsie Shave (equal); Hilda Barwick, Muriel, Hargraves, Hester Johnson (equal); pass, Annie Gilbert, Lillian Dunn, Garnett Dunn.

Primary Piano—First class honors, Edna A. Watts; Eva Emma, Nita Rhodes, Earl Scarlett (equal); honors, Beatrice Emma, Armette Desautels (equal); Jennie Hinds, Harry Watts (equal); pass, Irene McMillan, Hazel Bears, James Watts (equal).

Second Piano Harmony—Honors, Emmeline Zbigler.

First Piano Harmony—Honors, Lorely Mills.

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY.

This country is being developed with a rapidity unprecedented in the history of the opening up of new regions which amply justifies the forecast made by the president of one of the leading banks of the Dominion in presenting at the recent annual meeting of the institution the report for the past year: "When we look forward to the day when even 20 per cent of the arable lands of the Northwest provinces, which are estimated to number 253,000,000 acres, and of which little more than 4 per cent are under crop are cultivated, can we overestimate the results which will follow therefrom and the effect which the output will have upon the industrial progress and on the carrying trade of the Dominion?" The total area of the Western Provinces is 334,894,320 acres of which the surveyed area is now 145,249,985 acres. There are as yet only 44,027,000 acres under homestead entry and the total area under grain crops last year was 11,960,000 acres. These figures reveal the tremendous margin of growth remaining no matter how rapid the development may be. It is not improbable that the filling up of this country will create problems which are now but dimly perceived; but no one can be in doubt that in economic power Canada is destined to stand among the foremost nations of the earth

WESTERN CANADA'S FOUR PROVINCES.

The official trade returns show that no less than twenty thousand tons of wheat have been carried from Alberta to Mexico during the last four months. That a large portion of the wheat of Alberta should find its way to Pacific instead of Atlantic tidewater is not to be wondered at. The rail haul from Alberta and even from Saskatchewan to the Pacific is shorter than to the Atlantic. We need not be surprised if this business increases rapidly. Grain and meat can be carried in this way cheaply to Mexico to those portions of South America which lie in the wheat belt of that continent and to the United States. Enthusiasts even go so far as to say that owing to the comparative cheapness of water transportation it may become advantageous to ship westward to the United Kingdom. Another thing which will favor the western movement of grain and other food will be the growth of British Columbia. Its products are entirely different from those of the Prairie Provinces and between the coast and the prairies we may expect a brisk exchange of fruit, timber, minerals and fish for grain, meat and dairy products. On the other hand the business will promote the growth of British Columbia furnishing employment for a large maritime population, for miners, lumbermen, fruit-growers and manufacturing industries—for a country with plenty of coal and water powers is likely to loom up as a manufacturing country. Eastern Canada will need to look to its laurels when the portion of Western Canada which is beyond the Rocky Mountains comes into its own.

THE WRITER OF "THE GREAT LONE LAND."

Among the notables who were claimed by death during the past month was General Sir William Butler who crossed this country to the Pacific in 1871 and published a year later his famous book "The Great Lone Land," in which he recounted his experiences on that journey and described the Western Canada of two score years ago. Captain Butler, as he was then, crossed the continent again a couple of years later, taking a more northerly route; he wrote a second book, "The Wild North Land," describing his second journey, but his second book is not nearly as interesting or as well known as his first. The interest of "The Great Lone Land" to-day is in the contrast between the conditions it depicts—conditions memorably summarized in the title of the book—and railway-gridironed rapidly progressing Western Canada which is now attracting the world's attention by the wonders of its development. Butler had a distinguished military career serving on several continents but it is likely he will be longest remembered on account of the association of his name with this country. If ever a title contributed to the success of a book it did so in the case of "The Great Lone Land."

THE INFLOW ACROSS THE BOUNDARY.

The rush over the border is steadily increasing. In the last fiscal year 96,000 settlers from the United States entered this country and fully 125,000 will follow them in this present year. With sixty cars a day coming across at North Portal carrying two hundred and fifty settlers and their effects the figures are mounting rapidly. Two-thirds of these newcomers, judging by the statistics of last year are American born. The drain they cause in the United States is severest in North Dakota, Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Montana and Washington. The money loss to the United States is assuming formidable proportions. Last year's inflow of population into this country across the international line it is estimated by the United States Bureau of Immigration involved the transfer to this country in the pockets of the settlers of $95,371,000. This year the Americans who cross the border will carry considerably more than $100,000,000. In the twelve years ended on March 1 last, the 425,460 emigrants from the Republic into the Dominion brought with them at the very least $425,460,000. While much of that huge total of hard cash was raised by the sale of farms in the United States a considerable part of it was savings made in the United States and used to aid in the development of this country. The settlers who come from across the boundary not only bring wealth with them for investment in land and farm equipment, but they are also an army of cultivators already trained in the methods of quickly utilizing the resources of the virgin prairie. Argentina gets no such settlers from Europe, nor does Australia. Nor does the United States, which during the whole period of its economic development has had to evolve them from the immigrants from Europe or from the agriculturists of the Eastern States where methods were adapted to cultivation on a comparatively small scale.

CANADA'S UNEXPLORED AREAS.

Lieutenant Sir Ernest Shackleton when he was in Winnipeg a couple of weeks ago said that he would like to do exploring work in the regions around Hudson Bay. And soon after it was announced that Lord Grey will make a journey over the route laid out for the Hudson Bay Railway—a journey that will be not unlike that of an explorer of new territory. There is a good deal of territory on the map of the Dominion still unexplored or little known but the area is being rapidly diminished. The Ontario Government's railway will soon be at James Bay. The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern are heading for Peace River. You can travel from a hundred miles beyond Edmonton to the Arctic Ocean on a steamboat. Explorers who are anxious to do exploring in Canada will do well not to wait many years before making up their minds to go about it; otherwise there will be no unexplored areas left for them to invade in the adventurous spirit of exploration.

PROBLEMS OF CITIZENSHIP.

In a recent volume entitled, "Canada's Growth and Some of the Problems Affecting It," Mr. C. A. Magrath, the member for Medicine Hat in the House of Commons, raises questions of importance to all interested in this country's future. He is much concerned over the great task of assimilation which this country has to grapple with and he points out that there is work in plenty for all the educational, religious and nationalizing agencies that can be pressed into service. History, even that of the United States, affords no precedent or parallel of such a numerically small community assimilating such a great and steady influx of newcomers. The problem is to maintain the highest standard of citizenship.

THE DUTIES ON WOOLLEN GOODS.

The woollen manufacturers sent a deputation to Ottawa the week before last to wait upon the Dominion Government with the request that the duties on woollen goods be substantially increased. In support of this modest supplication needless to say they advanced the argument that Canadian industries should be fostered. They professed to be animated by the most unselfish motives. They declared that if their demand were granted there would be a tremendous increase in the production of wool in Canada and that, as a result, the Canadian farmers would become more prosperous and business in general throughout the country would be given a great impetus. Of course we all want to see prosperity abound. The general impression, however, is that times are fairly good at present; and a matter about which there is a solid unanimity of conviction among the mass of the people of this country is that the prices of most the necessaries of life are quite high enough. The woollen manufacturers were candid enough not to deny, though they did not explicitly admit, that if their request for higher duties on woollen goods were granted the effect would be to increase the cost of woollen goods. Surely these gentlemen must be singularly blind and deaf if they are unaware that in this country—and not in this country alone—a demand has arisen for a reduction in tariff taxation in the belief that such a reduction will have the effect of decreasing the cost of living. It has not yet been announced what the Dominion Government will do with the request of the woollen manufacturers. But nothing could be more certain than that any action increasing the cost of any necessary of life would be deeply resented by the people of this country and most justly so. Tariffs on this continent are on the downward grade. Public men know this and they will be wise public men if they act in accordance with the knowledge.

THE SELKIRK CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

The overwhelming majority by which the ratepayers of Winnipeg gave their sanction to the by-law to provide $500,000 as Winnipeg's civic contribution to the Selkirk Centennial Exhibition makes it certain that the Exhibition will be held. The work of securing another half million in subscriptions by individual business men and business concerns of Winnipeg is well under way. The railway companies have undertaken to do their part in helping towards the financial provision that will be required to make the great undertaking possible and Government assistance is to be counted upon when the foundations have thus been laid. That the Selkirk Centennial Exhibition will mean a great deal to Winnipeg is plain; no less plain is it that the Exhibition will also mean a great deal to the whole of Western Canada.

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN—AND MEN

Here is one of those smart sayings that pass sometimes for wisdom because they are aptly turned: "A man would never marry if he understood women; nor a women if she understood men." It is one of those smug glittering epigrams that make a lot of people say, "How true." before they think and then add, "But how ridiculously false." when they think —if, by chance, they do think. A far truer saying is one which The Philosopher noticed in a newspaper the other day that what counts in the marriage relationship is the husband's understanding not of women, but of the one woman he has married. To say that a man would never marry if he understood women is to slander women; to add the statement that a woman would never marry if she understood men is to include the whole human race in the slander. A pretty good idea in this connection is that it is as well before marrying to understand yourself. There cannot be too much understanding all round. Lack of understanding is the cause of most matrimonial infelicities.

CANADIAN YOUTH AND THE SEA

Canadian boys, says a report from Ottawa, are showing no marked eagerness to enter the Canadian navy. One reason for this is no doubt that the idea is a new one, and has not yet had time to work itself into the Canadian mind. Another is that so small a portion of Canada relatively to the whole is on the sea and we have such vast areas of unoccupied territory that the adventurous Canadian youth looks landward rather than seaward. In a small country like Great Britain the boy with a taste for adventure pines for the sea; not only has it its own call for him but it is the highway to new and strange countries. The Canadian boy can have his taste for wild life or novelty gratified without crossing salt water. But there are in this Dominion at the same time all the possibilities of a great maritime nation. When there is railway communication with Hudson Bay there will be a substantial increase in the maritime interests of Canada. It is to be noted, by the way, that the United States navy finds constant difficulty in obtaining recruits. In any city you visit in the United States you will see on the walls huge posters inviting young men to join the service. There are pictures of graceful ships sailing the bluest of seas. Handsome fellows in the naval uniform are shown buying tropical fruits from the natives of south sea islands and an impression of a gay, easy and romantic career is created. The pay is good. But the young men are not enticed to embark on a naval career in numbers sufficient to keep the United States navy authorities from constantly complaining that they cannot get recruits enough.

TO DEVELOP CANADA'S PEAT BOGS.

A great deal of money has been sunk at various times in different parts of Canada and the United States in experiments with a view to making fuel from peat bogs. The Dominion Government is now going to try its hand at the experimental manufacture of peat fuel. For that purpose Parliament voted $4,000 at its recent session. The work is to be done at a peat bog of three hundred acres near Caledonia Springs in Eastern Ontario, and will be under the direction of Mr. Nystrom, the engineer who was sent by the Government to make investigations in Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Russia, where the manufacture and utilization of peat are carried on very extensively. It is to be under the charge of the Department of Mines, and the idea is to demonstrate the feasibility of making fuel from the peat deposits of the Dominion of which most of the provinces have a share.

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As It Affects the People of Canada

The shopping public living outside of the large cities have much to thank the Mail Order System for. Indeed, were it not for the active competition offered by mail order, the consumer would be largely in the hands of the Retail Local Store, whereas by the aid of the Mail Order House at the present timé, the shopper is practically entirely independent of the local stores.

Does the local merchant not show enterprise enough to stock a sufficient range so as to offer a suitable selection? Does he take advantage of the lack of competitive local stores to mark his prices unduly high? If in any way he cannot offer a real, satisfactory service, purchasers can always, with the resultant benefit to themselves, turn to the Mail Order Company. They stock their goods in a very complete range giving a selection often ten times as large as any local store. The illustrations and descriptions of the garments or articles are so clearly shown in the catalogue that a mistake or misunderstanding very seldom arises except when due to direct carelessness on the part of the one who orders.

The Mail Order Customer, too, is perfectly protected by the up-to-date Mail Order Company as they offer a "binding guarantee' that if goods are not satisfactory for any cause that they may be returned to the Company for exchange and the Company will bear all costs of transportation. This guarantee makes the management of the Mail Order House most emphatic, with its employees, in its insistance that perfect satisfaction be given in the first place to each and every order as filled.

Without Mail Order Competition the local stores in any comunity would be a virtual monopoly. The effect of this competitive phase of the Mail Order System of Shopping, alone, is most important as it in itself renders the public at large an exceedingly valuable service in that it directly is the means of securing from the local merchant, for the people within reach of his store, more equitable terms, better service and fair dealing.

It's Ability to Compete

The Mail Order System may be said to be a pointed illustration of up-to-date merchandising reduced to the scientific. The great department of Buying, found in most large mail order companies, has reached the highest plane of the Buyer's art—indeed the Mail Order Company has buyer-specialists (professionals) in every section or class of merchandise, and their orders are so extraordinarily large that they secure the same prices exactly as are obtained by the wholesaler, who imports the same as the Mail Order House does, and then sells to your local merchant.

Naturally every advantage and inducement the buyer for the Mail Order House can obtain is shown in the reduced prices of the Company's Catalogue.

We do not think for a minute that the local retailer has not his own important place in the making of the country. But somehow we canot help but feel strongly that the Mail Order House by the good work it is doing and has been doing deserves a very large share of the credit in the pioneer work—the developing—the building up of this great western Canada of ours.

Mail to the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg

Fill in your name and address, *cut* out this coupon and send it to us.

Your Name.....

Address.....

The Hudson's Bay Company. Winnipeg

What the World is Saying.

VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

"See Canada Grow!" exclaims the New York Herald. The process is visible to the naked eye.—Fort William Herald.

MOVING UP TOWARDS THE TOP.

In five years Canada has risen from tenth to fifth place in the wheat-producing countries of the world. But see us a few years hence!—Carberry News.

THE CALL OF THE WEST.

If Ontario notes the departure of her sons and daughters for the West what must the motherland think of the migration of so much of her best blood. —Ottawa Citizen.

A GOLD BRACELET FROM GOPHER TAILS.

Wilma Simons has bought herself a gold bracelet from the proceeds of gopher trapping from which she receives two cents per tail.—Sedgwick (Alta.) Sentinel.

GOOD NAME FOR NEW TOWN.

Mr. Fred. Stork, formerly of Brantford has been elected first Mayor of Prince Rupert by a good majority. Watch the town grow.—Stratford Herald.

THE DOMINION CENSUS NEXT YEAR.

The Australian Commonwealth is already commencing to boast about the results of its census; but wait until you see US next year.—Toronto Star.

SHOULDN'T LOAF ANYWHERE.

A judge recently said he thought there should be a law to prevent young men from loafing around pool rooms. Why restrict other places. Make them hustle at something.—Saskatoon Capital.

ALBERTA'S PROGRESS.

Twenty-seven per cent. more land is under crop in Alberta this year than last. A country whose crop area doubles in four years has not much to complain about.—Magrath Pioneer.

AT ALEXANDER MUIR'S GRAVE.

A memorial in the shape of a flagstaff and a flag will be raised over the grave of the author of The Maple Leaf, in an Ontario cemetery. Wouldn't it be better to simply plant a maple tree?—Calgary Herald.

THE FINEST FORCE IN THE WORLD.

The R. N. W. M. P. are to remain the constabulary force of Alberta for another five years. This is good news. It would be better news if the arrangement were for fifty years instead of five.—Calgary Albertan.

GLIB CRITICISM.

The less one knows of the state of India the more confidently he may discuss the British rule of that country, especially if hostile to it. See some of the newspapers.—Buffalo News.

MOTHER'S DAY.

In regard to the movement for an annual Mother's Day it is to be said that every day in the year ought to be a mother's day.—Philadelphia Record.
It is—to work.—New York Herald.

"THEOLOGICAL HAIR-SPLITTING."

"The people do not want theological hair-splitting," remarks a clerical brother. Judging by the appearance of the heads at a Synod or a Conference it is getting more and more difficult to find the necessary theological hair.—Hamilton Herald.

IMPROVEMENT IN ONE ONTARIO TOWN.

It has been very quiet here for over a year as no drunken person is ever seen in the streets though some liquor it is said is handed round on the sly; but this custom will die out in time.—Orillia Packet.

SPORT AND HONOR.

Canadian readers must be struck by the frequent references to the late King as a good sportsman. To the English mind good sportsmanship means a sense of honor and a love of fair play. Does sportsmanship stand for as much in this country?—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

AN EDMONTONIAN JOKE AT THE COAST.

Vancouver is preparing for an apple show next fall; intending thereby to tempt the unsophisticated to go to the sloppy slope. Potential temptees should remember the trap that was laid for poor old Adam. —Edmonton Journal.

TO RESTRICT THE SALE OF REVOLVERS.

An agitation is on foot in Toronto to restrict the sale of revolvers. Arsenic is a menace to life likewise is the revolver. The sale of one is restricted, with safeguarding provisions. Then why should not the sale of the other be similarly restricted?—Nelson News.

A PIECE OF SEATTLE PHILOSOPHIZING.

There was a special sale of dish pans today and a great crush of women. A man stood around and was much amused at the crowd of excited women. But he will attend the prize fight at San Francisco on the Fourth of July and pay $25 for a seat. We all have our weaknesses.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE KAISER ADVOCATES TEMPERANCE.

Kaiser Wilhelm has condemned beer-drinking by boys and university students and immoderate indulgence in alcoholic drinks by the people generally as a menace to the German nation. One of these days the Dominion Alliance will make the Kaiser an honorary member of the organization.—Moose Jaw Times.

MOTHERS WILL BLESS SIR THOMAS.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy says there is to be a nursery in connection with the C. P. R. station now being built in Montreal. Never was a more humanitarian suggestion made. Thousands of women who are forced to travel with their children will silently bless the president of the C. P. R. for this suggestion.—Rapid City Reporter.

A TOO PERSISTENT SUITOR.

A Montreal Judge has decided that the young lady's mother may lay a violent hand on the countenance of the overly persistent suitor. The question of the young lady's right to supplement the punishment was not up for decision but no Judge would think of denying it if she were so inclined.—Prince Albert Herald.

HUNTING BLIND PIGS.

They are hunting pigs in North Ontario the only fauna of that Paleozoic part of the world for which there is no close season. The game laws do not protect these animals which showeth the little mercy of man; for these North Ontario pigs are blind.—Vancouver Province.

FLOUR BARREL AND COAL PIT, TOO.

While the Dominion Government is advertising Canada as "the flour barrel of the world" the London Illustrated Weekly, fresh from a consideration of our great coal areas, suggests that it might be called the coal pit of the world. Within a decade the world has come to have a truer appreciation of the enormous richness of this country in natural resources.—Gleichen Call.

AN EAGLE AT PRINCE RUPERT.

It is not often that an eagle is seen in this town but last night one of the local sports was seen dragging a big Alaska eagle through the streets. He had been out shooting during the day and was fortunate enough to land Mr. Eagle. The wings would measure fully six feet from tip to tip.—Prince Rupert Optimist.

THE FOOT, NOT THE HEAD, OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

It is amusing when it is not exasperating to note the utter carelessness with which geographical terms are popularly used. In a recent news despatch "Norway House" is spoken of as being "at the head" of Lake Winnipeg whereas it is "at the foot" of it. The mistake arises from the fact that it is at the north end of the lake.—Toronto Globe.

THROUGH UNTRAVELLED TERRITORY

With Hon. Frank Oliver on a summer jaunt in the Northwest portion of the still untravelled continent and Earl Grey planning a tour through the Northeast portion of the unknown the world will receive a double demonstration that the Canadian barrens are like the Dark Continent, beginning to have many permanent paths worn through their once impenetrable fastnesses. —Montreal Gazette.

THE GROWING TIME.

When you read about the surprisingly rapid growth of Western cities and towns don't forget that Toronto has doubled its population in fifteen years that Montreal has away over half a million people, and that there is a steady advance throughout the whole East; this too despite the fact that the West is growing in part at the expense of the East.—London Free Press.

THE JAIL AND DRUNKENNESS.

The jail is no cure for drunkenness. This seems too plain to need argument. The arrests for drunkenness in the city of Toronto show pretty plainly that our present methods are of little or no avail to make men sober. In 1899 there were 3493 arrests for drunkenness and disorderliness in Toronto and in 1909 there were 9247. This does not necessarily mean an increase of drunkenness but we think it does show that our present method is practically useless so far as the reformation of the drunkard is concerned.—Christian Guardian.

A PIONEER OF THE WEST.

Hon. Frank Oliver will travel over a good part of the West this summer visiting out-of-the-way and unknown places with an escort of Northwest Mounted Police. The honorable gentleman travelled over a good part of the West many years ago but not with a mounted escort. In those days he was just plain Frank Oliver, printer and newspaper man, looking for a favorable spot in which to anchor his prairie schooner and start business.—Weyburn Review.

GROWTH OF CANADIAN SHIPPING.

It's a poor month that does not see some large new British steamer added to Canada's shipping register by one of her world-expanding railway companies. The two recent additions by the Canadian Northern Railway are said to be magnificent vessels and will add appreciably to the number of tourists and travellers taking the St. Lawrence route to and from the older lands.—Toronto News.

A. B. C. INVITATION TO SIR ERNEST.

Antarctic explorer Shackleton wants to explore the country west of Hudson Bay. Come to British Columbia, old boy, and we'll show you a real untouched wilderness where Gilbert Parker Lawrence Mott and Jack London have not been before you. You'd find the country west of Hudson Bay full of the moccasin-tracks and old blazes of those modest pioneers who discovered a fictitious continent and blushed to find it fame.—Vancouver World.

OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

The really distinctive feature of our history in recent years at least is the absence of sensational incident. It was our good fortune to be able to convert feeble and isolated Provinces into a country of Imperial extent almost without the show of physical force. If for this reason our history lacks the thrilling interest that belongs to battlefields; it nevertheless has a distinctive interest and is well worthy of study by all who watch the progress of free institutions and of civilization. —London Advertiser.

THE PASSING OF THE RANGE

Howell Harris, manager of the Circle ranch, was in the city yesterday on his return to Lethbridge from a visit to the ranch. Mr. Harris moved most of the company's stock last fall from the range at Queenstown south of Gleichen to its new range on the Red Deer north of Brooks and will move the balance next month. The Queenstown range will then be subdivided and disposed of for farming lands. Most of it is well adapted for grain-raising and Mr. Harris says that last year he threshed 60 bushels of first-class oats per acre from the land that had been cropped continuously to oats for the last twenty-one years. In that time there was only one crop failure. The cattle came through the winter in excellent condition and are in fine shape for putting on flesh during the summer months.—High River Times.

THE IMMIGRATION POLICY.

It is said in England that our immigration policy is a "dog in the manger" policy. This is not the case. What the authorities are aiming at is to exclude those who have neither trades nor money to support themselves and who are neither able nor anxious to take up land. Canada welcomes mechanics and agriculturists for those are men who can support themselves. There is no room in Canada for hangers-on—we have too many of them already. It would seem that there is widespread misapprehension in Britain regarding the import of our new immigration regulations and that it would be wise to have their meaning explained in detail in some of the prominent newspapers in the Old Country.—Calgary News.

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

DON'T cheat the baby.

One talcum powder is NOT as good as another.

In Proof of this the following reports show the superiority of Colgate's Talc Powder in efficiency, safety and convenience, and present

The Greatest Array of Expert Testimony

Ever Given to the Public for a Toilet and Nursery Powder

The Powder

Gentlemen:

I have determined the percentage of Boric Acid in each of six different Talcum Powders. All of these, representing well-known and widely advertised Powders, were submitted to the same tests. With the exception of Colgate's they are designated below simply by numbers.

No. 1	**Colgate's Talc**	**Contains**	**9.72 Per Cent**	**Boric**	**Acid**
2	Talcum Powder	"	none	"	"
3	"	"	.52 per cent	"	"
4	"	"	1.12 per cent	"	"
5	"	"	.40 per cent	"	"
6	"	"	none		

Boric Acid is described in the U. S. Dispensatory as an antiseptic with soothing properties. Colgate's Talc Powder also contains two *other* ingredients described as being antiseptic, soothing and relieving in their nature. These same ingredients are not found in any of the other powders examined.

Signed A. A. Breneman, M. Sc.
Analytical and Consulting chemist.

New York, December 14, 1909.

The Perfume

Gentlemen:—

We have tested the antiseptic qualities of Colgate & Co.'s Violet Talc Powder, and the perfume used therein, and find they have a marked inhibitory action on the growth of bacteria.

The tests made on the perfume show that its presence adds decidedly to the value of the powder. The powder was purchased in the open market.

(Signed) Fraser & Co.,
262 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Analytical Chemists and Bacteriologists.
February 24, 1904.

The Box

These well known Superintendents of Nurses, in the great New York Hospitals, signed the following statement in April, 1909.

"We believe that nurses will appreciate the convenience and economy of Colgate's latest improvement to their Talc Powder Box. This new six-hole sifter perfectly controls the powder, both localizing the application and regulating the quantity.

Signed

Dorothea Gothson,	*Babies' Hospital*
Charlotte Ehrlicher,	*German Hospital*
Mary E. Gladwin,	*Woman's Hospital*
Mary A. Samuel,	*Roosevelt Hospital*
Mabel Wilson,	*St. Luke's Hospital*
Anne D. Van Kirk,	*Mt. Sinai Hospital*
F. M. Opdycke,	*Hahnemann Hospital*
Annie M. Rykelt,	*Post Graduate Hospital*
Sara Burns,	*Skin and Cancer Hospital*
Mary E. Hutchison,	*Sloane Maternity Hospital*
Annie W. Goodrich,	*Bellevue and Allied Hospitals*

Every mother and nurse will find in these reports a contradiction of the popular fallacy that all talcum powders are about alike.

MORE ANTISEPTIC

Colgate's contains *eight* times more boric acid, that mild yet efficient antiseptic, than the best of the other talcum powders.

MORE SOOTHING

Colgate's contains *two* other antiseptic, soothing and relieving ingredients, *not found in the other talcum powders examined.*

PERFUMED ANTISEPTICALLY

Even the delicate perfumes of our powder are antiseptic and add to its absolute safety. Chemists' reports, certifying to the antiseptic quality of our Cashmere Bouquet and Dactylis perfumes, as well as our Violet, are in our files, and will be sent on request.

GREATER CONVENIENCE AND ECONOMY

The new six-hole sifter both concentrates the flow of powder and regulates its quantity.

The Safety Powder in the Saving Box

Your choice of three perfumes, Violet, Cashmere Bouquet and Dactylis or Unscented.

Trial Box Sent for 4 Cents in Stamps

COLGATE & CO. Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap DEPT. H.M. CORISTINE BUILDING **MONTREAL**

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada.

Winnipeg Horse Show, 1910.

On Saturday June 11th the curtain fell upon what was unanimously voted the most brilliant and, taken all round, the most successful horse show of all the brilliant and successful exhibitions under the management of the Winnipeg Horse Show Association which have preceded it.

Never before at any of the five previous equine functions has there been such sustained interest in the entertainment provided from beginning to end—never such pronounced quality and finish in the exhibits and most emphatically never anything to approach the past week in the matter of elaborate and costly feminine apparel.

The decorations of the building were extremely tasteful. Club colors in thousands of yards of purple and gold bunting, hanging baskets, draped arches, perfect lighting, with spotless cleanliness everywhere were highly desirable—as far as they went, very good in their way, but not overpoweringly magnificent. That was unnecessary, however. Hanging the ceiling and walls with costly fabrics would have been a waste of good money—which the directors thoroughly realized. There seemed to be too much time spent in getting through the programme. Of course nobody can tell beforehand how fast judges will work, and any new judge is an unknown quantity in that respect. Also if they are slow and deliberate (which looks like being painstaking at all events) a ring committee does not feel inclined to hurry them.

The fault this year didn't apply to getting the horses into the ring. The assistants outside saw to it that one class was ready to go in as soon as another was dispatched. While it was frequently the case that decisions could have been arrived at quicker, the chief difficulty lay in handling the large number of classes within the time allotted. Seven performances are as many as a week will stand, so there is nothing to do but go carefully over the prize list and prune it judiciously. Cut out some of the classes where a number of prizes are given for the same stamp of horses. How to get at that could be pretty well determined by the way certain classes filled—taking this year and last as a guide.

Hot weather throughout the entire week was somewhat of a drawback. At the beginning one didn't feel the heat quite so oppresive, but the last three days were scorchers. If the show had been an open air event conditions more nearly approaching the ideal could not have been wished for. But then very likely in that case rain would have fallen in torrents.

The intense continued heat rendered the necessity for a better system of ventilation for the show building painfully apparent. It was uncomfortable enough anywhere in the amphitheatre, but those ufortunate persons whose seats were on the last side next the riding academy got much the worst of it. Roasting with a vengeance it was for theirs. The big arena of glass over the ring attracted and held the heat, and there are no windows in the roof to open. It shouldn't be a very difficult matter to put some in and it ought to be done before next year. A splendid riding school building in New York has a glass roof which slides completely off, but we don't expect the Winnipeg Horse Show Association to go to that length yet. Just add a few windows in the pavilion and the riding school. Doing so will effect a vast improvement.

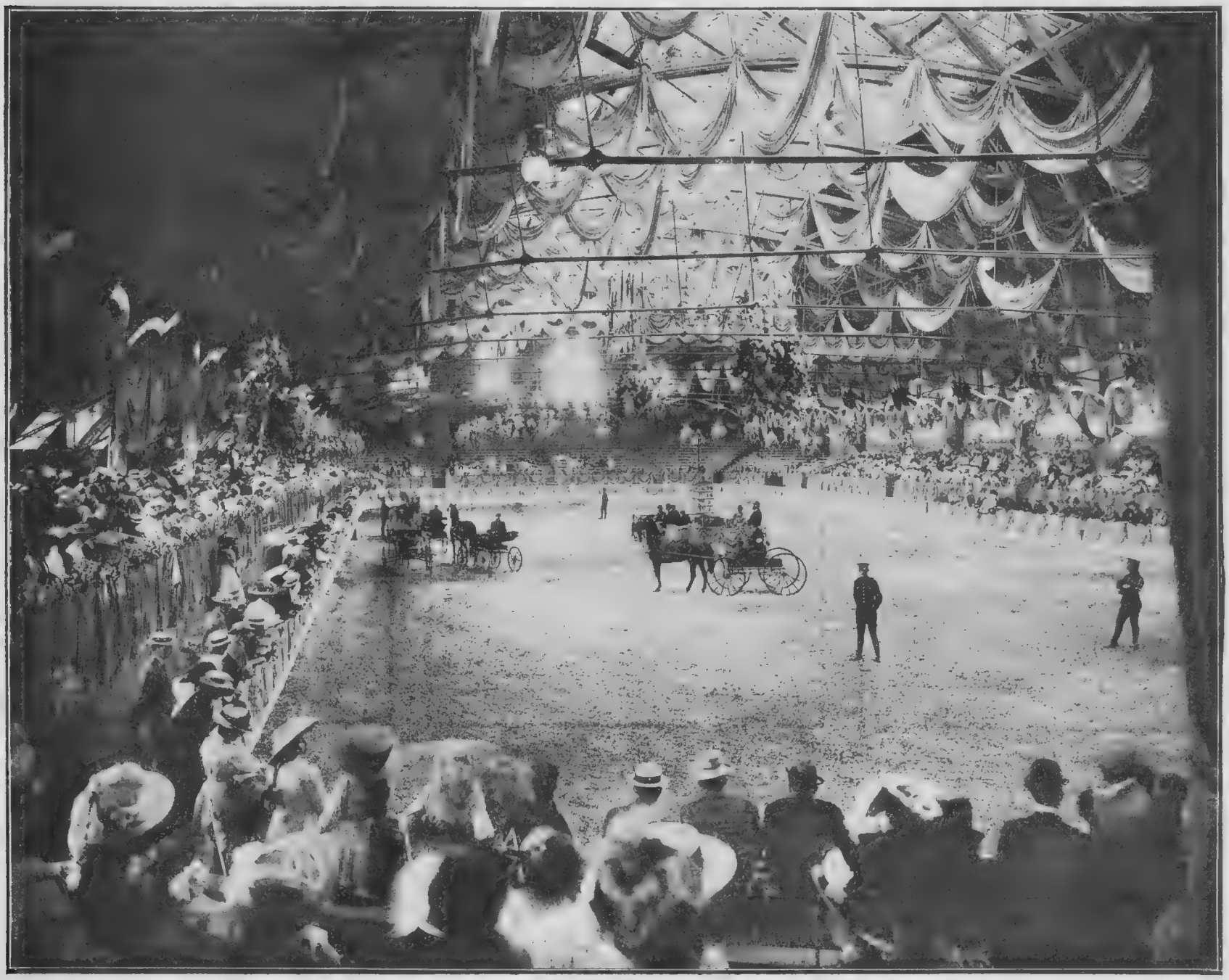
*

Last year there was a certain amount of "kicking" at the judges' decisions.

You can never eliminate that completely while people own horses which they can't bear to see beaten, but this year protests from various quarters were louder, deeper, and as it looked for awhile, fraught with more pointed significance. However, what threatened to become a storm happily subsided, leaving only an occasional rumbling to indicate that causes for dissatisfaction were still held to exist.

Regarded from the standpoint of quality in the entries as distinguished from the number of them—where a large percentage of increase was noticeable—the 1910 show scored to a considerable extent over a year ago. Not to such a degree as to call for any highly enthusiastic comment, still there was a gratifying advance. An example of this was demonstrated in the light harness classes particularly—roadsters, pacers, and matinee horses. More interest was shown in these, as proved by the large augmented entry list than on any previous occasion. And the horses exhibited were superior individuals, too—fit to go into almost any show ring and do credit to themselves. Then there were the heavy draft and delivery animals (truly a superb collection) also western bred harness and saddle horses. We can produce as fine horseflesh in this western portion of Canada as in any country in the world. Isolated specimens prove it conclusively, but as yet that is all they are, few and far between. The day is coming though and perhaps not so very remote either. What the producer here has got to learn, but is learning very slowly, is that a horse is only so much raw material to be worked up into form for whatever purpose he is required, let it be the show ring, the fashionable private carriage or to fulfil the requirements of the exacting and discriminating user in the saddle. To accomplish these results demands first of all high intelligence in all matters where horses are concerned, then patience, perseverance and always unremitting toil. This is the way and the sole way that show horses are made and when once made, guarded against retrogression.

We say that our show has been a success—so it has after a fashion, but nevertheless a success entirely within our own limited circle. It's very nice to be able to pat ourselves on the back and compliment each other for the fine lot of horses we have shown in Winnipeg, but we must remember what they are—Winnipeg owned horses—and most of them have been in the city for some time, too.



Judging a class at the recent Winnipeg Horse Show.

Sporting Tandem, Winnipeg Horse Show, 1910.

What chance do we get to see or compete against celebrated show ring victors from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or even Toronto, Montreal and other places in eastern Canada?

* *

This year there was really but one outsider of reputation showing here, and he came partly through a sporting desire to help the show along, and partly by accident, because he happened to be in the West at the time.

Most of the prize winners last week are thoroughly familiar to people accustomed to attend the Winnipeg show, as indeed they are on the city streets. That wouldn't make any difference however, if new horses were coming in every year to prevent them having a walkover.

For the generous expenditure of money and time, the enterprise, energy and public spirit displayed by the gentlemen heading the list of winners there can be nothing but the warmest commendation. Everybody would be glad to see them gain their full share of fairly won honors, even with the strongest competitor from outside. But at the present time that element of competition is absolutely lacking.

The sooner steps are taken to introduce it the better for all concerned—Horse Show association, the local exhibitors themselves, and last, but by no means of the least importance, the general public; who make a show possible and support it with their patronage.

Glaxo.

During the hot weather many mothers find that the food on which they have been bringing up their babies is not at all that it should be. The digestion of a young child should not be trifled with. Many of the ills which fall to the lot of grown up people might be directly traced to improper feeding when they were young. Therefore it is absolutely necessary that a food should be light, nourishing, pure and perfectly easy to digest. It is an established fact that cows' milk in its natural state is not a right food for a baby for the action of the digestive juices upon the solids of the milk forms a clot or curd which is, to say the least, far from easy to digest, and is quite likely to set up troubles which may lead to serious illness, and which might quite easily have been avoided.

"Glaxo," an English milk food which has recently been imported into Canada by a Winnipeg firm, has, (during the six months in which it has been used here), proved itself to be a food of the highest excellence. The special process of its manufacture makes it unnecessary to add any preservatives. It is guaranteed to contain no adulteration of any kind whatever, containing no starch, flour, cane sugar or preservative of any kind.

It has been re-analyzed in this city, and its claims are found to be quite justified. As an absolutely pure and nourishing food, and made ready for use simply by the addition of hot water, and always perfectly uniform in quality, it will recommend itself to every mother who wishes to give her baby the best possible start in life.

The firm are exhibiting "Glazo" in the Winnipeg exhibition next month, and every mother who is visiting the exhibition will have an opportunity of finding out all the details of this valuable food.

"Glaxo" is advertised on another page of this issue. The advertisement should be cut out and no one should go away with seeing Glaxo and satisfying themselves as to its merits. Many Winnipeg mothers are thankful for their first introduction to Glaxo, and all who have used it will endorse it.

Moose Jaw.

Moose Jaw is nearly 400 miles west of Winnipeg and 440 miles east of Calgary, and occupies such an important central position in Western Canada that the Canadian Pacific Railway have just decided to make it the next divisional point after Winnipeg, which will mean nearly 400 extra employees located there, though their pay roll now is nearly $400,000 per month. The C.P.R. are also extending their ships and yards at a cost of $500,000, and are building spur tracks all through the wholesale section of the city, and the fact of the city owning a great portion of this wholesale district enables manufacturers and wholesalers to purchase at a very reasonable figure.

In addition to the main line the C. P. R. have a branch to Lacombe in Northern Alberta, through Outlook, making a short and convenient route to the Edmonton and Peace River districts. Here also is the Terminus of the Soo Line direct from St. Paul and Minneapolis, over which a large portion of the influx of wealthy American farmers enter Canada. Moose Jaw will also have connections on the south by way of the Great Northern and Canadian Northern, both of which companies are pushing forward their lines. The Grand Trunk Pacific will also enter the city from the North, making connection with Regina, and the Alberta Central Railway have approved of a line running from Red Deer to Rocky Mountain House, B.C., with a line to Moose Jaw, the first seventy miles of which is already contracted for, Sir Wilfrid Laurier being expected to drive the first spike on the occasion of his coming visit to the West.

There is no doubt whatever that Moose Jaw is to be the most important industrial centre west of Winnipeg.

The population is now 15,000 which will double itself inside of three years. The improvements of 1909 amounted to $2,000,000 and will amount to at least $5,000,000 for 1910. There is more solid growth and building in Moose Jaw than in any other city west of Winnipeg. It is not the result of a sudden boom, but is the outcome of years of quiet growth augmented by the impetus received on account of increased railway facilities and the tremendous influx of settlers to the surrounding district.

The city will soon have the advantages of a street car service, the company now being engaged in laying the line from the C.P.R. station to the Exhibition Grounds, going through the business section of the city and the best residential district, their contract calling for three miles to be completed by the end of 1910.

Taking into consideration the solid growth of the city, its exceptional advantages as a manufacturing and distributing centre, and the prospective improvements, land can be purchased at an exceptionally low figure, and offers a safer investment, in the opinion of those best capable of judging, than any other city west of Winnipeg. The city seems thus far to have escaped the attentions of the boomers and boosters and receiving instead important concessions by railways and large industrial concerns, which there is now no doubt whatever will make a considerable increase in the value of property during the next twelve months.

Playing Doctor.

Billy: "Gentlemen, before we begin to operate, if you will hold the patient's hands and feet I'll get that four cents out of his right-hand pocket."

Roadsters over 15 hands 2in. Winnipeg Horse Show 1910.

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

SOLID READING

A man is known by his books. A love of high class literature gives a man a peculiar position in the community. Somehow we always bow in profound respect to the man who is in love with the masters of literature. Wisdom is written upon his face and knowledge shines forth in his conversation. Because he is a well read man his ideas are apt to be broad and his judgment prone to be sound. More than all, he has an inner source of joy and a perpetual source of comfort. "If," said Fenelon, "the riches of both Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all."

THE SECRET OF "LUCK."

Men who "spring" into public notice like a Lloyd George or a Roosevelt are apt to be spoken of as "lucky men." But if you were to sit down and converse with the so-called lucky man you would soon discover that the glory which you imagine has come into their lives so suddenly has been the result of a slow and gradual evolution. This is the reason some men stand prosperity so well—they have had a long and hard fight to attain it. Col. A. K. McClure in his "Memories of Fifty Years" remarks: "Many men thoughtlessly speak of Mr. Cleveland as a man of destiny, but with all his opportunities any man of less distinctive personal qualities would never have attained the success that he achieved. Fortuitous circumstance aids most of our successful public men at some crucial period of their lives, such as the fortunate nomination of Cleveland for Governor in 1882, when the Republican party of New York was hopelessly divided. Even with so reputable and in every way worthy an opponent as Mr. Folger, then Secretary of the Treasury, the State gave Cleveland over 192,000 majority. That did much to make him a hopeful candidate for President, but if he had not been the sternly honest and resolutely faithful man in the discharge of all public duties that he proved as Governor, he never would have been President of the United States."

TACT OF EDWARD VII

Kings are hedged about in these days. Of yore they were men of power, now they are men of influence. No monarch was ever so quick to recognize this fact than Edward VII. He recognized the sphere of his influence and used it mightily. The following interesting incident is from an English publication: "The unfailing tact of our late King has been generally acclaimed as one of his finest qualities. An example occurred some years ago during one of his Mediterranean holidays. He had occasion to land unexpectedly at a certain Italian seaport. It had been raining heavily, and the roads were very dirty. The local officials had laid down a carpet between the pier and the carriage, but it was not quite long enough, so they had supplemented it by an Italian flag, the only fabric upon which they could lay their hands at the moment. When the King, after landing, had traversed the carpet, he came to the flag, and noticed it at once. He did not hesitate for a moment, but, stepping by the side of it into the roadway, he raised his hat in respect for the national emblem of the country whose soil he was treading. The onlookers, as one is not surprised to learn, became almost delirious with enthusiasm. This incident admirably illustrates that blending of cordial sympathy and mental alertness which is the secret of tactfulness. It confirms the definition of tact by an American writer, Professor J. H. McDaniels, as 'the distillation of kindly feeling through the brain.'"

STYLE

Style? Yes, style. There is style even in the pulpit. Many a preacher receives a "call" not because of his theology, but because of his style. What he says is not so much different, in theological quality from that of his neighbor Rev. Mr. So-and-So, but his style—his style is altogether different and unique. And, mind you, style may be cultivated. The editor of the British Weekly in speaking of the famous preacher Dr. McLaren, says, "But his fastidious taste was always in exercise. He made much of style in judging the merits of authors, and he thought that among living prose writers Joseph Conrad was the best.

Above all, he taught himself to speak in that style. Thomas Binney touched him powerfully in his early years. He resolved that he would not read sermons, but speak them, and that the spoken sermon should be as careful and as polished as the written sermon. He used to say that it took him years to accomplish this, and I can well believe it, for the result was miraculous. I have had in my hands some five thousand of the notes of his sermons, and I think I can say positively that the finest sentences were not found in the notes."

BEGIN ANYWHERE

If you wish to score an achievement in any realm of human effort—begin. Begin anywhere. It does not make any difference where you begin, so long as you begin. The main thing is to get started. It is surprising how things come your way when you are going their way. When the late Thomas C. Platt, passed away he was regarded by many as one of the most successful politicians of the "boss" type which had arisen in the United States. Rev. J. M. Buckeley, D.D., says concerning him: "Even when he was a Yale freshman he was very much interested in politics. Many will be surprised to know that his actual start in politics was made through his singing. He organized a Glee Club for the Fremont campaign and used to sing between the speeches at the Republican rallies. He also wrote popular campaign songs."

A ROCK PRINCIPLE

Men affirm that it is safe to build on a rock. And the thorough going business man is usually exceedingly anxious to get down to "rock bottom." The rock principle in philosophy and the rock-bottom in business are closely allied. It is hard to move a man who stands on the immovable. And the man who fights for that which is eternally right will be victorious even in the hour of defeat. What would John B. Gough say if he could witness the temperance victories of the present generation? John B. Gough, but a short time before he died, uttered this pathetic lament: "I have fought this accursed traffic in every way I know how. I have addrest thousands of audiences throughout the country. I have pleaded with drinkers and with sellers of strong drink. I have denounced the horrors of the traffic and now I am reaching the end of my days. I feel that my time on earth is short, and am conscious that after having done all that I have, the traffic is stronger to-day than when I began my battle with it."

FIXED STARS

There are fixed stars in the sky and fixed principles in the heavens of human thought. As Emerson has said "only that mortal is safe who steers by the stars." So find out for yourself a few of the fundamental principles of life—sincerity,—purity—honesty— sobriety—and steer by them. Have you ever heard the story of an old darkey coachman who was out with his master on the night in which the stars fell in the middle of the last century. The old darkey waked his master, but the master said: "Sam, do you see that star up yonder?" pointing to the North star. "Now, Sam, you keep your eyes on that star, and when that falls, call me." Therefore there are some things fixed, fixed!"—search for the fixed stars and having found them, steer by them.

A GREAT LEGACY

It is a great thing to be born in an artist's home—for there is beauty in the air. It is a great thing to be born in a musician's home for there the child finds enthroned all the laws of melody and harmony. It is a great thing to be born in a preacher's home for in the ideal manse you may breathe the atmosphere of Christian ideals and moral culture. It is a great thing to be born in the cottage of an honest man for there the youth finds the granite girders of a Christian civilization. "There is an account of an old merchant, who, on his death-bed, divided the results of long years of labor. "It is little enough, my boys," were almost the last words of the old man; "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it."

SELF-MEASUREMENT

Your measurement of the race ought to be, for you, your measurement of yourself What you find in others you ought to seek for in yourself What others can do you ought to believe that you can do. And if others approach the border line of genius by giving special attention to some particular gift or talent, then it is for you to believe that the crown of genius is yours if you are willing to make the same sacrifice. An English writer in speaking of Mark Twain remarks: "Broadly speaking, Mark Twain expressed his abiding conviction when he said that in his contact with his species he found no one who possessed a quality which he did not possess, and that by studying himself carefully, and comparing himself with other people, and knowing the divergences, he had been able to acquire an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of human nature. As a result, my private and concealed opinion of myself is not of a complimentary sort. It follows that my estimate of the human race is a duplicate of my estimate of myself."

SOBER SALOON KEEPERS

My attention has just been called to the fact that a neighboring hotel owner is advertising for "a sober bar-tender." Why certainly! Of course! Did you suppose that a drinking bar-tender could preside properly, over the drinking business or handle successfully a bar-room full of whiskey stained and beer-soaked people? If there is a man in the community who has little respect for, or confidence in, the drinking brigade, it is the saloon keeper. He knows his customers. The Interior remarks: "In Indianapolis they tell a story on a certain attorney to explain why he quit drinking so suddenly. He had patronized one saloon with great liberality for years. Lately the proprietor of the place bought a house and lot and he employed another lawyer to examine the abstract for him. The steady patron, when he heard it, went after the saloonkeeper roughshod, demanding to know why business favors weren't exchanged when there was opportunity. Why did the saloonkeeper turn away from his own customer and give business to a man who never bought anything of him—nor of any other saloonkeeper? The saloonkeeper was amazed at the complaint; he thought the explanation ought to be plain enough. "When I've got business," he said with childlike frankness, "I want it done by a sober lawyer." Suddenly the attorney, too, concluded it was all plain enough; his friends say that he hasn't touched liquor since."

STAYING POWER

Most men know what failure is. The difference between the successful man and the unsuccessful man lies in the fact that the so-called "successful man" knows what to do in the hour of defeat and disaster. He simply plods on as though nothing had happened—or if anything—puts on a little more pressure. The New York Evangelist remarks: "Before his death Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler was heard to remark that he had been watching the careers of young men in Brooklyn and New York for many years, and said he: "I have come to the deliberate conclusion that the chief difference between the successful and the failures lies in the single element of staying power." Permanent success is oftener won by holding on than by sudden dash, however brilliant. The easily discourgaed, who are pushed back by a straw, are all the time dropping to the rear. Every man's success in the world depends largely on patient continuance, persistence, endurance. Something like this is what General Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, meant when, in comparing the soldiers of the war, he said: "As to the fighting part of the matter, the men of all nations are pretty much alike; they fight as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential in the composition of the good soldiers give me the Dutchman—he starves well."

CONCENTRATION

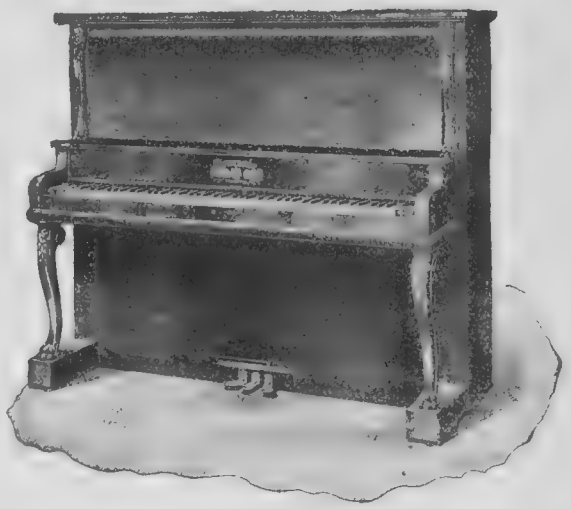
Do one thing. Be the servant of one duty. Be the slave of one work. Be the master of one gift. Be the inspiration of one idea. Don't try and be everywhere nor try and do everything. Let your motto be, "One Place—One Work—one Heart—one Soul." Put the following quotation in your scrap book: D. L. Moody once remarked, "No man is big enough to do a lot of things and do them well enough to last. When you take him and spread him over a lot of surface he makes a layer too thin to form any impression. But if you take him and hammer him down with the sledge of some weighty purpose, even if there is not more than enough of him to fill a bean shooter, he will make an impression when he strikes." We are living in a day of temptation to do many things. We yield, and take a hand in too many religious enterprises. We join too many organizations, we spread out our activities over too much territory. Herein lies the cause of much failure in the Lord's work. The proverb still remains true: "He who follows two rabbits will catch neither." But some one says: "Do not put all your eggs into one basket." Andrew Carnegie replies: "Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket!" That doctrine brings success in the church as well as in business.

A SAFETY VALVE.

For the sake of your soul, for the sake of your mind, for the sake of your heart, for the sake of your better nature, keep yourself in touch with art, beauty, music, and literature. Touch at some points the higher realms of culture. Save yourself from the sad confession of Charles Darwin: "Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Bryen, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and, even as a schoolboy, I took intense delight. But now, for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music."

Annual Sale of Havergal College Pianos

At Great Reductions



EACH year we supply the Ladies' Havergal College of this City with new Mason & Risch Pianos, and at the end of each nine months' term the instruments are returned to our Warerooms and put in absolutely first-class condition. This year they used 24 of our Pianos, and each and every one of these will be reserved and placed on sale at remarkably low prices during the Winnipeg Exhibition.

Every instrument carries our Unlimited Guarantee, and every instrument is just as good as new.

This is Your Opportunity to Secure the Best the Market Affords at a Great Saving in Price

In addition to the College Pianos, we have in our Exchange Department a large collection of slightly used and second-hand instruments taken in as part payment on Mason & Risch Players and Pianola Pianos. All of these go on sale at only a fraction of their real worth: and prices on Upright Pianos begin at $150. The different makes include:

MASON & RISCH	**STEINWAY**	**CLASSIC**	**HENRY HERBERT**
NEWCOMBE	**DOMINION**	**HEINTZMAN**	**MENDELSSOHN**
HARMONIC	**STERLING**	**BELL**	**MORRIS**
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You Save from $100 to $150 during this Sale

Generally when Mason & Risch advertise bargains in high-grade Pianos they are snapped up by City buyers, but a feature of this Sale is, that we are reserving these bargains for out-of-town purchasers, and they will not be placed on sale until the Exhibition.

Our Special Mail Order Department

If you do not intend visiting the Exhibition, then write for full particulars and cuts, which will be sent by return mail. Fall payments and yearly terms given on each instrument if desired.

Remember---We are Cutting the Price---Not the Quality

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Look for the big Electric Piano Sign **The Only Piano Store on Main Street**

"I stayed in a grand hotel in Dublin," says Mulligan, "but there was the awfullest row about me not putting out the gas, which by the same token was the queerest gas I ever saw, just like a hairpin on fire. 'How did you not put out the light?' sez the manager, quite angry like.

"'Put out the light is it?' sez I. 'How can I put it out when you have it shut up inside a glass bottle? Sure, I blowed, and blowed, and blowed last night till I nearly blowed the top of me head off without making any impression on it.'

'It is the Post Office people in Dublin are not very civil," went on Mulligan. "I was expecting a letter from me sister Bridget, and I saw a red box wid 'Letters' on it, so I cried down the mouth of the box—'Have ye a letter for Patrick Mulligan?' But sorry an answer could I get, the oncivil spalpeens!"

It's the Flavor of "Canawella Tea" That Makes it So Enjoyable

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON.

Saints in Crippled Bodies.

Physical disability, sickness, the painful limp of a cripple, disfiguring marks on the face, impediment in speech or deformity of any kind may be discouraging for a time but it is a fact that women with these afflictions have given us some of our best blessings.

From the natural sweetness of their souls their lives are divinely beautiful. They teach us that the spirit need not be cramped by the limitations of the body.

Miss Sophie Wright—a tiny, frail, crippled woman has won the title of "New Orleans' Best Citizen." Leading business men, when asked the name of the citizen who has accomplished the most good for the city, without exception answer: "Sophie Wright;" and the poor laboring class in referring to her, say she is "Saint Sophie." Ada Patterson, in a magazine article, says this of Sophie Wright: "A woman has been proclaimed 'The Best Citizen of New Orleans.' A woman with those qualities of sweetness and patience in her face that reflect sainthood; a cripple with hair white as new fallen snow, its whiteness the outward sign of inward suffering; a poor woman who works hard every day for her bread and that of others who look to her for it; handicapped by sex, by weakness, by pain, she has been honored by the city's declaration that she has done more for its welfare than any other person. It was a great honor to a great woman, a great little woman, for she is tiny whom New Orleans calls its "Saint Sophie," tiny and frail of body, but with a spirit high and strong, and moveless as a mountain peak. She is living proof "When self is buried deep, what flower of fragrant living grows upon its grave."

Miss Wright has helped New Orleans by teaching its poor. She founded its night schools, besides establishing a Home for Incurable Crippled Children and a Home for Convalescents.

When Miss Wright was born the doctor said sadly to the nurse: "The poor little thing might better never have been born. She will never take a natural step and every breath will be a pain."

But Sophie Wright's giant spirit led her to minister to other sufferers, and thus she conquered her own suffering.

When the city presented her a huge silver loving cup there was no building in New Orleans big enough to hold the thousands that she had helped and who wanted to attend the presentation of the cup, so they chose a park for the meeting and erected a platform for her under the trees.

It is a hard experience for a girl to feel that she is not like other girls physically but the cripple who has a will strong enough to meet staring eyes sweetly, bravely and without bitterness, is a heroine of heroines.

Discouragement is the reward of a young woman who trusts in herself—self's resources have a limit—God's resources have no limit; therefore let the discouraged young woman trust in God for strength to overcome physical deformity and there will be no room in her life for discouragement.

Most difficulties can be overcome by looking in another direction.

A Good Lesson from Theatrical Girls.

There is an organization among the better class of theatrical girls named the "Say-No Club." Young women of other professions might profit from the ideas this club suggests. I am sure this organization will do much towards creating womanly dignity in stage life.

One of the officers in referring to the organization says:

"The 'Say-No Club' is just what its name implies. To all advances from men we do not know, we say 'No' most emphatically. We have a regular organization, officers, a secret oath, fines for failures, and a club room in New York. We are serious, the society has a definite purpose and we live up to it.

We are often pestered with unwelcome attentions so last summer we formed the club. There are no dues, but each girl must sign an obligation, the main points of which are these:

No suppers with strange men, and only with men we legitimately meet, when accompanied by a chaperon or second girl.

No auto rides after night without a chaperon, unless, of course, with one's real fiance.

No flirting on trains or at hotels.

No presents, especially of jewelry, save from one's fiance.

Quiet, business-like dress off the stage.

Remit a certain portion of the salary home each week, against a loss of work, sickness and the like.

Keep clean in person, language and clothes.

Try to be good, attend church and refrain from conduct we would not like our mothers to witness.

When tempted, or asked any question we are even uncertain about, say—"No."

She furthermore states:

"The idea has worked very well in New York. We soon established a reputation and became known for the reserve in which we held ourselves. And we noted that we had no trouble getting engagements, and commanded better salaries because we could be depended upon.

"We pay no dues, but every one who violates the rules must pay a fine and this goes to help any one who may be ill. But the treasury, so far has been practically empty. We have found that it pays to 'Say No'." I wish similar organizations might be formed among stenographers, teachers, clerks, factory girls, and domestic young women. At any rate let every young woman who reads this, place the obligations of the "Say-No Club" in her room where she may see them every day.

Killing Time.

Any young woman may be greater than her circumstances, else what is that little whisper in her soul that is always urging her to come up higher? Young women often tell me that they have no definite plans in regard to their future—that they will leave things to chance.

Disconnected efforts, or no effort at all, will not lead to much in life.

The artist has a clear ideal of his picture; the sculptor sees in his imagination a complete figure and produces it.

A girl should have a clear idea of what she means to do. The woman who makes nothing of herself has no definite plan of her life.

On the other hand, the woman who does make a success of her life, has a clear idea and plan and works along a certain definite lines and in the end she has something to show for her efforts.

Mrs. Lincoln said that Mrs. Hoxie's statue of Lincoln was more natural than any other that she had seen; yet artists asked the sculptress why she had carved the expression so serious. Mrs. Hoxie replied: "I can see no other picture of him in my memory." She could see in the block of marble a complete model of Lincoln.

Every young woman, in mapping out her life, should see in the future the complete picture of her ideal.

How often I hear the expression among women, "I must do something to kill time!" I do not hear men say it.

The expression sounds pitiful to me, for one can always find something useful to do.

Why should a young girl spend so much time "killing time," playing cards, dancing or reading silly love stories that she has no time to help mother or father, or to study something that will improve her mind?

I believe in recreation—every girl needs it—but let it not be used as a means of killing time.

Girls complain that they have "no chance" to become educated, yet many a young girl kills enough time in a year to educate herself for a useful life if she would but apply it to self-improvement. Every young woman has a chance in this age to rise higher intellectually, socially and morally if she makes use of her time.

"Oh the wasted hours of life
That have quickly drifted by;
Oh! the good we might have done,
Gone, lost without a sigh.
Oh! the love we might have saved
By a single kindly word,
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed,
Perishing, unpenned—unheard."

That Younger Sister.

Unkind and personal remarks, no matter how clever, nearly always have a sting. There are many tragedies in life caused by cruel remarks made by younger sisters in a family. An older sister may have had proposals but she did not care to accept them and she reaches thirty or more—unmarried. She is the mainstay of her parents but these younger sisters begin to taunt her and in time the careless teasing hurts and she determines to show that she can get married if she wants to, therefore the first man who proposes she accepts, regardless of everything and a tragedy often follows. Many a single woman has thus thrust herself into untold misery simply to show these younger sisters that she can be married. Young girls have a hand in causing many life tragedies in this way.

I wonder why the younger sisters in a home are so often spoiled! Is it because the older sisters are too indulgent and sacrifice too much for them? How often one sees the oldest sister of a family snubbed by the other members, when her very plain appearance was caused by her untiring devotion to the others. When they are grown she is crowded out and they are ashamed of her and there is no place for her.

Unselfishness is a beautiful trait of the human character but it is not well for young girls to have sisters who are too yielding when it comes to their own rights and privileges. It is not wise to efface self for the pleasure of young girls who need a few difficult lessons for the development of sympathy. Many unsympathetic and helpless young girls become so because parents expect more of older members of the family and allow the younger girls to impose on their older sisters. I speak of this because I have seen noble young women suffer from such cruelty, and parents who tolerate this in a younger member of the home are allowing indulgence at the expense of the young girl's character.

Lonley Girls.

We are never alone if we have beautiful thoughts. Our thoughts will make our characters either beautiful or hideous. Thoughts are the masters of things.

Going through the year is like climbing a hill—the higher we climb the more we see; the more we climb in character and in mind the more good we see in others.

The virtue of a woman should be measured not by her extraordinary exertions but by her everyday conduct. In order for a young woman to be strong she must be entertaining to herself.

A healthful panacea for lonely girls is the power to talk to one's self in the secret of her own thoughts.

We know very well if we let a bad thought stay in our minds it will get us into all kinds of trouble.

We should always give a certain time every day to thinking about fine things, strong things, pure things, and holy things. If a young woman give her time to this she will have no time to be lonely.

It is the young woman who thinks of weak things, disappointments, envious longings and of self, who becomes lonely. She is afraid to be alone with her thoughts.

"Make your conscience the captain of your thoughts."

Do this and you will be able to make your thoughts build for you the character you need to give you pleasure when you are alone.

Pleasant Voices.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox criticizes the loud voices of American girls. She says they are marked everywhere in Europe because they have harsh untrained voices in their speech.

There is no trait of the genteel woman more necessary for cultivation than a sweet, musical voice. One authority says: "It is thought that the chief difference between people who speak in a beautiful voice and people who speak in an ugly voice is a difference not in the vocal cords, or yet in the throat, nor even in the skill in using the muscles used in speech or singing; but it is a difference in the brain. People who have delicate ears—which means people whose brains, in the part which hears, are beautifully and finely made—will produce the kind of sound their brain likes, at any rate so far as they can; and almost anyone can speak, or even sing a few soft notes, in beautiful tones, if they try. But if our brain is coarsely made, and does not know or care about the difference between beautiful tones and ugly ones, then we shall just make the sounds that carry farthest, or take the least trouble to make, however ugly they are."

Whining voices have driven men from home; ugly voices in the school have made nervous wrecks of chidren; harsh voices in the sick room have worried patients to death; unpleasant voices among clerks have caused the loss of many sales; and loud voices in social gatherings have caused the failure of many a young woman's success.

For the Girl Who is Planning a Home.

House-keeping is the expression of a woman's mind in the home. Home-making is the expression of a woman's soul in the home.

Every young woman has a mind and a soul and if she cultivate these two gifts she can be an ideal wife. The educated girl is a promising wife because her mind is trained and she is very apt in system . I do not like this remark: "Mary doesn't need any schooling—she will only be married in the end." There never was a time when the demand was so great for educated wives and mothers. We know many wives who are good house-keepers. We need them because house-keeping is the framework of the home but the home needs more than framework. House-keeping and home-making are two different things entirely, yet one depends on the other. One is the business aspect—the other is the aspect of influence. It

is strange but true that girls in domestic service make the poorest house-keepers; as a rule they are extravagant.

Business women and teachers, on the other hand, nearly always develop into good house-keepers and home-makers.

Though the work may be new to them they go at it more scientifically and more economically.

Cooking requires exercise of reasoning power. House-keeping needs system but not at the sacrifice of home-making. Carelessness in the home is a form of crime because it causes suffering.

Wasteful financial methods in house-keeping cause many a divorce.

A well-ordered house-keeping life may sound unsentimental but it goes far towards settling the question: "Is marriage a failure?" But house-keeping may be carried to extremes. I knew a home where the husband had to enter the house through the cellar in order to keep the flies out of the house.

The home-making is the filling-in process of the framework.

The home-maker must possess the home spirit, home quality, home peace, harmony and influence. A young woman who wants to be a home-maker must have the power to create atmosphere—"the atmosphere of beauty, peace and comfort."

The tendency of the age seems to be away from home-making. There is so much "light house-keeping" now that after the young couples first flight in air they come to the ground with an explosion so terrific that the home life dies in the divorce courts.

The home-maker will draw to the home delightful friends whose influence will add to the interest of her home.

Her home will be so attractive that the tried husband and the restless girls and boys will find more comfort with her than elsewhere. One writer says: "The mission of the home-maker is to create an atmosphere that will promote a growth of the best that is in every member of the home so that when they meet questions of right or wrong-doing they can decide wisely. She must cause to shine in the home that sunshine in which all of the members of the household band will grow, thrive and blossom most beautifully. When temptations come after its members leave the home the kind of that home life determines the manner of decision. All the citizens of the world begin their journey from a home and they give to the world what the home-maker gave to them.

Could all homes become all their possibilities suggest—reformatories, prisons and divorce courts might be abolished." Some day my readers will be home-makers and this grand new country is depending on the young woman-hood within its borders.

William Hamby says:

"When the years slip away and the children are grown up and leave the nest, as their memory turns fondly to the old home, instinctively it lights on one of two scenes: Either the twilight hour when they gathered about the mother's knee before the fire, listening to the loved stories read or told; or it will be the golden glory of the table laden with its delicious, steaming foods which sent out teasing calls to the hungry child, presided over by the wholesome, cheerful mother, the one who brought all these things to pass.

And in the light of after years, when the child has come to understand the spiritual meaning of material things, he will look in memory at the delicious food, the well-kept home and see in them the skill, the wisdom, and the abiding love of mother—and will instinctively turn to packing his grip that he may catch the holiday train for the old home."

Yes, my dear girls, house-keeping and home-making requires cultivation of the mind and the soul. Think before you take the step.

A Vacation for Working Girls.

The other day I heard a tired young woman in a department store remark: "Yes, I'd love to have two weeks vacation but I cannot afford it. Vacations cost so much."

I looked up from the piece of dress goods I was examining and noticed the poor overworked clerk and I thought—what an opportunity for girls in comfortable country homes to do a little good for their sisters!

Two weeks in a country home would add years to the life of this young woman who stands day in and day out trying to please impatient customers. She has little fresh air and less pleasure for I happen to know this young woman and I know she has too much moral pride to accept questionable invitations for pleasure.

Young women who live in comfortable country homes, and who long for an opportunity to do a noble work might give this a serious thought.

House Plants and Furnace Heat.

House-plants in winter help so much toward that "comfy" and cosy atmosphere in the home, that it is a pity that they are not more generally used.

The reason we see so little of winter plants is doubtless because of the poor success which has attended the efforts of people to keep them green and flourishing during the winter season.

Practically the whole cause of their failures in this direction has been simply the lack of humidity in the heated air in the house, and it is just another instance of nature trying to show us that something is wrong.

Low humidity is prejudical to health, and you may have felt its effects without knowing the cause. The thermometer in the room may show a comfortable temperature, and yet you have a feeling of oppression, and your skin seems parched and dry. The moisture has been practically dried out of the air, but the plants cannot get outside to get a breath of fresh air as you can, and they droop and die.

The furnace has a waterpan, but it is doubtless dry and neglected, but even if it were kept supplied, it is not located so as to provide a uniform distribution or moisture even if it were large enough to supply the required volume The best you can do is to refill it regularly and often.

A waterpan completely circling the furnace just inside the casing is a new invention which promises to make furnace heated houses alike healthy for both human and plant life, as it guarantees an abundant and uniform supply of moisture to every heated room.

Too much cannot be said as to the importance of humidity, if plant life will droop and fade without it, how can we expect our wives and little ones at home to keep strong and healthy?

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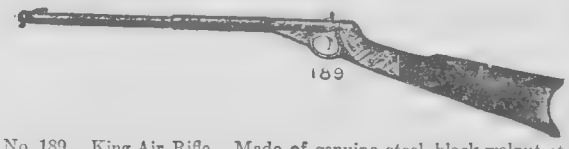
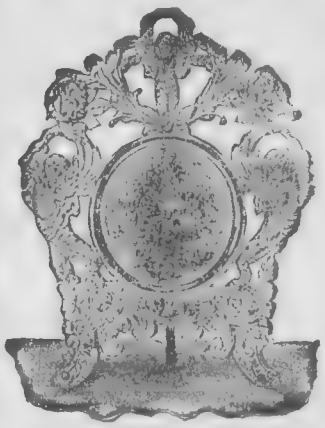


No. 189. King Air Rifle. Made of genuine steel, black walnut stock. Handsomely nickeled and polished, rounded stock and pistol grip, shoots B.B. shot or 17 darts free for 300 wrappers. Postage 20c.

Ring No. 509. Plain Oval Wedding Ring. Hand Burnished, free for 125 wrappers.



No. 59. "Benclare." Height 5¾ inches; width 4¾ inches; dial, white, 2 inches, finish Ormulu gold plate. Movement, 1-day timepiece. Free for 350 wrappers. Express 20 cents.

Child's Cup, No. 3. Satin engraved. Gold lined. Heavily plated, a high grade article. Free for 125 wrappers. Postage 1 c.

No. 57. "Ottawa," Parlor. Height 11¾ inches; width 16½ inches; dial, ivorine or pearl, 6 inches; case, black enamelled wood with marbelized mouldings and pillars. Finish, on trimmings, gilt or bronze. Movement, 8-day half-hour strike, cathedral gong. Free for 1650 wrappers. Recipient to pay express charges. These goods are made by the largest and best manufactures of clocks in America and are sold under guarantee.

Catcher's Mitt, Boys' favorite, fine quality of Leather face, strong soft canvas back and fingers. Leather wrist strap, neatly stitched and well made. Free for 200 wrappers, or for 75 cts. and 25 wrappers.

Prescott a gentleman's watch; Gold filled case, 20 year guarantee. Stem wind; Stem set, embossed case. Free for 2000 wrappers or $5.50 and 300 wrappers.

Infielder's Glove, Boy's Favorite, made of fine buckl eather throughout, heavy outside roll, well padded, felt lined, neatly and strongly stitched. Free for 200 wrappers or for 75 cts. and 25 wrappers.

We have other Premiums too numerous to mention

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The Great Post Office Contest.

When the Western Home Monthly announced the contest in November it did not dream that the interest taken in it would be so general. Within the three weeks previous to the day of closing, the replies began to come into the office, at first in twos and threes, then in dozens, then in hundreds. The competitors included readers not only in every section of Western Canada, but in every province of the Dominion, the United States, and a few from beyond the sea. The total number of competitors was 2150. When it is considered that each answer was the result of the effort not only of an individual but of a family, or a neighborhood, and that newspaper offices, postmasters, and others likely to be of service, were consulted over and over again, it is easy to believe that during the past six months the Western Home Monthly was the most talked-about magazine in Canada.

To open the letters and judge the contents was no easy matter. The Western Home Monthly wishes to explain just how it went to work. First of all, the letters were opened by a confidential clerk, who rejected all that came below forty. He was instructed to allow any answer that might be considered correct, even if not the exact answer supplied by the party who prepared the questions. The judges were then given these coupons that were ranked high, and before reading any decided upon the correct answers. As a result they judged that it would only be fair to allow any one of several answers to certain of the questions. For example, the answer to question 5 might have five answers, viz.: Holland, Denmark, Ireland, Scotland, Scandinavian. Any one of these was accepted as equally good. It was recognized that the question was not very definite, and that the contestants should not suffer on this account.

The questions and answers as finally decided upon as follows:—

1. To mark with a hot iron—a preposition ..... Brandon.
2. The Governor General of Canada ..... Earl Grey.
3. To Sell—A House of Worship ..... Selkirk.
4. The Latin for Queen ..... Regina
5. A European Country ..... Holland, Denmark, Ireland, Scotland or Scandinavia.
6. Acid—Exists ..... Souris.
7. A Vehicle—A Person ..... Carman.
8. A Great American Writer ..... Emerson, Lowell, Field, Irving, Churchhill, Franklin, Hawthorn, or Whittier.
9. A British Naval Hero ..... Nelson or Drake.
10. The Premier of Manitoba ..... Roblin.
11. A Projectile—An Opening in the Head ..... Shellmouth or Dartmouth.
12. The Late Queen Victoria's Husband ..... Prince Albert.
13. Transparent—A Liquid ..... Clearwater.
14. An Organ of the Body—A Joint of the Body ..... Hartney.
15. The Premier of Saskatchewan ..... Scott.
16. To imbibe—A Liquid ..... Drinkwater.
17. Lofty—A Large Stream ..... High River.
18. The Emperor of Germany ..... Kaiser, Wilhelm.
19. A Famous Irish Lake ..... Killarney.
20. A Large Animal—A part of the face ..... Moose Jaw, Elkmouth.
21. To get a move on ..... Russell, March or Togo.
22. A British Field Marshal ..... Wolseley, Kitchener or Roberts.
23. Canada backwards ..... Adanac.
24. A species of glass—A large town ..... Crystal City.
25. Physic—A covering for the head ..... Medicine Hat.
26. The Patron Saint of Innkepers ..... St. Boniface.
27. Absalom ..... Davidson.
28. Very small ..... Tiny.
29. A Fish—A part of the body ..... Salmon Arm.
30. A Famous Scotch Comedian ..... Lauder.
31. A Canadian National Emblem ..... Beaver or Maple Leaf.
32. To cause to decrease—correct ..... Wainwright.
33. A match ..... Vesta.
34. The eye ..... Optic.
35. Merely frozen water ..... Justice.
36. : —Speak ..... Colonsay.
37. Pertaining to flowers ..... Floral.
38. 1, 2, 3, C ..... Seaforth.
39. A Temperance Motto ..... Drinkwater.
40. A valuable mineral—A living creature ..... Coleman.
41. To have a big time—To feed the furnace ..... Revelstoke.
42. A man in Holy orders—A weight ..... Moncton or Deanton.
43. The fourth estate—A baby's bed ..... Prescott.
44. A season—A part of the body ..... Summertide, Springside, or Falmouth.
45. Rejoicing—A hard substance ..... Gladstone.

The answers were next opened by the judges, and the following were declared as winners:—

First.

Henry E. Gilbert, La Riviere, Man.—45 points.
Roy G. Davidson, Hanlan, Man.—45 pts.
O. A. Wager, Million, Man.—45 pts.

Second.

Mrs J. F. Chisholm, Halifax, N.S.—44 pts
Miss M. G. Dudley, Nesbitt, Man.—44 pts
Miss E. Grace Smith, Grand Coulee, Sask. —44 pts.
C. B. Wrigley, King Edward, Man.—44 pts.
R. J. Humphrey, Kinistino, Sask.—44 pts
Mrs R. Fennoll, Knalt P.O., B.C.— 44 pts
Miss Kittie Wrightman, Wishart, Sask. —44 pts.
Miss Jessie M. Turner, Emerson, Man. —44 pts.
S. J. Mugford, Rothbury, Sask.—44 pts.
W. W. Kemp, Tate, Sask.—44 pts.
Mrs A. W. Wright, Fernie, B.C.—44 pts.
E. H. Blackmore, Calgary, Alta.—44 pts.
Mrs Jas. L. Parke, Bilbert Plains, Man. —44 pts.
Ruby F. Donald, Moosomin, Sask.—14 pts
Mrs C. E. Myers, Nesbitt, Man.—44 pts.
David Millar, North Battleford, Sask.—44 pts.
Mrs Thos. Levins, iola Dale, Man.—44 pts.

We will not publish the list of those who had 43 correct answers, as there were several hundreds.

As to the distribution of the prizes, there being three a tie for first, we will divide the three first prizes (amounting to $500.00, $250.00, and $100.00 respectively) equally amongst the three, each to receive $283.33. For second place there were 17 equal, thus we will have to divide the next three prizes (amounting to $50.00, $25.00, and $10.00 respectively) equally amongst the 17, each getting $5.00. All contestants having 43 correct answers will receive a book.

The Western Home Monthly congratulates the winners upon their success. To those who were not among the successful, we ask them to keep their eyes upon our columns, for another contest will shortly be announced that will be even more interesting and profitable than that which has just been completed.

IT'S THE CRIMP THAT COUNTS

THE CRIMP IN THE ZINC IS THE EFFECTIVE PART OF A WASHBOARD

EDDY'S
"2 in 1" and "3 in 1"
WASHBOARDS

Are so named because all the Good Features in the Crimping of the Zinc of all others are combined; consequently are the

Most Improved and Up-to-Date

They make washing easy. Try them; also
Eddy's Fibreware Tubs, Pails, &c.
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All first-class dealers keep them.

The E. B. Eddy Co., Limited, Hull, Can.
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Baseball Outfit—FREE

This fine 5-piece outfit including Catcher's Glove, Fielder's Mitt, Mask, Ball and Cap. Glove and Mitt are made of best grade of leather. We give the above outfit complete for selling only 16 beautiful, hand-painted, silk Japanese fans at 25 cents per fan. These fans sell at sight. When sold send us the $4.00 and we will forward above outfit. We will take back any fans you cannot sell. Write now.

The Co-Operative Jewelry Co., Desk 25,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Lightning and Lightning Conductors.

A paper prepared by Mr. M. Townsley, Minneapolis, head of the well known firm of M. Townsley Sons, read at the Recent Winter Convention at the Manitoba Agricultural College.

If the phenomenon of lighting were beter understood, perhaps the enormous toll it exacts in life and property would be less. Carefully compiled statistics show that in the United States between 700 and 800 persons are killed annually and twice that number injured by lightning. This great loss of life falls largely upon the people who live away from the great centers of population. So, too, the greater part of the annual loss of property is chargeable to farm buildings and their contents and live stock in the field. Light and power electrical transmission lines also suffer from the vagaries of lightning, but the great multiplication of these lines in recent times has stimulated the development of means of protection, so that at present the electric power plants and lines are better protected from lightning than are farm buildings.

Lightning, or more particularly a lightning flash, is a discharge of electricity between two electrified bodies, as between one cloud and another or between a cloud and the earth. Most of us are familiar with electricity and the varied economic purposes it serves. In all of these, however, it is under perfect control; it is chained, so to speak, by the wires which distribute it from the cell in which it is produced by chemical action, or from the generator which transforms the energy of the steam engine into electro-motive force.

Conductors and Non-conductors.

Bodies do not all behave alike when an electric charge has been given them; thus some of them immediately conduct it away; in other words, the charge does not permanently reside on the body. To these bodies the name of conductor has been given, hence the term "lightning conductor" means a body that will conduct or lead away a lightning discharge. Other bodies have the quality of retaining an electrical charge for sometime or of permitting it to escape very slowly. These are called non-conductors or insulators.

An electrical charge suddenly falling upon a copper conductor will be safely disposed of, provided the conductor is in connection with the earth. On the other hand, the same charge falling upon a piece of wood, the latter being a bad conductor, will split it into many fragments and possibly develop enough heat, by reason of the resistance offered by the wood, to set the latter on fire. For this reason lightning conductors are made with a view to preventing the accumulation of electricity in the object of the earth's surface on which it is placed.

Electricity in Thunderstorms.

This problem has been freely discussed for several centuries; it has been attacked from many view points and much laboratory work has been done in order to produce a discharge that, in a small way, may be comparable to those observed in nature. Still it cannot be said that the precise mechanism of a thunderstorm is known.

Whatever may be the origin of the electricity of the air, its effects upon the various terrestrial objects upon which it falls are well known. From its effects we are able to infer that the intensity of the charge in the lightning flash varies between very wide limits. Not every discharge is heavy enough to take life or badly splinter a tree, so that we can at once distinguish between light flashes generally harmless and heavy flashes which splinter trees or kill live stock and human beings. A third class may also be recognized, as the violent disruptive discharges, which, as so recently pointed out, is the result of a discharge initiated elsewhere, such, for example, as when one cloud discharges to another cloud between it and the earth. When this happens the free charge on the earth side of the lower cloud will be suddenly relieved and fall upon the earth through previously unstrained air as a discharge of the most violent and explosive type.

When a thunderstorm develops and moves over the land the air between the under surface of the cloud and the earth's surface is able at first to resist the passage of a discharge between cloud and earth, but as the electrification increases the strain in the air becomes too great and a discharge follows. The zone of danger in a thunderstorm is, therefore, generally equal to the area of the cloud itself, sometimes extending a little to the front of the cloud. The heaviest discharges nearly always occur simultaneously with the passage of the storm front. The reason for this can be very easily shown in the laboratory; thus it is well known that if the two poles of a charged electric machine are brought near to each other a spark will pass from one to the other. Now, in order to get the first spark, the poles of the electric machine must be brought nearer together than is necessary after several sparks have passed. The passage of several sparks through the air separating the poles evidently electrifies it, and thus it becomes a better conductor, after the machine is used.

The area within the storm cloud is what may be called a "danger zone." Within this zone almost any upright object, especially a tree, is a better conductor than the air itself, and is consequently liable to lightning stroke. For this reason to take refuge under a tree is a dangerous proceeding. Other places to avoid are near chimneys or fireplaces and in close proximity to wire fences.

Where Daisies Blow.

By Lilian Leveridge.

I know a hill close up against the sky
Where scented airs in summer hours blow cool.
Below, but hidden by the maples high,
There nestles dreamily the old gray school.

I know a bank whereon the daisies blow,
The cool, white daisies nodding in the grass.
Do you remember, Mollie, long ago
We sat there wondering if we should "pass"?

"Let's ask the daisies. Daisy lips can tell,"
You said. The petals flutted in a shower.
"I fail, I pass, I fail ,I pass,"—'Twas well
For you. With lightsome laugh I plucked a flower.

"I pass, I fail, I pass, I fail. "Ah, me!
Do daisy prophets always augur true?
Must we two separate? and will there be
Defeat for me and vicotry for you?
Dear old school chum, how little did we know
How true the answer by those white lips given!
I passed but to the city school below,
And you into the great High School of Heaven.

Still on the hill close up against the sky
The summer blossoms in the grasses wave.
There, treading softly with a pensive sigh,
I've placed a wreath of daisies on Thy grave.

The Safest Place.

A city gentleman was recently invited down to the country for "a day with the birds." His aim was not remarkable for its accuracy, to the great disgust of the man in attendance, whose tip was generally regulated by the size of the bag.

"Dear me!" at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, sir," was the answer. "You've shot at the same bird about a dozen times. 'E's a-follerin' you about, sir."

"Following me about? Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"Well, sir," came the reply. "I dunno, I'm sure, unless 'e's 'angin' 'round you for safety."

Women's Quiet Hour.

Things Here and There.

Since last I chattered with readers of the Western Home Monthly I have been paying a long deferred visit to Eastern Canada, and at the moment am in one of the newer suburbs of old Toronto across the historic Don. It is twenty-eight years since, as a girl fresh from High School, I went West to Winnipeg, and I have not visited my old home city since that time. I am a Torontonian by birth, as my mother and grandmother were before me and though in the years that have slipped by I have become a thorough Westerner I find that the old bond still holds, and there have been sad as well as glad things in the visit. One of the sad things I encountered on my journey East, though even it had its bright side. Directly after bidding good-bye to my friends in Winnipeg I noticed in the seat next to mine in the sleeper a young girl dressed in deep black who seemed to be travelling all alone. She looked barely fourteen, and her eyes had a startled bewildered expression, as if she had not fully recovered from a severe shock. She was quiet and self-contained, however, and it was not until the next morning that I learned that she had a few months previously left her home in Nova Scotia to accompany her father to Alberta, where he had been recommended to go on account of some threatened pulmonary trouble. Sunny Alberta had proved so beneficial to him at first that he had written to his wife and the rest of his family to join him. The household goods had been packed and shipped, the old home rented, and the mother and younger children had actually got their tickets for the long western journey when the mother received a wire stating that the father had died suddenly. The higher altitude had proved too much for his heart, and having eaten his supper at six o'clock one evening he was found before midnight lying dead in his bed. The young girl was performing the sorrowful task of taking the body home for burial. The story leaked out, as such stories will, and it was delightful to note the genuine kindness and sympathy which

THE WEST

By Rev. D. S. Hamilton

Associate Pastor, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

We thought of the West as a distant land
With lonely trail and shack,
And the threat of the dusky Breed and Brave
To drive the white man back,
And we pitied the prairie dwellers then
With an honest sympathy,
But we little dreamed, nor did others know
Of the West that was to be.

We heard of the West as a doubtful land
With excessive frost and snow
And ever anon a returning one
Poured out a tale of woe,
While others with faith and courage strong
Held fast to the new found home,
With a forward look and a vision dim
Of the West that was to come.

We read of the West as a hopeful land
With fields of waving grain,
With ranches vast and thriving herds
Which brought to their owners gain,
With cities and towns and growing marts
Along the steel highway
Bright tokens on every hand declared
The West had reached its day.

We came to the West and saw the trace
Of trail, and shack, and snow,
But homes of comfort and sunshine bright
Had stilled the tales of woe.
We saw the cities and towns and marts
And the people all flocking there
From lands afar and from nearer home
The wealth of the West to share.

We live in the West and more and more
We learn of this wondrous land
Its commerce and culture and noble aims
Its progress on every hand,
And we feel that the half has not been told
Of this land so wide and free.
The West that was and the West that is
And the West that yet shall be.

Let us love the West and all it was
In the days of the pioneer,
Let us love the West and all it is
With its signs of hope and cheer.
Let us love the West and all who come
To find in its bounds a place.
Extend to all a brother's hand
And greet them with smiling face.

Let us love the West that yet shall be
As it breaks on the vision clear,
When moulded by home, and school, and church
The people from far and near
Shall dwell together as kith and kin,
And eye to eye shall see,
As true Canadians all shall stand
In the Empire of the free!

Moose Jaw
—LOTS—

We have just had placed in our hands for sale—one of the best Subdivisions in Moose Jaw—known as

Lynbrook Heights

facing on Main Street, and just west of the Exhibition grounds. It adjoins the best residential district of Moose Jaw, is situated within two blocks of the new $150,000 Collegiate School erected last year, and the Electric Street Railway Company are now laying their tracks to within one block of this property. The southern boundary of this property is just seven-eighths of a mile north west of the Post office. Every lot offered is high and dry, or should it be found otherwise, will be exchanged for any other lot during the next three months. The plan is registered, and the owners have clear Torrens title to the whole of this property, which has never before been offered to the public.

The price of lots is from

$75 to $200

each, according to location, and 25 feet wide x 120 feet to lane, facing on 66 feet streets.

We have no hesitation whatever in offering this property as a safe investment to every one of the Western Home Monthly readers. Moose Jaw has never been boomed, but is one of the most important towns in Western Canada. The next twelve months will see great increase in the values of properties there, which at the present time, compared with its population, are the lowest in Western Canada. This is no wild cat scheme we are offering, but a safe investment which we have thoroughly investigated, and are satisfied that it is sound and good, otherwise we would have nothing to do with it.

Plans and full information will be sent on receipt of post card, and opportunity given at any time during the year for any purchaser to inspect their lots by our agent at Moose Jaw. **Write to-day** if you wish to secure best location.

Sherwin & Vincent
317 Portage Ave., Winnipeg
PHONE MAIN 1996

the young girl received. An English widow lady, on her way to England for a holiday, took her in charge, and mothered her all the way to Montreal. When we reached that city it was too late to make the transfer to the Intercolonial on which road the dead man had been for many years a highly valued conductor. The young girl was introduced by the conductor of the sleeping-car to an official of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors at Montreal, and he at once took charge of the whole matter and told her that all that would be necessary would be for her to come to the train at eleven o'clock the next morning and everything would be ready. She spent the night in Montreal with the widow lady and as this lady had to leave by an early boat in the morning it fell to my lot to see after her and deliver her safely at Bonnaventure Station in time for her train. What touched me so much was the fact that the Brotherhood had not only seen to the details of the transfer, but had secured for her a berth in the sleeper and had placed in it an exquisite bunch of fragrant pink roses. It was a hard and bitter experience for a young girl, but it certainly brought out all that was best in the people who travelled with her. One hates to think of the meeting of mother and daughter with the old home dismantled and without a place which they could call their own in which to house their beloved dead for a single night before he was laid away in his last resting-place, but if anything could soften that sorrow it would be the tender consideration which they met with not only from the men of the man's own profession, but from all who came in contact with them.

In Old Quebec.

I spent a long June day in old Quebec, and I think it will stand out in my memory as one of the most enjoyable of my life. I was very fortunate in securing as a cicerone one Michael Murphy, a true son of Erin with a most beguiling tongue and a keen sense of humour. He had a good horse, moreover, which had been bred in Alberta, and which formed a bond between East and West. He had begun his early life (the horse I mean) on the broad rolling plains, but he seemed to have adapted himself quite readily to the somewhat perilous feat of standing alternately on his tail or on his nose, which is the impression you receive when you drive in Quebec. You get more thrills for your money in that ancient city than in any place I have ever been. They think nothing of putting double street car tracks on streets which we would consider perilously narrow for one, and they will have a single line on a street so narrow that single horse vehicles have to pull close against the curb to let the street car go by. This not infrequently happens on a very steep down grade, and I had moments of awful doubt that Michael Murphy might not be able to hold the brake and that we and the street car would be tangled up together at the bottom of the hill. Nothing happened, however, and I jogged up and down and saw all the spots of interest that it is possible to cover in three hours' driving, and each place derived a special interest from the pertinent remarks of my driver, who gave me much valuable information without once boring me by talking in parrot fashion. I never so fully appreciated Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" as I did that day, and I would recommend it to be carefully re-read by anyone who is contemplating a visit to Quebec. To me, fresh from the broad spaces, the big undertakings, the rushing, bustling life of the West, there was something peculiarly restful in the old city with its quaint stone houses, its wonderful churches, its impregnable fortress, its historic monuments, and above all, its memories of noble and patriotic deeds. In the afternoon I drove out along the old road to the Falls of Montmorency. It is along this road that the pilgrims used to go to St. Anne's de Beaupre, and now they go by train, but the old crosses that marked the various stations of the pilgrimage still stand a witness to the faith. It is seven miles to Montmorency, and there is hardly a foot of that road which has not its historic significance. The falls themselves filled me with wonder and delight. The long heavy rains of May had filled the river, and the riot of water that poured down the gorge in white foam suggested not only marvellous beauty but unlimited power. I had the falls all to myself for one long and never-to-be-forgotten half hour, and I can still hear the roar of the water, and see far below the little flakes of foam as the quieter waters spread out on their way to the St. Lawrence.

In the evening at the Chateau Frontenac I ate my dinner beside a window looking out across the famous Dufferin Terrace and the river St. Lawrence to Point Levi. The little sailboats were coming and going like birds with white wings, and as the twilight deepened the lights flashed out from the buildings in Point Levi, and the vessels in Quebec Harbor. A splendid orchestra discoursed sweet music to us all evening, and as I sat ensconced in one of the sofas of the long drawing-room I dreamed of the days when Wolfe and his followers made the ascent of that rock which seems scarcely to afford a foothold for a goat, and I think perhaps I realized for the first time how great and glorious a thing it was to thus secure Canada to the British Crown for I have travelled all over "Canada's broad Dominion," and having seen Quebec I think I shall always for the future sing more heartily "The Maple Leaf for Ever." Certainly the man who conceived the capture of Quebec and thereby the capture of Canada was "a dauntless hero."

The French Market.

One of the spots in Montreal which interested me the most was the old French market which has been in existence practically since the first trading was done at Ville Marie with the Indians. It is quite near to the Chateau Ramsey, the old home of the French Governors, and the methods of trading have probably changed very little since that time. The steep streets are now paved with stones where in the early day they were the original mud; and a few tall buildings surround the old market square, but the carts of the habitants with the small but sagacious looking ponies attached, differ little from those of more than a hundred years ago, and the wares that they offer probably differ even less. There are new-laid eggs, squawking chickens, fresh vegetables, home knitted socks, home grown tobacco in the leaf, maple sugar, maple syrup, baskets of spruce gum in enchanting chunks of pink and putty color that would have delighted our hearts in childhood; there are bunches of golden thread, sarsaparilla roots, burdocks and other things for purifying the blood; hand-woven rag carpets tufted curtains and little sucking pigs and from these things in the carts and stalls outside it is possible to go on to the elaborate wholesale and retail meat market in the interior and the tropical fruit and potted plants and cut flowers on the water front. Everywhere is the shrill babble of French with the deeper tones of English. Everywhere also are ladies in handsome morning costumes, not infrequently followed by a servant with a basket. The carriages of these ladies have been left in the streets adjoining the market, and they have come to do their shopping, for be it known that things in the old French market are generally from three to five cents cheaper than they can be purchased elsewhere in the city, but the keepers of the stalls and booths greatly prefer not to have the trouble of delivering their wares. It is one of the show places of Montreal, and perhaps the one which more than any other gives the transient visitor some idea of the life and character of the habitants that were so dear to the heart of the late Dr. Drummond.

The Queens Own.

I was fortunate enough to be in Toronto for the Semi-Centennial of the Queen's Own Rifles. I have not seen a parade of this Regiment since 1885, when they were in Winnipeg on the way back from the rebellion of that year. The sight on Sunday from the terrace in front of the University was one which it will not be easy to forget. There were nearly two thousand ex-members of the brigade present, and some of them had come all the way from South Africa to attend this re-union. Perhaps the most interesting thing, however, was to note the many prominent citizens of Toronto who were among the ex-members, and the very large percentage who wore the medals denoting active service. There were men of over seventy who marched in that parade, and who had been gay young fellows at the time of Ridgeway and the Fenian Raid. In spite of increasing years they warmed up to their work and it was delightful to see the true military swing with which they came on to the University lawn. The regiment itself turned out over six hundred strong, and made a splendid appearance. The uniform, of course, is not unlike that of the 90th of Winnipeg, and does not lend itself to extreme show on parade, but the men themselves suggested that for the present at least Canada has no occasion to tremble for her defence. The "Queen's Own" made a mighty good record in the Rebellion of 1885, and if they are ever called upon again, which God forbid, they will live up to the old tradition of this famous militia regiment. The scene on University lawn was a charming one, as in addition to the soldiers and ex-soldiers and the surpliced choir there were thousands of citizens, the women all in light summer dresses and with gay parasols, sitting, standing and walking about the grounds. A more appropriate spot could not have been chosen for the celebration, and the affair was extremely well managed. There have been other functions in connection with this re-union, among them a historical pageant in the Exhibition Grounds, but this religious service in which thousands of the citizens joined with the soldiers in singing the familiar hymns left, I am sure, the most lasting impression and stirred to its depth the feeling of patriotism in the heart of every Canadian who was present. It was indeed a great occasion.

When in Winnipeg Take a Ride on the Hyland Navigation and Trading Co.'s New Boats!

The finely equipped steamers "Bonnitoba" and "Winnitoba" make trips daily for Hyland Park or St. Andrew's Locks.

GOOD MUSIC. LARGE PAVILION. POPULAR PRICES.

Tickets good returning on either boat.

In Conclusion.

This is a rambling letter and perhaps to some of my readers it will not possess much interest, but to the hundreds of women on the Canadian prairies who came originally from Ontario and Quebec it may have a charm. There will be no favorite poem this month, as I neglected to bring my folder containing these poems with me. I expect that all over the West the women are already beginning to look forward with a feeling of apprehension, if not of actual dread, to the harvest-time of 1910 with its endless round of cooking meals and dish washing. It has amused me very much to hear the Eastern women complain of lack of help. They have really no true conception of what lack of help means.

I have been interested in comparing prices with those in the West, and find that food particularly is much cheaper. Help is cheaper and clothing is fully 25 if not 30% cheaper than it is in the West, and still our eastern sisters lift up their voices and bewail their hard fate.

What to Wear and When to Wear It.

In a rash moment last month I said that I would probably have something to say about fashions in Montreal and Toronto for this month. As a matter of fact I have found other things so much more interesting that I have hardly ventured into a dry goods shop since I left Winnipeg. One thing I would like to say, and that is that I have been struck with the fact that neither the women of Montreal or Toronto are as well-dressed, on the whole, as the women of Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and Regina. I suppose this will be considered heresy by the women of the Eastern cities who ask you patronisingly if such and such things can really be bought in Winnipeg.

The Home Doctor.

Typhoid Fever.

Although the whole system is poisoned in typhoid fever, the greatest danger arises from one special part of the body, which is invariably affected. This is what is known as Peyer's patches and glands in the intestine. These patches and glands become swollen, thicken and elevated along the track of the intestinal canal. They then break down and the sloughs gradually separate, leaving ulcers of various sizes, often, we fear, with a membrane as thin as the thinnest tissue paper separating the patient from perforation, hemorrhage and death. When the patient gets well these ulcers gradually heal, but in other cases, especially when food is given by indiscreet friends, the hard portion of the undigested food breaks through the very thin floor of the ulcers and causes perforation. Any exertion, such as getting out of bed, is also liable to cause the same damage. It could be wished that the laity as a whole understood more clearly the nature of typhoid fever, for then they would not think that the patient was hardly treated when the doctor ordered nothing but liquid food until these sore places had completely healed up. The patient often becomes very hungry and implores for food with tears, but if it is given a rise in temperature, and possibly a very dangerous relapse, or perforation and death, ensue, and that very quickly.

The Symptoms of Typhoid Fever

The onset is insidious and often little noticed at first. There is a feeling of general malaise, some giddiness, headache, particularly in the back of the head, a feeling of depression, disordered digestion, and often disturbed sleep. There is not infrequently nose-bleeding and general weakness. Sometimes the disease begins abruptly with a chill or severe shivering, but more often with only a feeling of chilliness. Sometimes the patient may feel ill for a day or two before the disease declares itself, and sometimes for two or three weeks. The disease is supposed to reach its climax in about twenty-one days from the definite onset.

In the first week the temperature gradually increases. The pulse becomes more frequent headache and dizziness are marked, the tongue is coated, there is nausea and generally diarrhoea, although, on the other hand, there may be constipation. About the seventh day a few rose-colored spots, something like flea bites, appear upon the abdomen. These disappear upon pressure with the finger, but return again, and, while some fade away gradually, others appear. In the second week all the symptoms become more severe. The pulse often misses a beat and becomes very weak. There may be delirium at night, a cough, headache and often stupor, the patient lying with eyes open, but unconscious of surroundings unless aroused. Deafness is also frequently noticed, which sometimes lasts until convalescence is fairly established. The eyesight is also affected.

In the third week the symptoms continue just as severely, or more so, but toward the end of this time the temperature may drop somewhat. A sudden drop with the continuance of bad symptoms is a very serious sign, and usually indicates perforation. If this misfortune occurs there will be blood in the stools. A black, or what is called a tarry, stool is also a sign of bleeding, the color being due to the fact that the blood has been retained in the intestine for a little while. The stools of typhoid patients are characteristic of the disease, and when there is no bleeding are fluid and offensive, and light yellow in color—what is called the "pea-soup" stool. There may be as many as three to fifteen during the twenty-four hours.

The Greatest Care is Required

The care of the mouth is another point which must by no means be neglected. The coated tongue in the second week becomes dry and hard. In the third week it often cracks and is covered with a brown crust. This collects on the gums, teeth and cracked lips, and needs constant care, or there may be inflammation of the mouth to contend with as well as the fever.

The care required by the patient during these and many other symptoms can only be realized by those who have gone through the ordeal. Two, sometimes three, nurses who have been thoroughly well trained in a hospital are desirable when the expense can be afforded. When this cannot be it is advisable to send the patient to a hospital, for all the resources of the best institutions are oftentimes none too many to pull the patient through. If bedsores are allowed to develop, which they often do unless the patient receives the most skilful care, they are an additional drain upon the constitution. It is not right to expect any one person to care for a patient suffering from this disease, as attention is required both day and night, and if the nurse is tied too closely to the patient she becomes worn out and is very likely to catch the disease, owing to her run-down condition.

The temperature of typhoid fever is so characteristic that it is worth special attention. Describing it roughly, it may be said to go up and up in steps and come down in the same way. Of this a special study should be made in a good textbook, as space does not permit description here.

Some Points in Nursing

Doctors often say that in typhoid fever "nursing is half the battle." In mild cases, or where trained nursing cannot be obtained, it may be exceedingly useful to know as accurately as possible what should be done, and how to do it. However mild the case I trust my readers will have understood how important it is that the patient should not be allowed to sit up in bed until the doctor gives permission, which will usually be after the temperature has been normal for about two weeks. You will remember that sitting up causes pressure upon the ulcerated parts and might result in hemorrhage. The nursing must therefore principally consist in keeping the patient quietly in bed, keeping all linen used for the bed and the patient scrupulously clean, the air of the room fresh and pure at a temperature of about 65 degrees, and the carrying out of the doctor's orders carefully and exactly.

The Diet Necessary

The diet should be liquid food only until the physician orders otherwise, and this food will generally be milk. The doctor usually requires that from three pints to two quarts be given in the twenty-four hours. This is generally given every three hours, day and night—lime-water being added in the proportion of a teaspoonful or two to about five ounces of milk. The lime-water is used to break up the curd in the milk, which otherwise might cause indigestion. If any curds are noticed in the dejections the matter should be reported to the doctor, when he will sometimes substitute strained broth. The broth, however, has not so much nourshment in it as the milk, and in this long and wearisome illness the ultimate result often depends on keeping up the patient's strength.

If the patient does not like milk it may be flavored with coffee, vanilla, a little cocoa, or any other flavoring preferred. It is, however, very rare that sick persons are really unable to take milk, however much it may disagree with them when they are well. If, however, the milk appears to be undigested it is frequently ordered peptonized. This is done by adding the contents of one of Fairchild's tubes of peptonizing powders to one pint of milk, and letting it stand for five or ten minutes. The ferment will then have acted upon the milk so that it has a slightly bitter taste. Further progress may

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then be stopped either by placing the milk upon the ice or by boiling it. If it is allowed to remain too long it will become disagreeably bitter. The patient, whose sense of taste is somewhat blunted by the fever, will generally be found not to dislike the taste greatly, and even should he do so at first he soon becomes accustomed to it. Milk peptonized, or with lime-water, may be varied with albumen-water, whey, and, provided the doctor gives permission, two tablespoonfuls of coffee to five or six ounces of milk. The coffee is merely added for the purpose of taking away what patients call the milky taste.

Give the Patient Plenty of Water

The patient should be given as much cool water to drink as he will take. It induces action of the kidneys and washes away a great deal of poison which would otherwise be left in the system Some doctors order not less than a pint or a pint and a half in the twenty-four hours, and as much more as the patient can take.

Solid food will not be ordered until the patient is well on into convalescence. When the temperature has been normal for about seven days the patient will usually be permitted a little boiled custard. Stale breadcrumbs, well soaked in hot milk, and flavored with a little pepper and salt, or sugar if preferred, will not prove at all unpalatable. Well-made milk toast may come next. But while this feeding is being carefully started the temperature must be closely watched for any sudden rise, and the food immediately stopped if such a rise occurs.

The Reduction of Temperature

The nurse's efforts under the doctor's direction will probobly be principally directed toward reducing the fever, which, as I have said before, may run as high as from 103 degrees to 105 degrees or more. The first method used for reducing this fever will probably be that of sponging, as this is considered the mildest. To sponge well and efficaciously demands a considerable amount of knowledge and skill, but if the idea in performing this office for the patient is clearly understood there is no reason why with practice it should not be done well.

The nurse will require either a rubber blanket or a piece of sheet mackintosh to place beneath the patient. This should be covered with an old blanket or sheet, as the feel of this substance next to the skin is not very comfortable.

The nurse should take care that she has everything in readiness before she moves the patient at all. She should have a large basin half full of water, and a bath thermometer to test the temperature of the water, so that it may be exactly that ordered by the doctor. This temperature will vary from 70 degrees to 90 degrees, according to the condition and constitution of the patient. It is very often considered desirable to begin with a temperature of, say, 85 degrees and reduce it by means of lumps of ice in the water to 75 degrees or less. The nurse will require a medium-size sea sponge (which should be kept for this purpose only), or in default of this a piece of soft bath toweling, or anything soft that is the nearest substitute to the sponge.

The Way to Sponge a Patient

The patient covered only with a light sheet and without a nightdress, should be sponged with long, slow strokes, first one arm and then another, the object being to make the skin as wet as possible and encourage evaporation. The trunk should then be sponged beneath the sheet, the lower parts of the limbs and arms being left uncovered as much as possible. If able to be disturbed the patient may be gently turned on the side, and the spine sponged in the same way. Meanwhile, a rubber bag containing pieces of ice should be placed at the patient's head. Wet compresses wrung out of ice water may also be placed on the forehead and at the back of the neck.

The patient should not be dried, but instead the water left on the skin. The heat of the body quickly dries it on the upper surfaces. The patient should then be rolled on to the dry sheet beneath, the rubber sheeting being removed in the same way as it was put in. If the patient's back is wet it should be dabbed with a dry towel, but not sufficient friction used to do away with the effect of the sponge.

A fresh nightdress should then be put on and the patient very lightly covered. If the feet are very cold they may be wrapped in a little blanket or even a hot-water bag put near them.

The sponging may take from twenty minutes to half an hour, provided the condition of the patient remains good. The pulse and color should be watched. The doctor will probably order a stimulant to be given after the sponging is completed.

How Wet Packs are Given

The above treatment will often reduce the patient's temperature one or two degrees, or even more. It it fails to do so a wet pack may be ordered. This is given by wringing a sheet out of tepid water and wrapping the patient in it, placing the rubber sheeting as before directed. The sheet should be kept wet and may be left on from ten to twenty minutes, depending on the condition of the patient. Some physicians, indeed, order it continued for a much longer time. The after-treatment is the same.

Cold plunge baths are not often given in private practice. When this is done, however, the tub should be brought to the bedside and the patient lifted in, covered only with a sheet or loose nightdress. Cold cloths should be applied to the head and the patient well rubbed all over while in the bath. The temperature is often ordered to be reduced from about 85 degrees to 70 degrees while the patient is in the bath, by the addition of lumps of ice. In very severe cases no other treatment is so effective as the cold plunge bath. It quiets the pulse and relieves the distressing nervous symptoms in a marvelous way. It should, however, if possible, be given under the doctor's personal supervision, and only by his orders. This is especially the case when home nurses have to carry out the treatment unaided.

The complications of typhoid are pneumonia, peritonitis, hemorrhage, perforation, diarrhoea, and not infrequently, during early convalescence, the formation of a blood clot in the veins of the leg. The convalescence should be very carefully guarded.

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At The Noonday and Evening Meals.

The noonday meal should be light, unless two hours' rest can be taken. It may consist of a cream soup, two or three slices of whole wheat bread and butter, and a little light minced meat and again fruit. This meal may be closed with a rice pudding, a cup custard or some simple dessert made principally from eggs and milk, rice and milk, or whipped cream.

The night meal, after the day's work is over, should for its first course have a perfectly clear soup, either plain consomme or a buillon made entirely from vegetable matter, or a clear, light tomato soup; the idea is to warm and stimulate the stomach without giving nourishment. Follow this with a red meat, either beef or mutton, broiled, roasted or boiled; one starchy vegetable, as rice, macaroni, potato, or in the winter, boiled chestnuts; one green vegetable, as carefully-cooked cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, asparagus, green peas or beans, stewed cucumbers or squash, according to the season of the year; then a light dinner salad composed of either celery, lettuce, cress, endive or chicory, or even shredded raw cabbage dressed with a little oil and a few drops of lemon juice, with a bit of cheese and a bread stick, or a wafer or a piece of brown bread, followed by some very light dessert similar to those mentioned for the noonday meal.

Farmers increase and diminish the weight of domestic animals within a certain limit, that of profit to themselves. The development of man depends to a great extent on the supply of food he receives and digests.

We eat to keep up the size of our bodies; to satisfy our craving for food, to supply the waste material or that consumed by daily wear and tear; to maintain a proper degree of warmth, and to produce sufficient energy to follow our daily occupations.

Beautiful Hands.

To have beautiful hands one has to care for them, for though a shapely hand is the gift of nature, a dainty, well-groomed hand gives the impression of general beauty, and, in a way, is an index of character. Finger nails, like plants, respond quickly to care and gentle treatment, and shabby finger ends, like scraggly plants, are suggestive of indifference and laziness. While manicuring is not the work of a moment, yet daily attention for a few moments, with an hour spent once a week, will well repay miladi's efforts. The nails of a well-bred person are never conspicuous, though always carefully cleaned and trimmed.

For a thorough manicuring, cover the bottom of a large bowl plentifully with fine silver sand, pouring over it as hot water as your hands will bear, then with good soap and a brush scour your hands as though they were marble. Dry on a soft towel, rub in cold cream and get into your most comfortable chair, with manicuring implements close at hand. Gently loosen the delicate rim of skin over the crescent at the base of the nail, using the blunt ivory instrument made for that purpose, or an orangewood stick. Many an otherwise pretty hand is disfigured by the cuticle about the nails being mutilated and ragged. This cuticle should never be trimmed, except in extreme cases, but each time the hands are dried the flesh should be pressed back.

When, from any reason, this little "finishing braid" (as one woman calls it) is broken, an olive oil treatment should be given by placing half a teacup of oil in a small tin cup, heating it quite warm, allowing the fingertips to soak in the hot oil for fifteen minutes, repeating it if necessary. Three or four repetitions will effect a permanent cure, it is said. Nails should be rounded, cut close on the sides and not be worn very long. One authority says always file from the side toward the centre and avoid the use of scissors, which it is claimed make the little white spots that indicate a bruise. These spots can be removed with a paste made of equal parts of turpentine and myrrh bound on with a cloth overnight and removed by olive oil in the morning. The nails should follow the outline of the finger tips as much as possible. Remove hangnails with the finely pointed scissors, the only use these scissors are designed for. While an elaborate shine is fine for shoes, it is not desirable for finger nails. After each nail has been polished with friction in the palm of the hand, the slightest touch of red paste may be rubbed in, then the chamois buffer put to work. But now comes the sprprising part of the entire proceeding, the advice of a well-known specialist—rinse the hands carefully, so no trace of paste or powder will be left, and pat in softly some soothing lotion.

The annoying and unbecoming habit of nail biting can sometimes be cured by keeping the nails well manicured, using the file when the desire to bite is strong. Like many other habits, a firm will is quite necessary to combat the tendency. Children often bite the nails because they are not quite comfortable, so special attention should be given to the cuticle about the nails, cutting all hangnails and trimming a ragged nail promptly. When nail biting has begun, dip the finger tips in some bitter preparation—a strong solution of quinine, or bitter aloes applied for a few days ought to effect a cure with little folks, but older people must use will power also. Uneven nails or nails bitten down to the quick will ruin the appearance of an otherwise shapely hand, as well as serving like a guidepost to one's disposition.—The Pilgrim.

Eleven Good Hints.

A walk in the fresh air will do a common headache lots of good.

Don't eat your meals quickly; this causes indigestion and a red nose.

If people laughed more they would all be happier, healthier and handsomer.

Too heavy bedclothes are often the cause of that tired feeling in the morning.

Don't expect tonics to keep you well if you neglect the laws of health and hygiene.

For unbroken chilblains rubbing with damp salt is one of the best remedies known.

Never eat your meals in the sickroom. It annoys the patient and is not wholesome for you.

A small onion eaten raw before retiring will often result in a restful sleep, as onions are excellent nerve soothers.

When using hair tonic part hair in strands and apply with toothbrush. In that way one can get at roots of hair and scalp without a particle of waste.

When the hands get hot and uncomfortably moist it is a good idea to wash them in hot water and then rinse them in tepid water to which a dessert spoonful of borax has been added.

The perfect feminine face should measure exactly five times the width of an eye across the cheekbones. The eye should be exactly two-thirds the width of the mouth, and the length of the ear exactly twice that of the eye. The space between the eyes should be exactly the length of one eye.

A Faee Lotion.

A lotion that will help red hands, dark face and neck permanently can be made by dissolving four ounces of spurmax in one-half pint of hot water and adding two teaspoonfuls of glycerine. This lotion will whiten and beautify your skin. This is much better than face powder, as it does not show on the skin and will not rub off easily. Spurmax lotion is inexpensive and will give any sallow oily skin a pinkish, youthful appearance. It is fine for cold sores, tan, freckles and as a protection to the face against cold winds.

A Shampoo.

The hairdressers in Paris prepare the shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of canthrox in a cup of hot water. This shampoo lathers abundantly, cleans the scalp thoroughly, stops all irritation and leaves a feeling of pleasing freshness. It also dries quickly and makes the hair soft and glossy. Soap should never be used to shampoo with, as it makes the hair streaky, harsh and brittle, and the alkali in soap tends to kill the hair. Canthrox can be bought at any drug store, and when prepared at home is decidedly inexpensive.

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The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

DAINTY SUMMER GOWNS.

Summer gowns made of muslins are always dainty. This year the materials are exceptionally lovely. In the illustration are shown two typical ones. The gown to the left is made of embroidered batiste with trimming of embroidered bands. The blouse is a simple one, tucked to form its own yoke, and can be made as illustrated or with high neck and long sleeves. The skirt consists of a straight flounce joined to a five gored upper portion.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4⅛ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅞ yards of banding; for the skirt 10½ yards 24, 8¾ yards 32 or 5¾ yards 44 inches wide with 6½ yards of banding. The blouse pattern 6647 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6349 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown is made of bordered cotton voile and is exceedingly charming. The blouse is made of plain material to match and is trimmed with lace. The skirt is made with three straight flounces that are joined one to the other and the blouse is a simple one, closed at the back. The chemisette can be added, making it high at the neck, and the sleeves can be made long. Also if the waist is used for foulard, pongee or other silk or wool material it can be lined and the front can be trimmed with braid and lace frills, provision for such being made in the pattern.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3½ yards of material 24, 2¼ yards 32 or 44 inches wide with 1¾ yards of banding, 4 yards of edging; for the skirt 9¾ yards of flouncing 24 inches deep; or 7 yards of plain material 24, 5¾ yards 32, 4 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6640 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6252 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure and the patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Two Patterns—6647—6349. Two Patterns—6640—6652.

DAINTY DRESS OF BATISTE.

Little girls wear dresses made of batiste and similar materials at all seasons. This one is embroidered by hand after a most attractive manner and is just as charming as well can be. It is made with bretelle-like portions over the shoulders that give breadth and are extremely becoming and it is dressy at the same time that it is absolutely simple. It could be cut out and finished with a square neck if liked and it can be made with long sleeves if those are preferred, but nothing more fashionable

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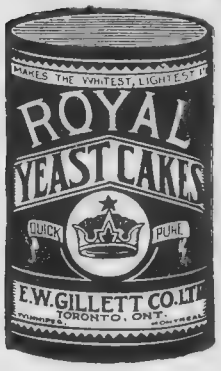

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and nothing daintier than the dress shown could be suggested. For harder usage cross-barred materials or chambrays of materials of the sort could be used and the embroidery omitted. If something warmer were wanted the same dress would be pretty made from chains of cashmere or some similar material. For a dainty frock, meaning somewhat less labor than this one, white lawn with yoke of all-over embroidery and bretelles of banding would be pretty.

For the two year size will be required 2 yards of material 24, 1⅞ yards 32 or 44 inches wide. A May Manton pattern No. 6520, sizes 1, 2 and 4 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

6520 Child's Dress.

A Dainty Dress of Batiste.

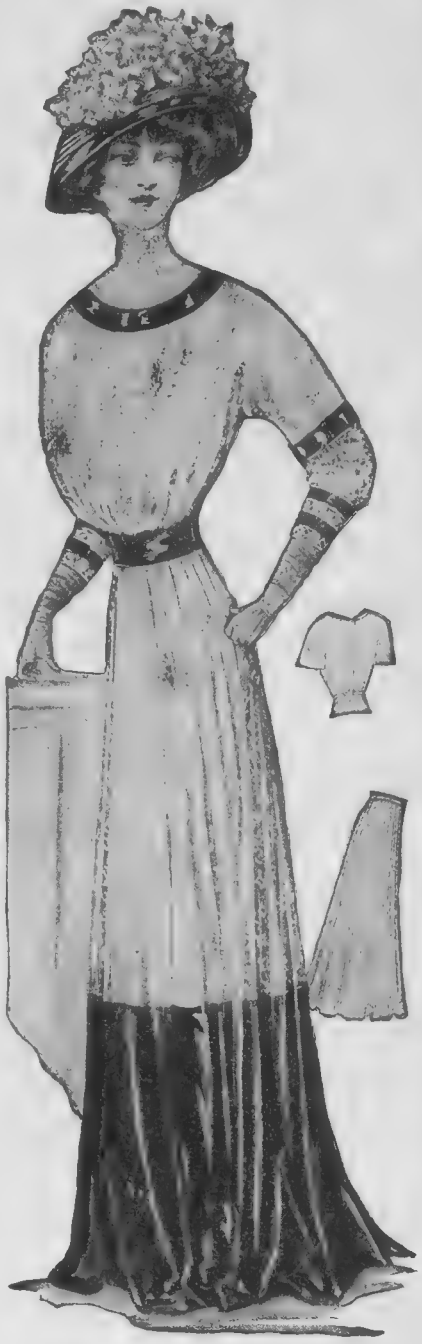
A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF TWO MATERIALS.

Two materials in one gown are being much exploited just now and this one is exceptionally graceful and attractive. The over blouse and the upper part of the skirt are made of silk voile showing an embroidered figure in self color and the lower portion of the skirt and the trimming are made of messaline while the yoke and the sleeves of the guimpe are of all-over lace. The skirt is a simple gored one, laid in tucks at the waist, and to produce this effect the materials are joined at about knee depth. The over blouse is one of the new ones made with sleeves and body portion in one and a plain guimpe is worn beneath. Any two harmonizing materials can be combined in this way and foulard with plain silk is much liked; thin materials with heavier are greatly in vogue.

For the medium size will be required, for the over blouse 2¼ yards of material 24, 1½ yards 32 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of silk for trimming; for upper portion of skirt will be needed 5¾ yards 24, 3¼ yards 32 or 44 inches wide; for the lower portion of the skirt 4¼ yards 21; for the plain guimpe will be needed 2 yards 32 with 1½ yards of all-over lace.

The over blouse pattern 6623 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6539 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. Any plain guimpe can be used.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)



A Fashionable Gown of Two Materials.

A SIMPLE SUMMER FROCK.

Summer frocks made in this style are among the most fashionable possible and they are so comfortable and so satisfactory that girls delight in wearing them. Checked linen is the material illustrated and it is trimmed with bands of plain color while the little dress is worn with a collar of embroidered batiste, The neck is finished plain, however, and consequently any collar can be worn that may be liked or banding can be made to edge the neck and the front of the blouse, doing away with the necessity for any other finish. The skirt is a straight plaited one that is joined to a fitted body portion and the blouse is closed at the left of the front. The sleeves can be made as illustrated or left loose as preferred. All the simpler washable materials are appropriate, linen and twilled muslin, poplin and also the thinner ginghams, chambrays and the like; or if a combination of materials is preferred the blouse could be of plain white and worn over a skirt of checked or stripped material with trimming to match.

For the twelve year size will be required 6⅝ yards of material 24, 4¾ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 32 for trimming. A May Manton pattern, No. 6607, sizes 8 to 14 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

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Model No 20

The safety, comfort and convenience of the Marlin solid top, closed-in breech and side ejection features are combined with the quick, easy manipulation of the popular sliding fore-end or "pump" action in the new Model 20 Marlin rifle.

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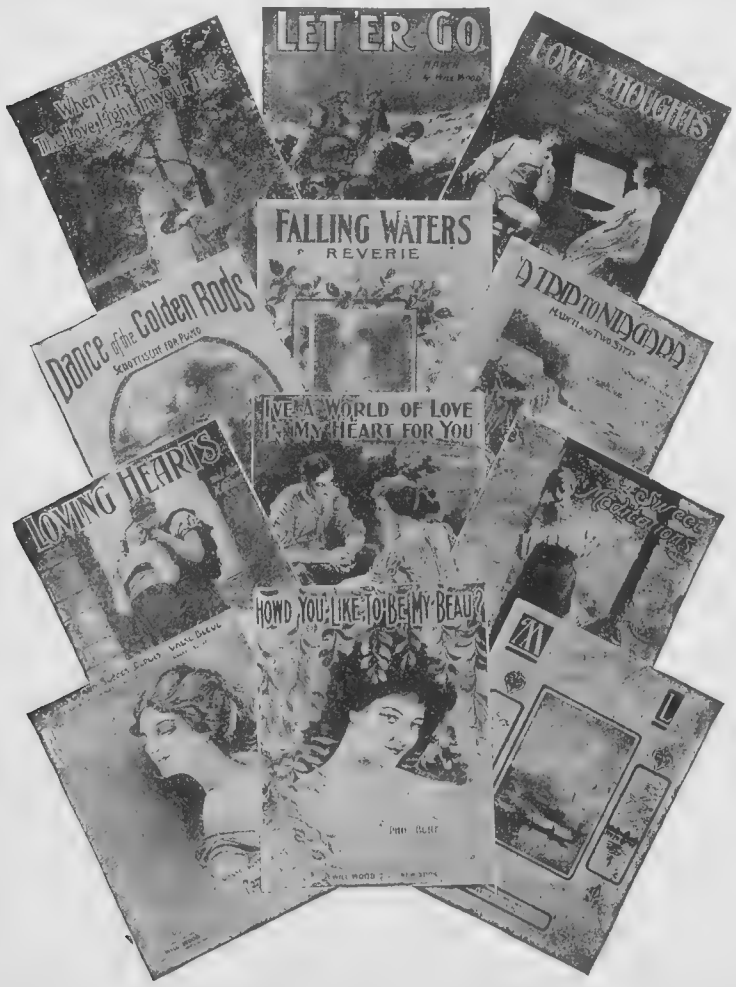
Every present subscriber to, or reader of, **The Western Home Monthly** can secure one NEW subscriber to the paper for one year. This may seem a broad statement, but we think it hardly possible that there is anyone who has not at least one friend, neighbor or acquaintance who would subscribe for this Magazine if shown a copy and asked to do so. It is a very easy and simple matter to secure one new yearly subscriber for **The Western Home Monthly**, and in order to persuade as many as possible of our readers to do it during this summer of 1910, we are about to make an exceedingly liberal and attractive offer. It is as follows:—

To every present subscriber or reader who will send us **One New Subscriber** to **The Western Home Monthly** for **One Year at Seventy-five Cents**, at any time before August 30th, 1910 we will **send free** by mail, postpaid, any three pieces of music selected from the following list:—

Instrumental

1 A Frangesa March
2 Alpine Hut
3 An Easter Emblem
4 Angel's Serenade
5 Anvil Chorus (from "Il Trovatore")
6 April Smiles, Waltzes
7 Arbutus Waltz, (Merry Bells)
8 At Sundown
9 Artist Life, Waltzes
10 Autumn Gavotte, (Merry Bells)
11 Battle of Waterloo
12 Beautiful Blue Dan Waltzes
13 Black Hawk, Waltzes
14 Black Key Polka Mazurka
15 Bluetts Polka (Merry Bells)
16 Brook, (The)
17 Bohemian Girl
18 Campion March (Merry Bells)
19 Cavalleria Rusticana, Int.
20 Cavalleria Rusticana, Int.
21 Convent Grand March
22 Convent Bells
23 Cornflower Waltzes
24 Con Amore (with my love)
25 Chaconne
26 Chapelin the Forest
27 Consolation
28 Daffodil, Schottische, (Merry Bells)
29 Dorothy, Old English Dance
30 Dixie, Transcription
31 Echoes of the Ball
32 Evening Star (Tannhauser)
33 Evening Song
34 Flower of Spring, A
35 Fairy Wedding, Waltz
36 Faust, (Transcription)
30 Fifth Nocturne
38 First Heart Throbs
39 Flatterer (The)
40 Flower Song
41 Frolic of the Frogs, Waltz
42 Funeral March
43 Fur Elise
44 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz
45 Gipsy Dance
46 Girlhood days, Three-step
47 Hazel Blossoms
48 Heather Rose
49 Heartsease
50 Heimweh, (Longing for Home)
51 Home Sweet Home, (Trans.)
52 Il Trovatore
53 In the Country
54 In the Meadow
55 In the Twilight
56 Invitation to the Dance
57 Il Bacio, (The Kiss) Waltzes
58 Jolly Fellows, Waltzes
59 Jolly Fellows, Waltzes
60 L'Argentine, (Silvery Thistle)
61 La Czarine, Mazurka
62 La Fountaine
63 La Paloma
64 Largo
65 Last Hope
66 Last Hope
67 Last Waltz of a Madman
68 Le Tremolo
69 Lily
70 Little Fairy, Waltzes
71 Little Fairy, Polka
72 Little Fairy, Schottische
73 Little Fairy, March
74 Love's Dream After The Ball
75 La Serenata
76 Lily of the Valley
77 Longing for Home (Heimweh)
78 Loin Du Bal, (Sounds from the Ball)
79 Maiden's Prayer
80 May Has Come
81 Melody in F
82 Minuet
83 Monastery Bells
84 Moment Musicale
85 Morning Flowers, (Gavotte)
86 Mountain Belle, (Schottische)
87 Music Box
88 My Old Kentucky Home (Trans.)
89 Old Folks at Home, with variations
90 Orange Blossoms, Waltzes
91 Orvetta Waltzes
92 Over the Waves, Mexican Waltzes
93 Over the Waves
94 Old Black Joe, (Trans.)
95 One Heart—One Soul
96 Padishah, (Persian March
97 Palms (The)
98 Patti Waltzes, (Tyrolienne)
99 Pearly Dew Drops
100 Peri Waltzes
101 Polish Dance
102 Pure as Snow
103 Pretty Picture
104 Qui Vive Galop (4 H'ds) (Double Number)
105 Ramona Waltzes
106 Remember Me
107 Rippling Waves
108 Rustic Dance
109 Sack Waltz
110 Scarf Dance
111 Schubert's Serenade
112 Secret Love
113 Shepherd Boy
114 Silvery Waves
115 Simple Confession
116 Simple Confession
117 Sounds from the Ball, (Loin du Ball)
118 Spring Song
119 Spring's Awakening
120 Spring Beauty, Waltz (Merry Bells)
121 Stephanie Gavotte
122 Storm (The)
123 Shepherd's Song
124 Tam O'Shanter
125 Tannhauser, (Evening Star)
126 The Kiss (Il Bacio)
127 Thine Own, (Melody)
128 Traumerei and Romance
129 Twentieth Century Woman, March
130 Two Angels
131 Under the Double Eagle, March
123 Under the Double Eagle, March
133 Valse Bleue
13 Valse in E flat
135 Waves of the Danube
136 Waves of the Ocean
137 Warblings at Eve
138 Weber's Last Waltz
139 Wedding March
140 Whispering of Love
141 Wine, Women and Song, Waltzes
142 You and I Waltzes



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON

6607 Girl's Costume.
A Simple Summer Frock.

PRETTY SUMMER FROCKS.

The frocks of the summer are very pretty and very attractive, yet simply made. Here are two that are charming. The one worn by the little girl is made of white linen and is trimmed with embroidery. As illustrated it is given a dressy effect by the trimming applied below the tucks but this can be omitted if preferred and the dress can be gathered if better liked, also the neck can be made high. In fact, the model provides for both the afternoon frock and the one for morning wear, for it assumes quite a different aspect when made as shown in the back view, with long sleeve-bands and belt can be of contrasting material, also the trimming

For the two year size will be required 3 yards of material 24 or 27, 2 yards 32 or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide with 5 yards of banding, 2½ yards of embroidery for frill. The pattern 6625 is cut in sizes for girls of 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

The older girl's dress is made from one of the pretty inexpensive wash fabrics and is piped with plain color. It combines a straight plaited skirt with a simple becoming blouse and is closed at the back. If preferred the yoke, band on the skirt when that is used; but a great many mothers like a plain skirt and the waist only trimmed, using plain material on figured, colored material or white on colored. Pale blue linen or chambray with the trimming of white would be charming, rose color is liked, used in the same way, and white linen with either trimming of blue or pink would be dainty and attractive.

For the ten year size will be required 6¾ yards of material 24, 5 yards 32 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 for the fold on the skirt. The pattern 6634 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age and both patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this magazine on receipt of ten cents for each.

Evil thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity and undermine the stablest foundations of character. They are very much like rot in timber, like rust in iron. They eat into the man. And when the process has gone on for awhile, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruins.

Pretty Summer Frocks. Two Patterns—6625—6634.

In the Business World.

Germany And France Want Steel Shoes.

Farmers of Europe next year will wear the remarkable footwear invented by an American.

News has just been received from the Racine factory of the Steel Shoe Company, Racine, Wisconsin, to the effect that next spring this wonderful shoe will be introduced in France and Germany. Farmers of those two countries have banded together in making the request of Mr. N. M. Ruthstein of the Steel Shoe Company. They ordered a large consignment from the Wisconsin manufacturers and as a result, we believe it will make the steel shoes as big a hit in France and Germany as they did in America since it has been decided to introduce this new invention in footwear in those countries. In connection with this announcement, it has become known that steel shoes are creating a sensation around workers in every part of the world despite the fact that they were first given to America.

As wonderful a business story as was ever told is that of the progress of steel shoes into the favor of the American workers in general. Three years ago N. M. Ruthstein gave up his position on the farm and without a cent of capital entered business. In the fall if 1907, during the financial panic, he made his start with little backing. His steel shoe invention took the workers of the country by storm, with the result that to-day he has three factories working 24 hours a day to turn out steel shoes for the farmers and the working men of the world. His factories are at Racine, Wis., Toronto, Canada, and Northampton, England. His advertisements are appearing in practically all the English publications of the world.

The fact that he will start the introduction of steel shoes into France and Germany marks a new step in the wonderful history of steel shoes and the comfort and money saving features which it has brought to the homes of American farmers and workers.

A Canadian Product Wins Out in Australia.

Montreal—On May 22nd the S. S. "Rakai" sailed from this port for Auckland, New Zealand, this being the first sailing of the recently subsidized C.P.R. line from Montreal to Australia and New Zealand.

Part of the "Rakai's" cargo consisted of 2 carloads of "2 in 1" shoe polish, made in Hamilton by F. F. Dalley Co. This is the third shipment of "2 in 1" sent to Australia by the Dalley people within the last year. The first, sent June 8th last, consisted of 1,000 gross, the second, sent November 2nd contained 1,500 gross, while the shipment just sent amounts to 1,540 gross or 221,760 boxes. This brings the total of "2 in 1" sent to Australia within the year up to 581,760 boxes.

It would be hard to find a stronger recommendation for "2 in 1" shoe polish than that it should thus force its way to the ends of the earth, past almost prohibitive tariffs, aganist the strongest kind of competition from British and other firms.

Veterans in Canada are Organizing National Association.

Throughout Central and Western Canada it is estimated that there are fully four or five thousand ex-soldiers—veterans of Britain's and Canada's wars. In order to reach this great body of men the aid of this paper has been asked, so that everyone who has ever served Great Britain or its colonies may know of the proposed formation of a National Veterans' Association, and that all veterans are eligible to join, free of all charge whatsoever. This proposed organization is entirely independent of local veterans' associations. Elaborate preparations are to be made for a grand reunion in a year or two, when the organization will be completed. Some of the best and most prominent men in the West are supporting this movement, and a full list of veterans will be published later on. A large number of names are already enrolled in the "Roll of Honor," among them being veterans of the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, Frontier wars, South African wars, Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870, Wolseley expedition, Nile voyageurs, British Colonial wars, Northwest rebellion of 1885, Mounted Police scouts, etc. If you have ever been in regular or actice service, send in your name now. Anyone knowing any ex-soldiers or veterans are requested to ask them to send their name and address (as well as the corps they served with) to the Secretary Organization Committee, Veterans' Brigade, 183 Walnut Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Vancouver Exhibition.

Six days in which to win premiums totalling $30,000, to become acquainted with the industrial, agricultural and mineral resources of British Columbia, to revel in amusement of the highest and most varied type—these are the main features offered by the holding here of the Vancouver Exhibition from August 15th to 20th.

At the rate present construction work is proceeding the grounds and buildings will be ready long before opening day. The Industrial Hall is already completed, work has been started on the mammonth machinery hall, poultry and dog-show buildings, horse and cattle stables, sheep and pig pens, and on the foundation of the grandstand which is to seat 4,500 persons. The latter, by the way, will be unique in itself in that it will have room on the intermediate floor for an immense cafe and shelter exhibition booths on the ground floor. The floating landing stage which is to be built to receive freight and passengers coming by water from Chilliwack and other points will be started shortly.

Of the 60 acres which the exhibition ground comprises 40 are cleared in fine shape for the buildings themselves while the Association will turn the remaining twenty into a natural park of great beauty. The lighting scheme to consist of thousand of incandescents outlining buildings and grounds, is nearly completed and will be undertaken by the B. C. Electric Company.

The division of days at the Exhibition will be particularly interesting, as follows: Merchants' Day, American Day, Labor Day and Canadian Day. The decision of the Trades and Labor Council to hold the regular labor celebration on one of the fair days and at the fair grounds will be a big feature, including as it will extra sports and amusements. For Merchants' day all retail grocers in the Province will assemble here to be the guests of the Vancouver Retail Grocers' Association, in convention. On American day special excursions will be run to Vancouver from all points in Washington and Oregon. On that day a crowd of 100,000 is expected to attend the exhibition and an equal number, if not greater, on Canadian day.

A glance at the Prize list just issued by the Association indicates the immense scope of the competition in the exhibition to be encouraged. For horses there are the following classes: Breeding-thoroughbreds, Hackneys, Standard bred, Clydesdales, Shires, Percherons, heavy draught, general purpose, general purpose (in harness), and Suffolk Punch. For ponies: Shetland, Welsh, Hackney, general purpose, sweepstakes. Harness classes: Roadsters, carriage, commercial high step, pers, saddle horses, hunters, ladies' hunters, jumpers, special classes, amateur only, horses suitable for military purposes, open class and ponies.

For cattle there are the following classes: Beef classes, Shorthorns, Herefords, Aberdeen Angus, Galloways, fat cattle, Devons, West Highland and Sussex cattle. Dairy classes: Ayrshires, Jerseys, Holsteins, Guernseys, Kerry or Dexter Kerry and Red Poll.

For sheep: Cotswolds, Leicesters, Shropshires, Oxford Downs, Southdowns, Dorset Horn, Lincolns, Hampshire and Suffold Downs.

For swine: Berkshires, Yorkshires, Tamworth, Chester Whites, and other distinct breeds.

The poultry and pet stock classes

Fall Wheat Fall Rye

Each year finds an increasing demand for fall or winter seed of both wheat and rye.
We have liberal and choice stocks of the following, which we can supply at Brandon or Calgary :—

FALL WHEAT—Alberta Red or Turkey Red *f.o.b. Brandon*, 1 bus. and under 10 bus. $1.70 per bus. 10 bus. or more, $1.65 per bus.
Ex-Warehouse Calgary, 1 bus. and under 10 bus., $1.50 per bus., 10 bus. or more, $1.45 per bus.

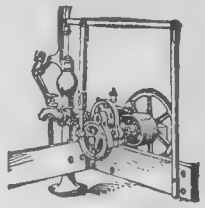
FALL RYE—*F.o.b Brandon*, 1 bus. and under 10 bus., $1.65 per bus., 10 bus. or more, $1.50 per bus. *Ex-Warehouse, Calgary*, 1 bus. and under 10 bus. $1.75 per bus., 10 bus. or more, $1.65 per bus.

Cotton Bags, 25c. each
Terms—Cash to accompany order. Order early and thus save disappointment.

BRANDON, MAN. **A. E. McKenzie Co. Ltd., Seedsmen** CALGARY, ALTA.

PUMPING ENGINE (GASOLINE)

We also make Marine Pumps (700 gal. for 1 cent.) Engines run Churns, Separators, etc. Very low price. Circulars free.



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Waste Water Quite Easily Removed

TO install a running Water Lavatory in any room in your house, the plumber would charge you anywhere from $50.00 to $60.00 and you'd have to put up with the inconvenience of having floors torn up and walls dismantled; with the ROWE SANITARY LAVATORY you can have running water anywhere you want it. You can put it up yourself in 15 minutes and you needn't pay the plumber one cent. Just the thing for Hotels, Country Homes, Summer Residences, etc.

Looks Like a $50.00 Outfit
Costs Only $20.00

The Rowe Lavatory costs only $20.00 complete. Easy terms arranged if required. Has heavy French Bevelled Mirror on top, which conceals a five gallon tank for fresh water. Basin is made of lily white porcelain with pedestal to match and all fittings are of brass and heavily nickel plated.

Order at Once or Write Nearest Agent

Thousands of these lavatories are being sold throughout Canada. Send your order to nearest agent or write for full particulars.

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P. R. Cumming & Co., Mercantile Bldg., Vancouver
The Steel Trough & Machine Co., Ltd., Tweed, Ont.

Running Water In Every Room

include prizes for all classes of pigeons, cage birds, rabbits and cavies.

Classes for competition in agricultural products are: grain, seeds, field roots, vegetables, flowers, fruit honey and miscellaneous special classes.

Dairy products classes will be divided into cheese, butter and special class competitions.

The Indian of British Columbia is not to be neglected. There will be an Indian Department, in which prizes will be offered for all kinds of Indian's handiwork, including antique symbolic carvings and Indian agricultural products.

The natural history division includes prizes for classes in birds, bird skins, insects (collections), shells (collections), flowering plants, weeds (collections), woods, leaves and flowers, illustrating best the forest trees of Canada.

The fine arts department has prize classes in paintings, modelling, photography, wood carving, drawing, applied arts, designs and miscellaneous.

Prize classes for all kinds of women's work will be offered, as for embroidery, lace crochet, knitting, sewing, quilts, rugs, stencilling and drawn thread work.

An exceedingly long list of prizes are offered in the educational exhibits class for various children's work, domestic science, manual training, public school drawings, household arts, etc. Although the exhibition will be open to the public on August 15th the formal opening will be reserved until Tuesday when Sir Wilfred Laurier will be on hand to deliver the chief address at the ceremonies.

Winnipeg has Many Attractions for Exhibition Visitors Outside of the Fair Grounds.

There is probably nothing that gives one a greater mental uplift than a visit to one of the large centres of commerce, at a time when scores of people are gathered there, from various parts of the country. The citizens of the city, themselves, are naturally in gala attire, to receive their guests, and the continual greetings extended on all sides creates an atmosphere of good-fellowship, almost equal to that of Christmas time.

The merchants and business people put forth special effort to make their places of business attractive and plan to display their new styles and lines of merchandise for the inspection of visiting members of the trade, and intending purchasers.

Probably one of the most attractive places in the City during this Exhibition, will be the show-room of Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Limited, the progressive Piano and Phonograph House, which is located at 323 Portage Ave. This energetic firm are arranging an exhibition of Pianos at their own store, and there will be continuous attractions in the way of a musical programme. Special recitals will be given with the Player Piano, so that every body will have an opportunity of hearing for themselves the wonderful effects which can be produced (even by a novice) with these instruments. Demonstrations will be given on the New Scale Williams, the Apollo, and Ennis & Co. Player Pianos.

Then, in addition to the display of Pianos, there will be a great display of Phonographs of all the different styles of the famous Victor and Edison makes, including the wonderful Victrola. You will be able to hear Caruso or any of the great operatic stars, or any of Harry Lauder's records. In fact, you can hear any record produced by the Victor and Edison Co., as this firm carry a full stock of each.

Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Limited, have planned this display at their own new warerooms, and have also arranged with the Williams Piano Co. to display all their Exhibition stock, in place of having an exhibit at the Grounds, believing it better to concentrate all their attention where they have every facility and equipment for handling business, and where the surroundings are artistic, with lovely palms to greet the eye, and electric fans to keep you cool, and a polite staff of salesmen to courteously answer any questions you may desire to ask, or to demonstrate any instrument you would like to hear.

She Didn't Sleep Well.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:

"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my stateroom about how to put the life-preserver on, and I thought I understood it; but I guess I didn't. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."

EATON'S
Midsummer Attractions

July and August Sale

THIS MIDSUMMER harvest of bargains is now ready for reaping. It offers money saving opportunities of the most practical sort. Winnipeg shoppers will have plenty of exercise in economy buying during the continuance of this Sale, while out-of-town Customers will share most generously through the values offered in our

Sale Catalogue

This catalogue is now ready for the mails and a copy will be sent to any address on request. You will want your catalogue at once. Write for it to-day—Now.

Exhibition Visitors

DURING THE FAIR thousands of Eaton customers from out of town will be attracted to Winnipeg. We welcome the opportunity to become better acquainted, and we have arranged to make your visit both pleasant and profitable. Special provision has been made for your accommodation, a Visitor's Room on the Sixth floor, where you may meet your friends, write letters or rest ; a checking Booth on the Main floor where all parcels and wraps may be safely deposited free of charge.

Farmer's Day, July 21st.

Will be a time of special value offerings by which the expenses of your trip to Winnipeg may be largely defrayed.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Variations.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
All standing in a row.

(By W-ll-m Sh-k-sp-r.)

Sooth ye, fair maid, whose mind doth seem to be
Contrariwise, and who hath been yclept
Mary, and is ofttimes bespoken as Marie
And who betimes the while at boarding-school thou wert
Didst write thyself Mayrye,
I fain would ask
How doth thy little plot of ground wherein
Rosemary, sage and marjarom and thyme
Shouldst sprout and bud and bloom and bear—
How doth it grow?
What? Odsblood!
Nay! Not with silvery bells whose mellow tune
Doth even so outclink the clinkless cockleshells!

(By Edg-r All-n P-e.)

Look at Mary in her patch—
Garden patch—
Dressed her growing crop to match—
What a match!
The potatoes making eyes as she swiftly, softly flies
As an angel cleaves the azure o'er the heights of paradise,
While the corn pricks up its ears as fair Mary's step it hears,
And the turnips turn to watch her as with gentle grace she nears
Till she stops above the beets
And my heart all madly beats—
Oh, it beats, beats, beats, beats, beats, beats, beats, beats!

(By A. C. Sw-nb-rn.)

So I prithee, fair maid, in thy garden
With thy hoes and thy hose and thy hose—
(Should I not mention those, beg your pardon?)
Can you tell me to-day how it grows?
With its serrated bells made of silver,
With its cockleshells all in a row.
With its—
bilver, dilver, filver, gilver,
hilver, jilver, kilver, milver,
nilver, pilver, wilver, vilver—
Ah, there's no rhyme for that—let it go!

(By W-lt Wh-tm-n.)

I salute you, Mary, in the garden,
With your hoe and rake and trowel,
And the smudge on your cheeks, and your eyes
Looking scanningly over the back fence to see
Who is watching. I salute the corn and onions
And beets and radishes and all those things.
I am one with the tomato and the lettuce,
And my heart is attuned to the soft vibration of the pease.
(Traubel, be sure to put this in your memoirs.)
I salute thee, contrary one!
Contrariness, thy name is woman, just as stubbornness is the synonym for man,
For we are all puffs of breath and heart-beats of infinity,
And even now I feel a sympathy and a pang
In unison with my unknown brother,
Who stubs his toe on Jupiter
Or gets his feet wet on the Milky Way.
But, as I was saying,
Is your garden doing any good this summer?
(Note for Traubel: Talk to me about this.)

—Chicago Evening Post.

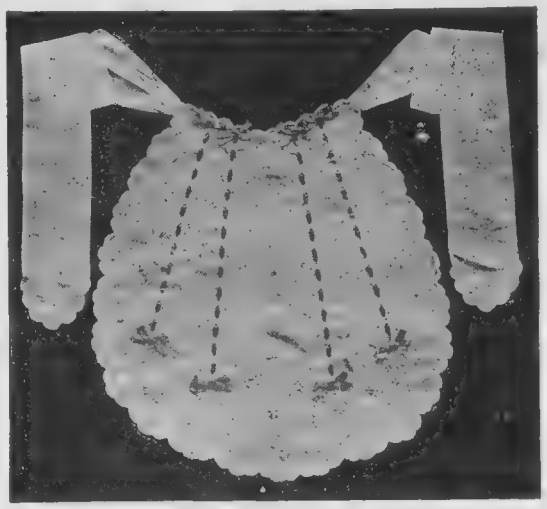
Pain is a blessing. It is Nature's forerunner that tells of an approaching enemy. Heed the warning and the enemy either surrenders or retreats. Do not kill the pain, but the cause.

Some of the Newest Ideas.

EMBROIDERED APRONS.

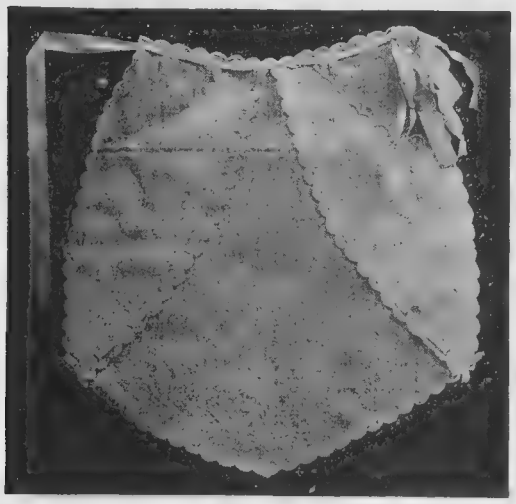
Two charming little embroidered aprons are illustrated on this page, and as these dainty little trifles are so fashionable at present, we are sure these designs will meet with our readers approval.

No. 5062 has a graceful little design of tiny daisies embroidered solidly on fine sheer lawn, and four rows of eyelets are worked into eyelets are worked lengthwise through which very narrow satin ribbons are run and tied into tiny bows. The edge of this apron has a buttonholed scallop and if preferred fine Val Lace may be sewn under, forming a dainty ruffled edge



5062. Apron stamped on lawn,

The second No. 5420 is a little work apron with the deep curving pockets which are so useful to hold the little essentials one likes to have at hand while sewing. This sheer cross-barred dimity apron is embroidered on with a simple little design in the well known Lazy-Daisy stitch, and the novel idea is that pocket pieces are embroidered separately, and have eyelets matching those stamped on the apron underneath. Ribbons laced through these fasten the pockets into place. Ribbon ties finish this little apron.



5420. Stamped on cross bag, 35c.

NEGLIGE.

A pretty little summer neglige No. 5167 which has a handsome design or single chrysanthemums stamped for solid embroidery. The garment pictured on this page is embroidered on cross barred dimity, but lawns and cotton crepes etc., all are suitable mateirals. This neglige is both cool and practical, and has the added advanage of being very easily made up, as it laces into place on the shoulders and under arms with ribbons run through eyelets, and is shirred into the waist line over soft ribbons which tie it into place. It would be hard to imagine a more dainty and useful little novelty than this neglige.

WAIST.

One of the very latest ideas for embroidered blouses is shown here, and the embroidery design it at once stylish and has very little work. The square tabs which edge one side are to be worked in solid, padded buttonhole

Negligee stamped on plain or cross bar lawn.

5375. Waist stamped on linen, $1.50, lawn, 75c.

stitch, and the dots may be embroidered in a color matching the costume with which it is to be worn, or the whole design may be embroidered in white and merely outlined with a collar. This waist shows the fashionable left side closing effect, and may be embroidered on either white or colored linen. Other materials such as lawns are also used for these waists, but linen seems to be the favorite material, not only because it wears better, but it seems a more suit-wears better, but is seems a more suitable fabric for hand embroidery than cotton weaves.

Lustered cotton to embroider any of the above articles, 3 cents per skein, or 30 cents per dozen.

Padding cotton, 5 cents per ball.

Readers entrusting their orders for any of the articles described on this page will have them promptly attended to, and when ordering please mention the article as well as the design number that there may be no mistake in filling.

This Centerpiece Given

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

We will send you POST PAID this 22 x 22 inch CENTRE PIECE, Tinted on Tan Crash. Your choice of the following designs:

Roses, Poinsettia, Yellow Daisy, Maple Leaf or Wild Roses

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins BELDING'S FAST COLOR ROYAL FLOSS to trim and commence embroidery on the centre piece. The Lace is ECRU FILET matching centre piece in color.

This Offer is Made

to convince every woman that BELDING'S SILKS are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING" giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers.

Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted. Address—

Belding, Paul & Co., Ltd. Dept. L. **Montreal, P.Q.**

Do You Want Real Shirt Comfort?

No doubt you do?

Cotton shirts soon become damp and limp. Perspiration affects them.

They require frequent laundering and do not last very long.

Jaeger Pure Wool Neglige Shirts

are as comfortable as a shirt can be.

They **LOOK** well; the hang of the shoulders, the smooth fitting front and the air of distinction they have places them in a class by themselves.

Good dressers—comfort seekers—have learned to depend on Jaeger Pure Wool Shirts for Spring and Summer wear.

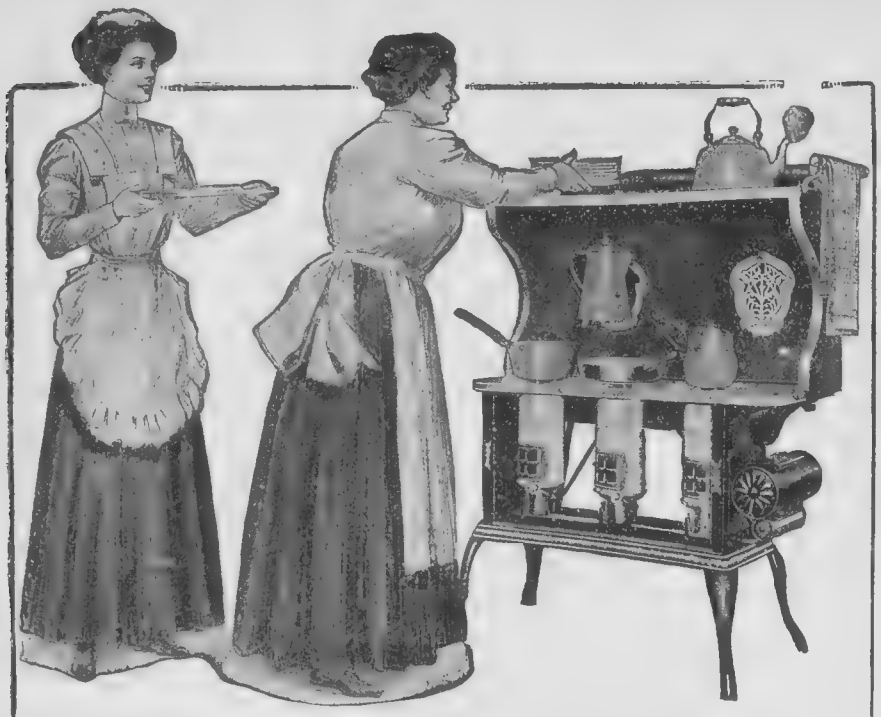
Patterns sent on application and the fit of the shirt guaranteed.

TRADE MARK

Dr JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LTD.

Steele Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg
231 Yonge Street, Toronto.
316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.



Dishes hot—food well cooked—kitchen cool.

No underdone food—no overheated kitchen in summer. Everything hot when wanted. Heat under perfect control and concentrated.

The blue flame is all heat—no smoke—no odor—no dirt. These are some of the advantages in using the

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

This stove has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nickeled towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness.

Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove—see that the nameplate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

HECLA FURNACE. A HOME WARMER

WITH

PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

No Furnace can boast of these

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

STEEL RIBBED FIRE-POTS—Give three times the radiating surface.

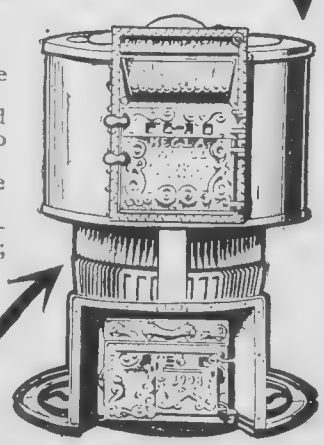
FUSED JOINTS—Are everlasting and allow no air gas, dust or smoke to escape.

INDIVIDUAL GRATE BARS—Saves the fuel.

CAST IRON COMBINATION CHAMBERS—Will outlast the steel chamber; we know this by test.

Before you buy a furnace, get our booklet, it tells the story of furnace satisfaction and fuel economy.

CLARE & BROCKEST, LIMITED
246a Princess St., Winnipeg, Canada



When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Woman and the Home.

Joy.

I never knew the joy of getting home;
I never knew how fast a heart could beat;
I never tasted joy,
Till the day my boy
Came running up to meet me on the street.

I never knew the pleasure of a smile,
I never knew the music of a voice
Till I heard my baby greet me,
On this day he ran to meet me,
In a way that made my weary heart rejoice.

I never knew a welcome half so true,
Till I heard his "Hello, daddy!" down the street
And though as weary as could be,
When he scampered up to me,
There was comfort in the patter of his feet.

I never knew the charm of laughing eyes,
I never knew how happy I could be;
I never knew the cheer
That makes worry disappear,
Till the day my baby first ran up to me.

Edgar A. Guest in The Detroit Free Press.

The Little Gable Window.

There's a little gable window in a cottage far away
Where a child in purple twilight used to softly kneel and pray,
While across the marge of evening fell the darkness, and the stars
Peeped in tender benediction over Heaven's silver bars.

Softly thro' the gathering shadows breathed that little tender prayer,
For the undimmed faith of childhood knows a far diviner air.
God was good and so was mother, sunny moments stretched before,
And the after dreams were colored by the hues the future wore.

There's a little gable window in a cottage far away
Where a maiden used to linger at the closing of the day,
Face as fresh and fair as May-time, lips of laughter, eyes of blue,
Dreaming lightly of the future with a heart sincere and true.

All the winds that blew to meet her sang of happy days to be
When the rose of life should blossom in a land beyond the sea.
Hand in hand with love eternal all the future way seemed fair;
In that little olden cottage Youth had never met with care.

Ah, the years have brought me sorrow—I am tired and weary now,
There is silver in my tresses, there are lines upon my brow,
And my heart is filled with longing just once more to kneel and pray
By the little gable window of that cottage far away.

L. M. Montgomery.

The Strength of Weakness.

There is much that mere strength cannot do. It can thrust men into prisons, but they still will sing songs at midnight; it can kill the bodies, but their souls will still march on; it can threaten and impede, but the human spirit will be unsubdued. No man is conquered while he is not won, and winsome benignity belongs less to power than to weakness. The recantation which scourging could not wring from the martyr was effected by the broken cry of his suffering child. The bayonet can enlist an army of conscripts, but it is the silent eloquence of the flag that enroll the truly patriotic. Force writes her victories in the sand, but love records them on the heart, where neither life nor death effaces them.—O. G. Doney, Ph.D.

Beautiful Hands.

Mrs. Jamieson, the well-known authoress, was a great admirer of beautiful hands, and thus expressed herself on her favorite "point" in a woman.

"A white hand," she wrote, "is a very desirable ornament, and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady excels her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will cause the blood to circulate freely and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brightening her house, and making herself as useful as possible in the performance of all domestic duties."

A Good Kind.

"Benjie's a stupid boy," said Sara Jane.

"Benjie's tired," said grandmother.

Expectation.

"He ought to have been in bed at eight o'clock, and here it's half-past nine. He'll be bright enough when he's had his sleep out. Put him to bed."

Benjie was tired. And he had nodded and nodded in his chair till he had almost nodded himself to sleep. But he heard what they said, and in his little heart he thanked his grandmother for the way she stood up for him.

And wasn't he bright the next day? And didn't Sara Jane laugh at his merry pranks until she held her sides?

"Benjie's cross," said Samuel.

"He's just hungry," said grandmother. "We have such early breakfasts here on the farm, and of course he's hungry long before dinnertime. Step into the dairy Samuel, and get him a good drink of milk."

Benjie told Sister Laura about it when he went back from the fresh, green farm to the great hot city.

"Such good grandmothers as they do have in the country!" said Benjie.

Mary Elizabeth Stone.

When Does a Woman Look an Old Maid?

Not until she becomes old at heart, has grown morose, taciturn, and eccentric in manner. It is, in fact, a woman's own fault if ever she is looked upon in this way.

"A woman is as old as she looks; a man as old as he feels."

Women, and especially unmarried ones, need never arrive at the stage when they are supposed to be past the captivating or charming state. Why need the woman of to-day either look or feel old? She need not fancy herself beyond the marriageable age, or uninteresting, unless she be very advanced in years.

Again, is not age venerable? Women of middle life, or those past the first of youth, are often more sought after by men than their younger, and per-

A Serious Mood.

haps fairer, sisters; for they are more companionable, better company all round.

Indeed, it is a well-known fact that men of the world prefer a woman of mature age; the reason of this is pretty obvious. A woman who is past her youth makes a more sensible friend, a more sympathetic listener, and is always livelier and more consoling than a younger one.

There is no occasion for a woman to grow taciturn, become irritable or show herself a disappointed old maid, because she is not married. To remain a single woman is no disgrace; and it need neither make her old-fashioned nor eccentric. Youth, in fact, often lingers longer with the spinster than it does with those of her more worried married sisters.

Women are only as old as they look nowadays. Why then either look or feel old?

"Oh, merry goes the time when the heart is young!
There's nought too high to climb when the heart is young."

Why, then, ever feel old. To keep young, dress and act youthfully, and take an interest in all things young and bright around you, for thus indeed one can ward off old age indefinitely.

It is not because a woman is single that she should lose her interest in life. No woman should wear her heart on her sleeve, even though she has been disappointed; no one thinks more of her for showing her sorrow to the world.

To be bright, gay, lively; enjoy the gifts the gods have bestowed, rather than pine for what we have not got; it is the keynote to happiness, the wisest in the end.

A woman should dress well and youthfully, no matter what her state in life; she should mix in society, make herself liked by all, rich and poor alike. It is not because the bloom has left her cheeks that she is less dear to those who love her.

Happily, the once gorgon-eyed, prim, severe, and starched old maid, who wore corkscrew curls, and reviewed everything in life through green glasses, is now almost an unknown quantity.

The bachelor woman who has taken her place has none of these contorted views; she is broader-minded, less viciously disposed, and is certainly a more useful and helpful members of society, Women keep younger, dress smartly, and have less of the prudish manners of our grandmothers at the present time.

The emanicipation and equality of women now with the stronger sex has, of course, abolished much of this nonsense; and the type of nervous, clinging, frightened old maid scarcely exists in the rough-and-tumble world where women are compelled to keep their youth if only to enable them the better to fight the battle of life, and meet men on a commercial footing.

That the old-time spinster is now almost extinct we are shown every day by the number of well-dressed, lively, and smart women, many of them past their youth or in the prime of life, but still young in manner, who are engaged daily in commercial enterprise in our vast cities.

The sooner single women realize that there is no stated age at which, if they remain unmarried, they will be relegated to the shelf, the better for themselves and others. A woman is no more an old maid at thirty, or even forty now, than she was formerly at twenty.

When a woman is dubbed an old maid nowadays, it is generally because she has allowed herself to grow old-fashioned in dress, ideas, and heart. Many middle-aged ladies are never looked upon as old; in fact, no one would dream of placing upon them the opprobrious epithet of "old maid."

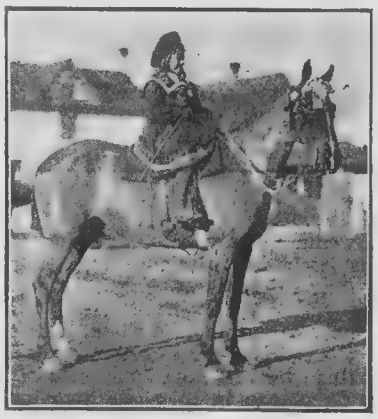
Some women never can nor never will, be old; the name does not apply to them, for the name "old maid" no longer exists. It has died a natural death, gone out of fashion, is as extinct today as the species of woman it was once supposed to represent.

Out of its ashes has arisen a new woman; one who is never old, who defies the march of time so far as the epithet old maid is concerned.

The new bachelor woman is light-hearted, gay, and merry; she can defy the flight of years, for her inclinations, her tastes, her desires are all up to date and juvenille.

If women are as old as they look, then we shall have no old maids in future, for with the last verse of the song we can say to her:

"No heart, no heart is old."



At the Provincial Horse Show, Calgary, 1910.

Bed Time

"Come children, put away your toys;
Roll up the kite's long line;
The day is done for girls and boys—
Look, it is almost nine!
Come, weary foot and sleepy head,
Get up, and come along to bed."

The children, loath, must yet obey;
Lie down, and something sing or say
Up the long stair they creep;
Until they fall asleep,
To steal through caverns of the night
Into the morning's golden light.

We, elder ones, sit up more late,
And tasks unfinished ply,
But gently busy, watch and wait—
Dear sister, you and I,
To hear the father, with soft tread,
Coming to carry us to bed.

—George McDonald.

SOME SOLID FACTS

about washing clothes and the machine to use

Every Woman Should Know About the

GEE WHIZZ

Washing Machine

WHY ?

To see it is to try it. To try it is to buy it.

Because ninety-nine out of every hundred that try them, find them to exceed any other washing machine made, and to save 75 per cent. of the labor required to wash by hand on the board. They will positively wash clothes clean without the use of the washboard; this includes neck-bands and wristbands of shirts.

The washing can be done on the GEE WHIZZ in half the time it takes to do it on the other machines. It will wash a handkerchief as well as a bed quilt or a length of carpet.

The washing is done by the force with which the hot soap suds are driven through the clothing. The machine is ingeniously constructed to do this and is so easy to operate that a child can run it.

The clothes are not subject to grinding or rough usage, and are washed thoroughly clean, too, without having to resort to the Wash Board to finish them.

And to give you double assurance, the GEE WHIZZ is guaranteed to fulfil these claims.

Insist on your merchant getting a Gee Whizz for you, and if he will not, write us, giving his name, and we will be pleased to send you full particulars.

MADE IN WINNIPEG

See our display at the Winnipeg Exhibition Exhibition. Demonstrations given of washing machines driven by electricity, water power and hand power. We will pay freight charges on all machines purchased at the Exhibition.

For Booklet and Full Information write

The Gee Whizz Manufacturing Co.
Winnipeg, Man.

Invitation to Exhibition Visitors

To the hundreds of people throughout the West, who have written me in the past regarding the extraordinary merits of the EAR OSCILLATOR for curing DEAFNESS, and the ELECTRIC VIBRATOR for relieving PAIN, and curing DISEASE of every kind, I extend an invitation, and shall be pleased to give a treatment entirely FREE OF CHARGE, so that they may prove every claim put forward to be entirely justifiable.

S. G. THOMPSON, Specialist in Medical Electrical Appliances
204 Enderton Blk. (Cor. Hargrave and Portage), WINNIPEG
Office hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m, Phone Main 2966

VANCOUVER EXHIBITION

August 15 to 20
1910
Vancouver
British Columbia

$30,000 IN PRIZES AND PREMIUMS

Specially low rates from all points on railways and boats.

Exhibits sent as freight on Canadian lines will be returned free.

Superb and unique attractions in Speeding Events and Dog Show. Spectacular "Fighting the Flames," Broncho Busting Competion, Wood Chopping Contest, Trotting and Pacing Events and Hunt Club Races.

Entries close August 1st. Write for prize list and information to

JAS. ROY, Manager and Secretary
Vancouver Exhibition Association

SECRETS OF THOUGHT

This is absolutely the greatest book ever written for people who, like you, are ambitious, but who are not getting on as they should: "Success and Happiness;" 26 Lessons on the Law of Success (Written by a famous Mental Scientist, B. F. Austin, A.M., D.D., ex-President, Alma College, Canada). How you can really become anything you desire to become—mentally, physically, morally, psychically; How to Build your own Body by your own Thought Power; How to Mentally Heal Diseases (of yourself and others), etc., etc. To succeed: understand yourself; then, help yourself. Succeed! Do you know how? This book will make your life over for you. Written simply. Read it—practice! Send 50c. stamps, to-day—succeed.

Austin Publishing Company, 12 Arlington St., Rochester, N.Y.

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.00

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain. : Address or consult
Dr. McEaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

Glaxo

The great English Infants' Food

Pure and easily digested by the youngest baby, or the weakest digestion in the case of an invalid.

Do not fail to see our Exhibit in the Winnipeg Exhibition next month. We can show you just why Glaxo is the finest Infants' Food that has ever been made.

Pure and unadulterated nourishing, and complete, it will solve all your difficulties in feeding, and give your baby just what it needs for a sure and healthy development.

GLAXO has been called by our Winnipeg Customers time and time again "The most wonderful food they have ever seen."

Offices: **285 Smith Street**
Winnipeg
Cut out this ad. and bring it with you.

Excellent!

There is only one way to judge CLARK'S MEATS fairly, and that is to try them; and there is only one opinion when they are tried and that is "EXCELLENT."

The fact is CLARK'S MEATS are considered the standard of meat excellence and whenever and wherever preserved meats are used CLARK'S are naturally preferred to others.

Clark's Pork and Beans are the very best.

WM. CLARK, Montreal
Manufacturer of
High Grade Food Specialties

The Young People.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

To Woo!

Two little owls went sailing,
Under the clouds and the rain;
And perched on the garden paling,
To try and get breath again.
"It is terribly wet!" she panted.
"Oh, what are we going to do?"
He looked and he sighed. "To woo!" he replied.
"To woo, little love, to woo!"

Then he opened his old umbrella
Over her little brown head.
"You keep me so dry," she whispered.
"Squeeze close, and keep warm," he said.
And the Grandmother Owl was smiling,
As she saw how the rain beat through
"There is nothing like love," she whispered,
"To woo, little birds; to woo!"

Dog Stories.

The following stories are all from a wonderfully interesting book called "My Dogs in the Northland." This is certainly a volume that every boy will want to read, describing, as it does, the various dogs of different breeds that were the property of Rev. Egerton Young, a missionary in Alaska. One of these dogs was Jack, a magnificent St. Bernard. Jack was thirty-three inches high at the fore-shoulder and weighed nearly 300 pounds. He was wonderfully intelligent, on one occasion saving his master's life during a blizzard in which they were lost. Wherever Mr. Young went, accompanied by Jack, the dog became a great favorite. Of one occasion he writes:

"When I started off with him on a railway journey I always took him to the baggage-car and left him there, with orders to remain until we reached our stopping place, and I would come for him. He knew well what was expected of him and cheerfully obeyed. At the different stations where we stopped for passengers or baggage, Jack would frequently jump out upon the platform. But he never got left."

On one occasion he destroyed his orders. A misplaced switch threw the engine and the following cars off the track. As the baggage car tumbled down the enbankment, its door flew open and out sprang Jack.

"We, of course, all sprang at once to our feet and rushed to the door. We were thankful to find it had not jammed, and so were able to get out very quickly. But before I had run many yards, there was Jack coming at all the speed imaginable. The instant he recognized me he gave a howl of delight, and fairly springing upon me, he threw his great forepaws around my neck and held me with a grip like a bear, while he kissed me repeatedly in dog fashion and again howled out his joy that I had escaped injury. His remarkable conduct attracted much attention.

"When I could get him down and quiet his delight a little, he happened to see Mrs. Young, and away he rushed for her, and again we had an exhibition of his delight that we had fortunately escaped without injury.

Jack's companion was a beautiful thoroughbred Newfoundland named Cuffy. As might have been expected from her origin, Cuffy was very fond of the water. The Mission Indians were accustomed to catch sturgeon and bring them to the pond nearby, where they were secured and kept alive until needed for food. These sturgeon are very large fish, sometimes ten feet in length, and Cuffy greatly enjoyed plunging into the water and playing with them.

"There was an especially large one, that became quite friendly with Cuffy, although the dog never seemed to understand how it was that the fish could get out of sight so quickly. One great trick of Cuffy's was to firmly seize hold of the great fish's tail. The instant the sturgeon would feel this it would quickly dive, dragging Cuffy completely out of sight. It would not be long before the dog, spluttering and blowing, would come to the surface, and strike out for the shore. As soon as the sturgeon was up and apparently looking for its old playmate Cuffy would plunge in to renew this unique sport."

The most remarkable instances of sagacity, however, are told of Voyageur, whom Mr. Young declares to have been the finest leader dog I ever owned." He was never an affectionate or playful dog and always resented petting, but once harnessed to the dog-team this sullen, sulky dog became active and alert. In starting " all that was necessary was to point to some bold cliff, maybe some twenty miles away, and say: 'Voyageur, this is our next point, now for it!" Straight as a surveyor's line would be the trail he would make, as with traces taut, and without a guide or another word from his driver, he gallantly dashed along."

He was especially sagacious in traveling over ice that was melting below, and was therefore dangerous, though the surface appeared firm. Voyageur would wind in and around these treacherous spots, but ever keep the goal in view.

On one occasion, the traveling party recognized the signs of an oncoming blizzard, and knew they must exert themselves to the utmost to reach shelter and save their lives. Down swept the furious storm, however, and as the whirling snow hid everything from sight, the sleds were lashed together and the men tied themselves on, while the lives of all depended on the courage and intelligence of Voyageur. We wish there were space to give this story in full; it is a most remarkable instance of brute triumph.

For hours, in the raging blizzard, the dog unhesitatingly led the way, until suddenly he stopped in his tracks and deliberately laid down. The men urged and coaxed, but he refused to move. Then (oh, that such things must be told) they beat him cruelly and kicked him brutally. It was noticed that he made no outcry, but took the terrible treatment in silence. Finally an experienced Indian guide was sent ahead, but he almost immediately returned.

"We are on the thin ice over the rapid current of the river," he shouted. "The dog has saved our lives!"

And so it proved. In the darkness they had reached the wide mouth of the Nelson river, while believing that they were still on the bosom of Lake Winnipeg. In this instance, the keenness of the dog had discovered the running water under the ice, and his prompt action had saved twenty lives.

"Innocence."

"Pocky."

When Jack Maston was taking his gang of men to his logging-camp up among the head waters of the Androscoggin River his cook fell ill and had to be sent back, along with the man who was to have served as "cookee," or cook's assistant.

After a delay of one or two days Maston secured a couple of Frenchmen-Canadians to take their places.

Peter, the new cook, a huge, black-bearded fellow, with evil, narrow eyes, soon began to amuse himself by bullying the cookee, whom on account of the smallpox scars with which the little man's face was covered, he abusively called "Pocky."

Maston, coming into the camp kitchen unexpectedly one evening, found Peter belaboring Pocky with the soup-paddle.

"Why you don't put more potat in dem soup, Pocky? I tol' you put in feefteen potat. Hey?"

"I put heem in all right," protested the assistant, trying to ward off the paddle.

"You tol' me lie. I'll break you hade right off," and Peter whacked again at the cookee's head.

"Hold on, Peter!" said Maston. "I guess the soup's all right. You let the boy alone."

A cook in a logging camp, if he is a good cook, is an important person, not accustomed to brook interference, and Peter turned angrily.

"I ain't want no boss tell me 'bout my beesness," he said. "I'll mind my beesness, me."

And seizing Pocky by the collar, he flung him half across the room.

Maston took two long strides forward.

"Peter," he said, sternly, "if you ever lay a hand on that boy again it will go hard with you."

The cook's face turned black. He threw down a stack of tin plates which he had just picked up, and doubling up his fists, he cried:

"I ain't 'fraid no Yankee boss hever I see! I lick you so quick as I lick dat boy."

He made at Maston. The next moment the burly lumberman had stretched him on the floor.

From that time on there was no more abuse for Pocky. Peter transferred all his malice to the boss, whom he watched with eyes that often reddened with hate. And meanwhile Pocky was watching Peter.

The huge tiers of logs increased rapidly. Maston had conceived the idea of placing them upon a smooth solid rollway, leading to the water.

He believed that then, by krocking

out two props at the foot, he could launch at once the whole mass of timber. The expense of rolling the logs would thus be saved, and they would also be kept from mingling with those of other river-men.

During the last days of March that year the weather became unusually warm, and so much rain fell that the mountain stream rose suddenly.

As the rain continued Maston grew anixous. If the water should rise enough to float the raft of logs disaster must follow, for the stream was bound to abate within a few hours after the closing of the storm. Another quick freeze would be sure to come, and then the logs would be held fast until the ice broke up, when they would go with it and be scattered and lost.

On the third night of the storm Maston awoke and thought he heard, with the roaring of the stream and the beating of the rain, another sound. He rose on his elbow in his bunk and listened. Again it came, and this time there could be no mistake. It was a wild cry, as from a man in the extremity of pain and terror.

Maston sprang to the floor and began hurrying on his boots.

"Up, men, up!" he shouted.

One by one the sleepy loggers poked their heads out of their bunks, and again came the terrible cry.

"Down by the river, boys!" Maston said; and without waiting for them to follow, he seized a lighted lantern and a peevy and ran outdoors, toward the rollway.

As the swirling waters of the river flashed in the glare of the lantern, he heard a weak voice calling:

"Quick, boss! Come quick! I can't hol' dem log no longer!"

Then Maston saw Pocky's face, strangely contorted, straining above the bottom log of the tier.

Loosened by the breaking of the prop at one end of it, this log had swung forward down the rollway toward the river, until it had nearly wrenched away the prop at the other end.

Pocky crouched, with his shoulder beneath a bending lever, striving against the further slipping of the ponderous tree trunk.

As yet the friction was sufficient to hold the logs behind in place, but they might move at any moment; and should the prop at the other end give way, the whole mass would overwhelm Pocky, and sliding like an avalanche, plunge into the river.

Maston sprang over the log and threw his peevy into position beneath it. Bending to the lift with all his great strength, he stopped the sliding.

Pocky, feeling the terrible strain upon his shoulder relax, groaned feebly and sank down upon the ground.

In the few seconds that elapsed before the men came running down, Maston heard at his right and almost under him a moan of suffering; and when the men pried up the log, Maston drew out from under it Peter, crushed and senseless.

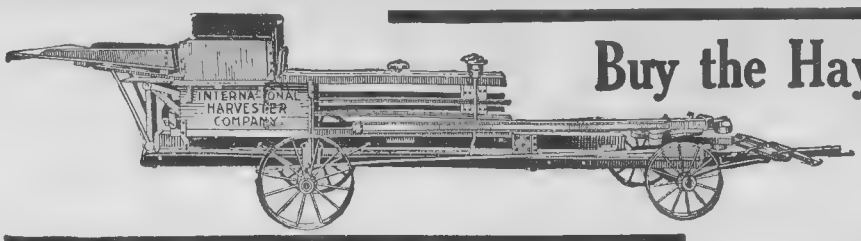
The cook was still breathing, however, and when he had been carried back to the camp and carefully examined, Maston was relieved to find that he had rceeived no worse injury than a broken leg.

By that time Pocky had recovered sufficiently to tell his story, although he was still too exhausted to emphasize it with his usually profuse gestures.

"I no like the way Peter act some time. So I keep watch, and t'ink he goin' to hurt the boss. To-night I hear him get up in his bunk and go out; and then I get up and go behin' him. I take one peevy to break his hade if he do somet'ing bad.

"He has one bull'seye lantern, and goes up, down the pile of log. He sees stick what hol' the log from goin' down-river. Then he takes big skid and runs hard to knock out prop. Same time I throw peevy very quick between his legs, and he falls down like one frog, jus' w'en he knocks out prop. And the big log catch his foot.

"Oh, ba gollee! I never heard one man squeal so bad like him. And I take my peevy to try lif' the log, but it keep squeezin' him more an' more, an' by



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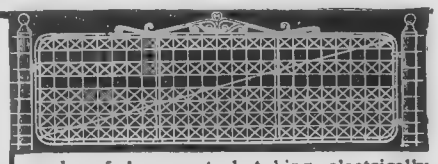

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'n' by the boss come, and all is right. I pooty glad, me."

It was with sudden emotion that Maston shook the little man's hand.

"You're a good, brave boy," he said, "You've saved a man's life, and you've saved me money, and I don't believe either of us is likely to forget it."

The raft of logs went safely downstream in the end, and out of his profits Maston provided a handsome reward for Pocky. As for Peter, he did some thinking during the weeks that he lay on his back, and when he was at last well enough to take his departure from the camp, he said to his former assistant:

"I much 'bliged, Pocky. You good man. I try me bes' to be so good a man as you, me."

Skipper Mary.

It was dull at Chappanedick Cove on a certain afternoon in mid-August. At least four girls found it so after a summer half-gone, in which, as it seemed, they had exhausted every form of recreation. Mary Moore was an ideal hostess, and the "Three Hoosiers," as all the college called her guests, had reveled in the new delights.

"I'll tell you what, girls, we'll have a sail all by ourselves," exclaimed Mary.

"But, Mary, Joe isn't here. Who'll sail us?"

"Why, you dear Dolly, I can sail a boat. Of course, I shouldn't want to cross the bay alone, but we could go out around the island and get back before supper-time, and it's very steady and clear."

The little knockabout lay dancing at her moorings. The cove was dimpling with the south-west wind that blew a hot breath across the landing as the girls untied the dory and pulled out to the yacht.

"You are sure your mother wouldn't care, Mary?" asked Sarah Taft.

"Oh, no. We aren't going where there is any danger. We can run out before this wind, and come back round the island on an easy reach home."

The girls exchanged glances of admiration at these fluent nautical terms, mere jargon to them. Yet as they approached the trim little yacht, Mary, the skipper, felt her courage oozing a little, for she was not quite so experienced as she liked to be thought.

Ten minutes later they had left the wharf out of hail, and were running out of the cove into the inner bay. The sun shone warm, the wind said, "Well done!" and the running wavelets, now and then showing a white tip, seemed like gentle companions. Two miles ahead of them lay Peach Island, half a mile long and high in the middle. The outer bay narrowed here to the inner bay, and that in turn into the cove. The island marked the division of the two bays; outside was the open sea.

In the course of half an hour they had brought the island off the port bow, and now they could view the broad expanse of the outer bay, a dance of whitecaps.

Mary felt a quick impulse to put about, for there was something threatening in that great heaving waste, with its blue-black horizon line, dotted though it was with scores of yachts and coasters.

But the little twenty-footer, as if to reassure her, drove through the whitecaps with such steadiness and swiftness that the fascination outweighed the sense of fear. Mary recollected that she had life tanks more than equal to her lead, and besides ,a knockabout could not capsize—which is as true as that a horse cannot run away if he is tied. Her courage returned at once.

But had the girls noticed such things from habit, they would have seen, as they passed the south end of the island, that a gap had already been formed in the fleet of small craft in the offing. Some were standing south, others north.

When they were well outside the bar which lies parallel to the island and an eighth of a mile off its beach, Mary began to notice these matters, and a thrill of something very like dread sent the color from her cheeks. It meant a head wind as they should fetch the northerly head of the island, and a long beat back into the inner bay, and perhaps—but it would not do to think of any such thing.

But Mary did think that nothing would look quite so lovely at that moment as Portugese Joe's wizened, sinewy hand at the helm.

"Don't be afraid."

Trimming the boat as close to the wind as she dared, she hugged the bar, knowing that there was only sand there if they struck, and with half a mind to turn and run ignominiously for the bar itself. At low tide it was bare, and—but she shook herself and only said to the three girls, who had grown very quiet, "The wind is getting round to the westward, and we shall have to beat in."

"Oh!" wailed Kittie. "Is there any danger, Mary?"

"No, dear," said Mary the brave.

"What is that out there, Mary? Girls, see! It looks like smoke." Sarah pointed toward the northeast.

"Why," said Dolly, "it looks queer all ahead of us! See those picnic crowds scampering at the Bower Beach."

It was well for Mary that they looked at the black dots, for her face had turned pale. She felt the Dewdrop suddenly pause, shake her head as if in doubt, and then yaw decidedly as the first puff of the head wind struck her.

Then the jib rattled fiercely for a moment and Mary's clear voice rang out:

"Girls, it's a squall! We must turn and run for it! Sarah, ease that windward jib-sheet! Dolly, haul in the other when I sing out!"

She put the helm down and the Dewdrop turned as on her heel, the mainsheet running out with a "whir" of the

blocks as she eased it from the cleat. It was cleverly done, and a flush of pride brought back the red to Mary's cheeks.

But running away from a squall is not the most comfortable thing to be doing with a twenty-footer. From the east and the northwest the squalls broke down, the revenge for weeks of dry, hot, sunny weather. They met in mid-bay, tried to have it out, but concluded to join forces and hunt in pairs.

The Dewdrop was only one of several victims. In the momentary vacuum created by the oncoming fury she rolled aimlessly with creaking sticks and rattling blocks, with three scared girls crouching in the standing room, and even Mary at her wit's end. With a straining sheet and a kicking helm one can guide or fight. But with all rules of nature apparently suspended, braver hearts than Mary's have almost stopped beating from terror.

Instinctively she eased the jib-sheets —which was well. The next instant, with a mighty rush, the boom came over their heads and brought up with a "whang" that made the sheets sing, and with the helm to port and the mainsail likewise, the Dewdrop felt the first murderous blow of the squall. For a moment she lay until her port rail was a foot under water, and her standing-room was flooded.

Then, her deep body and heavy fin reacting, she shook herself and staggered in a slanting course toward the bar. Mary groped with her free hand for the spot where Kitty had been. Her hand touched the shrinking shoulder, and she shouted, "Don't be afraid! We will come out all right."

The next moment there was a rending shock, and the Dewdrop had struck the bar. She jumped twice in the tearing surf; then, her deep body leaving her much higher than the combers, she listed gently to port and lay on her bilge upon the hard sand of the bar. There was a pandemonium of screams as the girls were pitched into a heap on the floor of the standing-room.

It grew light soon, but it was an angry ocean that they saw as the first fury subsided. Mary noted with a sob of relief that all were there. As soon as she could speak she said, "It's all my own wicked fault, girls, and just forgive me if—if Kittie, don't cry so! We may—we will get off yet."

Kittie was not the only one who felt like sobbing. The situation was growing desperate, with the afternoon waning and the wind still rising in the wake of the squall. The tide fell, leaving the bar a clear oval of sand, that grew longer and wider until it measured many yards each way. It was a comforting sight, but the island was yet very far off.

Dolly spoke at last:

"Mary, if you can get out some of these ropes I could take them across to the island, and maybe we could help the others over."

"O Dolly, don't!" wailed Kittie.

"Don't risk it!" added Sarah; but Mary thought well of the plan.

They waited until the water measured scarcely five hundred feet between them and the island, and then Dolly made her brave attempt. But the rigging sufficed for only a little more than half the distance, and it dragged sorely on the girl's strength. Dolly had to give it up and wade back to the bar.

They sat hopeless, with a boat half-dismantled, waiting for they knew not what, until Mary thought of the anchor. With Sarah's help she bedded it as far inshore as they could carry it, which was another mistake, for it held the boat close to the bar. But it seemed to give them assurance, and after a lunch on pilot-bread and the brackish cold tea that Joe had left in the jug, they wrapped themselves in the blankets and rested as well as they could, with the boat at an angle of forty-five degrees and the dread of their position strong upon them.

Then Mary bethought her of the lights. She found the port lantern smashed in a pool of oil and the starboard upside down in its bracket. One would do little good, but she saw with joy that the little white riding light was whole and right side up.

They got it lighted, and by the signal halyards, which they had not removed, it was run up, or rather out to the little truck at the mast head; they then settled again to wait and calculate chances.

Both Sarah and Kitty complained of the cold, and Mary persuaded them to get into the port bunk of the little cabin; and there, in spite of the chill they both fell asleep, while Dolly and Mary kept watching for the rising tide.

To add to their terror and misery, it began to rain, first in windy gusts, and then in a steady, driving shower. By nine o'clock the tide began to flood the bar, and soon they felt it in a series of jerky bumps and slams. It increased in force, and before long it broke over them in spray. It was setting in for a bad night of it.

Suddenly Mary felt that they were again afloat, and soon afterward she realized her mistake in leaving so short a line on the anchor.

Rousing Dolly, who had become drowsy, she went forward to slack it off. But the Dewdrop was now pitching badly, and Mary's chilled fingers fumbled stiffly at the big cleat until, of a sudden, the rope slipped from her hand, and they were at the mercy of the surf. The northwest wind, which had only been waiting for this happening, now pounced down and tumbled them, pitching and rolling, off from the bar into the deep water. It drove them in a slanting course off upon the raging Atlantic, and with the mainsail

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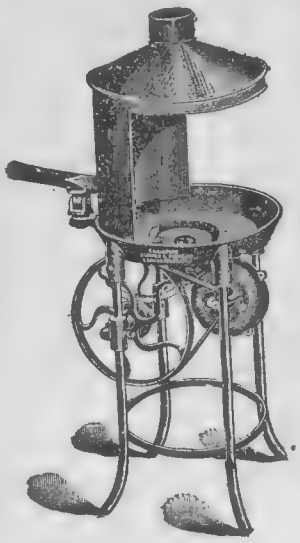

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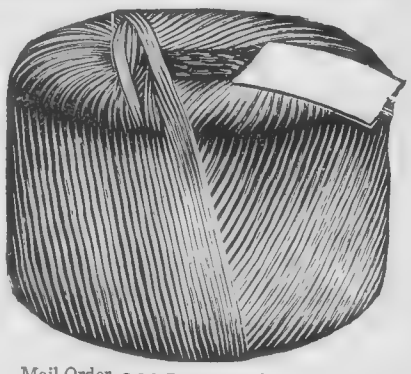

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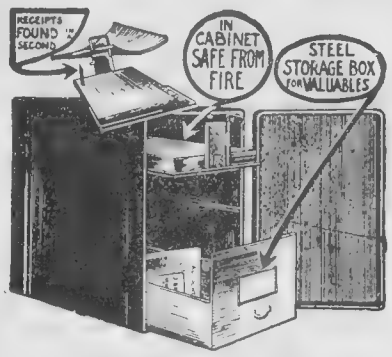

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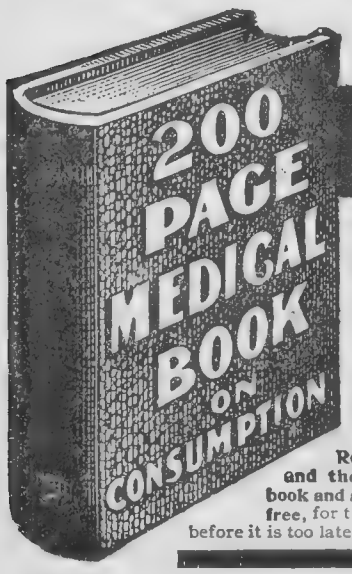
Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1590 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

in a hopeless mess over the rail, the Dewdrop had a dangerous list. Together the girls managed to haul in the boom and make fast the sheet, awkwardly tucking the sail aboard and passing a loose rope about it.

The Dewdrop was then on an even keel, but there was already an ominous wash of water under their feet. "Oh, if only we hadn't pulled out the jib halyard I could get into the bay, I think!" Mary said. "Anyhow, we can't sink."

Together she and Dolly cuddled down on each side of the helm and tried to keep the boat before the wind. And so they rolled and heaved out into the ocean, and bore south toward Cape Cod and danger.

— —

When the squall tore southward across Massachusetts Bay it encountered an unexpected obstacle in the shape of a homely but able coasting vessel. The Adelaide Young was certainly not handsome, although her designer and builders may have thought so forty years ago. But a mere squall troubled her no more than a shower does a plow horse.

Capt. Shearjashub Young saw it coming; indeed, saw signs of it for some time before it came. Accordingly, he "threw her up" just enough to enable Billy, his son and first mate, and Ezra Swan, the crew, to tie in the reefpoints after they had settled away the mainsail. Shearjashub thought it might be a two-reefing night of it, and the mainsail was thus reduced. The squall hit them a bit quicker than even this astute skipper had expected, and the Adelaide yawed and danced in a clumsy attempt to look yachtish.

But when she had had her hair combed, as Ezra called it, and Shearjashub laid her again on a course for Boston, she plunged joyously on. The Adelaide had seen squalls before, and hurricanes, too, in Bermuda waters. A grim, seasoned old down-easter stood at her clumsy wheel, and not a note of the yelling chorus was strange music to his ears.

"Go 'long down and fetch me oilskins, Billy," he said, and presently he and Ezra stood dripping at the wheel, while Billy made coffee. In an hour the storm had slackened somewhat, and the skipper went below to sleep, with Ezra at the wheel and Billy keeping a sharp lookout forward. Hour after hour of the long night-watch passed, and Billy saw nothing but the same dreadful vastness of black as he crouched against the rail.

But of a sudden he caught sight of a white light ahead. It bore off the starboard bow, to seaward of the Adelaide Young. Billy looked again. It blinked, appeared, blinked—was it?—yes, it was, he concluded, and grew cold with horror.

He tumbled aft and bawled, "Hard down, Ezry! We're inside of Minot's. I jest see her off the stabb'd bow. We'll be bumpin' into Scituate beach in no time."

"Thunderation!" screamed Ezra, in reply. "What ye talkin' of, son? We hain't made six mile since 'Jashub went below. Here, hold on to her!" and he ran forward.

Ezra dropped into the cabin and shook the skipper as he cried, "Thar's somethin' off our stabb'd bow with a ridin' light up, and ye can't see no sailin' lights, nuther."

As he grabbed the wheel again from Billy he added one withering sentence: "Minot's in this shower!"

The Adelaide was put on the other tack, just to determine the nature of this queer apparition of the night. Shearjashub pulled the night slide over the glass of his telescope and made out a small yacht not ten lengths away. In three minutes the light would be close aboard of the Adelaide.

"Some fool ketched in a yat," mused Shearjashub, kindly. "Get some ropes ready, Ezry!"

Billy took the wheel as Ezra obeyed. Shearjashub leaned over the rail and bawled like a fog-horn:

"Hel-lo-oo thar! Ketch a line!"

A scream told him that he was understood. It was a daring, dangerous thing to do, but the only thing for that moment, for there was but one chance in a hundred of wearing ship and finding that tiny light again to leeward.

As the little craft rolled heavily up over a sea, the port light sent a dull gleam for a second upon two white faces, and Shearjashub spoke: "Heave 'em, Ezry!"

Mary heard the ropes rattle, and she and Dolly clutched weakly at them. Something dragged sharply across her face, brushing her mouth and nose, and she seized and held it. The next instant she was jerked hard against the little wheel with the rope caught somehow in a tangle about her feet. The strain came, and the wretched Dewdrop, dragged stern formost, was pounding against the side of the motherly old Adelaide Young.

Next there was a clump of sea boots on her cabin, and Ezra Swan, with another rope in hand, found the mast and made it fast.

No haloed saint will ever appear half so beautiful to those girls as did the parchment face of Shearjashub Young, as he squinted down at them from under his sou'wester when they were all stowed in the cabin of the Adelaide, and no music ever can sound as sweet as his bassoon notes when he remarked, awkwardly shifting from one puddle to the other, "Wal, rather a wet evenin' for young ladies to be out, ain't it?" The next morning a telegram from Boston brought joy to a nearly crazed household on the north shore, and an hour later Mary Moore was in her mother's arms.

"Cost 6½d. and it runs.

Giving a Woman Her Rights.

The car was full and the night was wet. The bell rang, the car stopped, and a lady entered. As she looked tired a nice old gentleman in the corner rose and inquired in a kind voice, "Would you like to sit down, ma'am? Excuse me though," he added; "I think you are Mrs. Sprouter, the advocate of woman's rights."

"I am, sir," replied the lady calmly.

"You think that women should be equal to men?" further queried the old gentleman.

"Certainly," was the firm reply.

"You think that they should have the same rights and privileges?" was the next question.

"Most emphatically," came from the supporter of woman's rights.

"Very well," said the kind old gentleman, sitting down again, "just stand up and enjoy them."

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available today. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.

The Little Ones.

The Fair-Weather Bird.

The fair-weather birds—he only sings
When winds are fair and skies are blue.
When eastern gales—the grey cloud brings,
He sits and he sulks the long day through,
He creeps away to some hidden bough
And he won't "tra-la" no indeed! not now.

The "fair-weather" bird—when sunshine gleams,
When Roses nod and Lillies sway—
Wakes up from out of his ugly dreams—
To "pipe" for the dance of sunbeams gay,
But O! Alack!—if he'd only sing—
In the scowling face of the old "Storm-King."

Why Can't They Be Friends

A "fair-weather" bird—is kind of mean,
There are hearts in sore need of cheer.
A song and a smile—is nought I ween,
But. an effort made when life looks drear,
The "bird" for me is the "bird" that trills
In the thick of the fray with earthly ills.

Frances.

Coloring Butterflies by Hand.

Dr Otto Seifert, of New York, is producing some remarkable results by exposing butterflies to heat and cold. In this way he has artifically produced arctic and tropical forms of those insects; and, yet more surprising, he has evolved in the same fashion ancient forms, which may have lived tens of thousands of years ago, and butterflies of the future, so to say, which may exists thousands of years hence. Though it sounds like a fairy tale, it is all quite true.

Of course, it is in the chrysalis stage that the insects are subjected to treatment. They are put into the ice-box, or into the hot-box, for from thirty to a hundred hours, and then, being taken out, are permitted to undergo their final transformation, whereupon of course, they appear as full-fledged butterflies. By comparing them with ordinary butterflies of the same species, it is easy to see what the effect of the cold or heat has been. Invariably, as Doctor Seifert has found, their colors are made much more subdued by the cold, and much more vivid and brilliant by the heat.

By exposing local New York butterflies to the treatment, Doctor Seifert has produced varieties such as would be appropriate to Manitoba or Mexico, as indicated by their subdued or by their brilliant coloring varieties, that is to say, which have no actual existence in Nature.

Alligator Farms.

There are two alligator farms in this country—one at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and the other at Palm Beach, Florida. They are managed by enterprising persons who make a business of furnishing large specimens to zoological gardens and parks, as well as for advertising purposes. Little alligators are supplied to private aquariums, and as a "side" line," alligator teeth, jewelry and leather goods are kept in stock.

The most picturesque branch of the business, however, is the artificial incubation of alligator eggs, which are hatched in large numbers in ordinary chicken incubators. At the Arkansas farm about five hundred of the reptiles are kept on hand, confined in a large inclosure through which runs a creek. The females begin laying late in July, making their nests on the sandy beach, from which the eggs are transferred to the incubators.

The demand for baby alligators, both alive and stuffed, is large and unfailing. In summer, the alligator farmers go

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Ladies attend all correspondence at our offices and all letters are held strictly confidential. We never publish names. Our book contains photographs from life showing figures before and after using the Corsine System.

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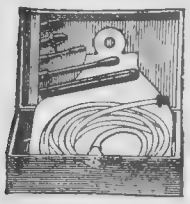

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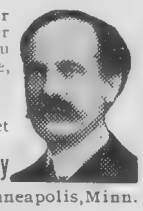

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hunting for the reptilian game, trapping as many as possible. To rear the creatures from the egg to any considerable size is out of the question, inasmuch as it takes an alligator at least a century to grow up; a fourteen-foot specimen may fairly be supposed to have reached an age of two hundred years.

For crocodiles the hunters go to Biscayne Bay, in Florida, which is said to be the only place in American where they are found. The American crocodile seems to be pretty much the same as the Egyptian, though it does not attain so great a size. As a special curiosity, it commands, as might be expected, a higher price than the everyday alligator of commerce. Its habits are much the same as those of the alligator, and its eggs, which look like goose eggs, are hatched by incubator in a similar fashion.

Clever Ants.

Dr. Flagg tells an interesting story of some ants he had observed: "A pie was placed on a shelf in a cupboard, with a wide ring of molasses encircling the plate. The ants discovered it and wanting pie for breakfast, they set out to get it. They first marched about the ring leaving an ant here and there at places which were seen to be less wide than the rest of the ring. Then they carefully selected the narrowest place; and going to an old nail-hole in the wall, they formed an endless stream of porters, each bringing a grain of plaster. They built a causeway through the molasses of these bits of lime, and in three hours from the time of discovery, they were eating the pie."

"Wait a Minute!"

An Amusing New Game.

Here is a game that is fun when you are sitting quietly some afternoon on the piazza. The game is called "What will you take to the picnic?" and is played in the following manner.

To begin with, only one should be let into the secret, as if all knew it would be no fun. Suppose the hostess is the one familiar with the game. She proposes to give a picnic and says it depends upon what her guests bring whether they be allowed to come or not. Each must furnish two articles.

She then asks the person nearest her, "What will you bring to the picnic?" If the name of neither of the articles the player mentions commences with the initial letter of his or her Christian or surname, the hostess says the player cannot go and immediately puts the question to the next person, and then all the way around, asking each, "What will you bring to the picnic?"

For example, suppose one girl's name is Mary Smith, and that her donation is candy and bread, then she cannot go, for neither of her names commenced with C or B, but if she took sandwiches and maccaroons she would be doubly welcome, for M and S are both her initials. Should she take sugar and crackers she could go, for one of her names commences with S.

Continue to ask the questions until everybody finally understands why they may either go or stay at home from the picnic. It is very amusing when all but one or two have found out, and they sometimes have to be asked over and over again until they finally discover why they are not wanted.

Little Bell.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he—
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know.
Little Bell," said he.

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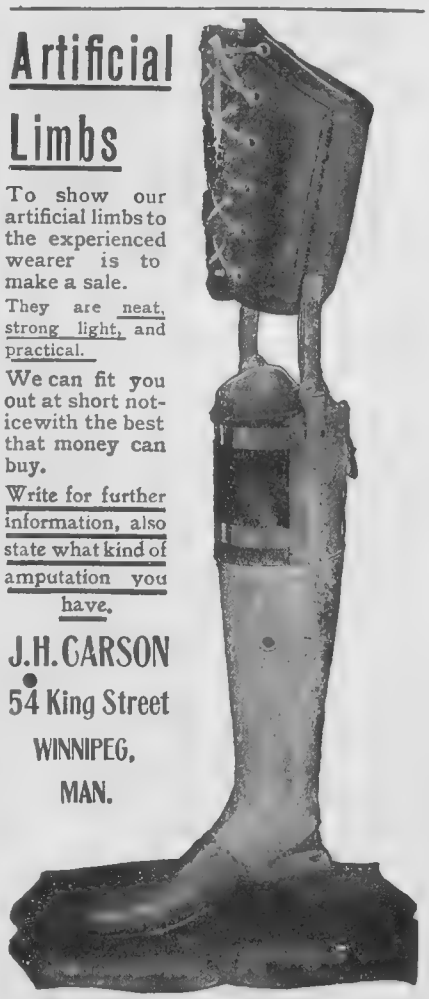

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, MAN.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
"Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And, from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frollicked, void of fear -
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear.
"Little Bell!" piped he.

All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused a while to hear.
"What good child is this," the angel said
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft.
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care:
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,

Wee Cuddle.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern.
"Squirrel, spuirrel, to your task return!
Bring me nuts," quoth she,
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies-
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one.
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade,
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid.
Come and share with me!"
Down came the squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

Mulligan was invited by the Squire, Colonel O'Halloran, to the tenantry ball.

"Look at the Colonel dancin' the polka," exclaimed Biddy, the cook, in admiration.

"An' is thot dancin' the polka?" said Mulligan, in astonishment. "Sure, Oi thought his honour had a hole in his pocket, an' was tryin' to shake a shilling down his leg!"

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

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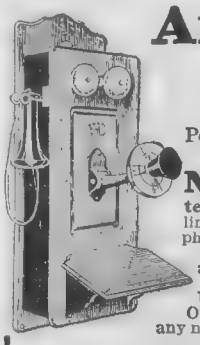

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Always Gives Satisfaction

For Bread

For Pastry

N. 3

Stop, Madam! Do not throw out that old piece of furniture.

It's marred and the worse of wear, true, but some of your fondest recollections are associated with it. **"Lacqueret,"** the specially prepared Lacquer, will restore its original beauty, concealing the mars and blemishes of wear and tear and making it as good as new. The next best thing to a new suite for any room in the house is a coat of **"Lacqueret"**—the wonderful furniture renewer.

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TORONTO—WINNIPEG

TRADE MARK
LACQUERET
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

Temperance Talk.

Does Ma Wish She was Pa.

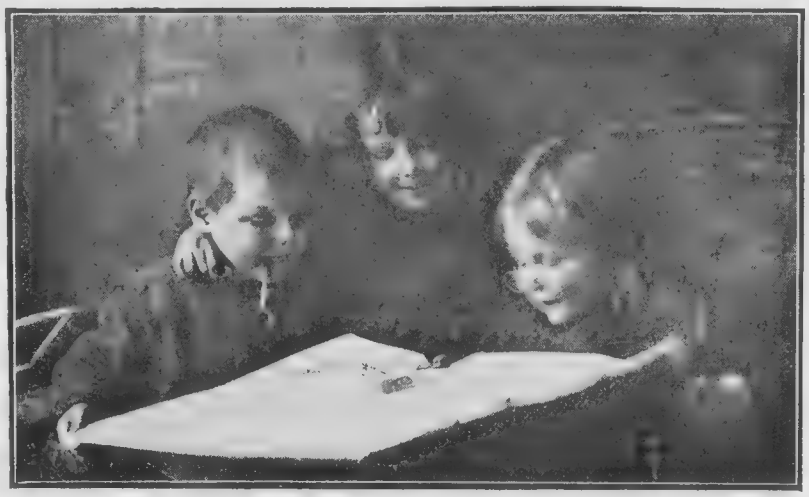
"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez pa, one winter's night;
"I'do go down south an' stay awhile,
Where days are warm and bright."
He set and watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful gaze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing."
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!)
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire."
Sez pa; "I'd have a snap."
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore;
Pa—at his evenin' nap;
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for baking day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung some dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa. woke, an' sez, "It's time for bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

Exchange.



Interesting News.

What the Bartender Sees.

A young man with a cold face, much nervous energy, and a tired of-the-world expression, leans over the polished, silver mounted drinking bar.

You look at him and order your drink.

You know what you think of him, and you think you know what he thinks of you.

Did you ever stop to think at all the strange human beings besides yourself that pass before him?

He stands there as a sentinel, business man, detective, waiter, general, entertainer, and host for the homeless.

In comes a young man, rather early in the day.

He is a little tired, up too late the night before. He takes a cocktail. He tells the bartender he does not believe in cocktails. He never takes them in fact "The bitters in a cocktail will eat a hole through a thin handkerchief—pretty bad effect on your stomach, eh?" and so on.

Out goes the young man with the cocktail inside of him.

And the bartender knows that the young man, with his fine reasonings and his belief in himself, is the confirmed drunkard of year after next. He has seen the beginning of many such cocktail philosophers, and the ending of the same.

The way not to be a drunkard is never to taste spirits. The bartender knows, but his custmoers do not know it.

* * * * * * *

At another hour of the day there comes the older man. This one is the fresh-faced young oldish man.

He has small gray side whiskers. He shows several people—whom he does not know—his book of commutation tickets.

He changes his mind suddenly from whiskey to lemonade. The bartender prepares the lemon slowly, and the man changes his mind to whiskey.

Then he tries to look more dignified than the two younger men with him. In the midst of the effort he begins to sing "The Heart Bowed Down with Weight of Woe," and he tells the bartender "that is from 'The Bohemian Girl.'"

He sings many other selections, occasionally forgetting his dignity, and occasionally remembering that he is the head of a most respectable home—partly paid for.

The wise man on the outside of the bar suggests that the oldish man will get into trouble. But the bartender says:

"No he will get home all right. But he won't sing all the way there. About the time he gets home he'll realize what money he has spent, and you would not like to be his wife. It won't be any songs that she'll get."

The bartender knows that the oldish man—about fifty-one or two—has escaped being a drunkard by mere accident, and that he has not escaped yet.

A little hard luck, too much trouble, and he'll lose his balance, forget that there is lemonade, and take to whiskey permanently.

* * * * * * *

At the far end of the bar there is the man who comes in slowly and passes his hand over his face nervously. The bartender asks no questions, but pushes out a bottle of every-day whiskey and a small glass of water.

The whiskey goes down. A shiver follows the whiskey, and a very little of the water follows the shiver. The man goes out with his arms to his sides, his gait shuffling, and his head hanging.

It has taken him less than three minutes to buy, swallow and pay for a liberal dose of poison.

Says the bartender:

"That fellow had a good business once. Doesn't look it, does he? Jim over there used to work for him. But he couldn't let it alone."

The "it" mentioned is whiskey.

Outside in the cold that man, who couldn't let it alone, is shuffling his way against the bitter wind. And even in

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In beautiful oak cabinet with largest sound box latest aluminum scientific tone arm and revolving horn, exactly as shown. No crane, stand or rubber tubing required. So simple, no Attachments. Plays all makes and sizes of disc records. The disc style reigns supreme.

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Or Fall Payment can be arranged. Seven days free trial if desired.

We sell all makes of Talking Machines and Records. Our prices are lower than other houses. When buying from us you do not pay for extravagant advertising, nor do we send you second hand goods. Easy payments, from $2.50 monthly. No C.O.D. Return if not as represented and money refunded. Satisfaction guaranteed. A straight business offer, no mysterious philanthropic ad.

Here are some of our specials :

Columbia 10 inch Double Discs (2 different selections), **85c.**, new velvet finish, fit any machine, last for ever. All languages. Hear George Lashwood and Raymond Hitchcock, funnier than Lauder. We send records on approval. Write for details.

Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, Edison Bell and Columbia, new, **25c.**, were 40c.

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, 45c., beautiful tone, cannot break, fit any machine.

Four Minute Cylinder Records, 50c.

Columbia Indestructible Four Minute Records, most wonderful invention, **65c.**

Edison Gem Phonograph and 12 selections, **$19.50.** Brand new.

Edison Fireside, with 6 genuine gold moulded two minute and 6 four minute records, **$33.10.**

Victor Disc Gramophone, with 16 large selections, **$26.40** and upwards. Second hand machines at bargain prices. Old machines taken in trade; 40 styles of talking machines; 20,000 records; 40 styles of pianos.

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ABSORBINE JR.

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his poor sodden brain reform and wisdom are striving to be heard.

His soul and body are sunk far below par. His vitality is gone, never to return.

The whiskey, with its shiver that tells of a shock to the heart, lifts him up for a second.

He has a little false strength of mind and brain, and that strength is used up to mumble good resolutions.

He thinks he will stop drinking. He thinks he could easily get money backing if he gave up drinking for good. He feels and really believes that he will stop drinking.

Perhaps he goes home, and for the hundreth time makes a poor woman believe him, and makes her weep once more for joy, as she has wept many times from sorrow.

But the bartender knows that that man's day has gone, and that Niagara River could turn back as easliy as he could remount the swift stream that is sweeping him to destruction.

* * * * * * *

Five men come in together. Each asks of all the others:

"What are you going to have?"

The bartender spreads out his hands on the edge of the bar, attentive and prepared to work quickly.

Every man insists on "buying" something to drink in his turn. Each takes what the others insist on giving him.

Each thinks that he is hospitable.

But the bartender knows that those men belong to the Great American Association for Manufacture of Drunkards through "treating."

Each of these men might perhaps take his glass of beer, or even something worse, with relative safety. But as stupidly as stampeded animals pushing each other over a precipice, each insists on buying poison in his turn. And every one spends his money to make every other one, if possible, a hard drinker and a wasted man.

The bartender's procession is a sad one, and you who still think yourself safe are the saddest atom in the line, for you are there without sufficient excuse.

It is a long procession, and its end is far off.

It is born of the fact that life is dull, competition is keen, and ambition so often ends in sawdust failure.

The better chance for strugglers, a more generous reward for hard work, better organization of social life, solution of the great unsolved problem of real civilization, will end the bartender's procession.

Meanwhile, keep out of it if you can, and be glad if it can be suspended, temporarily, at least on Sundays.—New York Journal.

Why Total Abstinence is Best.

1. Total abstinence from intoxicating liquors is best because indulgence in such beverages is a needless extravagance. Let us grant that there are cases when a moderate use may be indulged in without perceptible injury, yet even in these cases it is not necessary. The highest physical and mental development can be reached without the use of spirituous drinks. Why then should a man waste the money for which so many worthier uses might be found in what is, at the best, a useless indulgence? And why should a nation squander in such a useless indulgence more than is spent for education, religion and other noble ends?

2. Total abstinence is best because in most cases the use of intoxicants is injurious. Alcohol is a poison, and though, like other poisons, it has its use in medicine and in abnormal conditions of the body, one who is in health would do much better to keep it out of his system entirely. Then when in sickness alcohol has to be used he who has been a toal abstainer responds most quickly to its beneficial effect.

3. Total abstinence is best because the opportunities of success are greater for those who do not drink at all. All employers value the steady hand and clear head, and drink tends to destroy these. Not long ago someone talking to Mr. Schwab, head of the great steel combine, asked him, "Is it true that in these big corporations, other things being equal, the man is promoted who neither drinks nor smokes?" Mr. Schwab answered that that is the invariable rule in dealing with the two or three hundred thousand employees under him. "When two men," he said, "are otherwise equal, the one that does not drink or smoke is the more valuable."

4. Total abstinence is best because he who uses alcohol at all is in danger of becoming its slave. It is all very well to talk about moderation; but who can feel certain that he is safe, when we have seen many of the wisest and strongest ruined by drink? Its victims have been claimed from every class and profession, and the brightest and most promising careers have been wrecked by it. Total abstinence is the only safe road.

5. Even if we could be quite sure that we ourselves would never become drunkards, we have to consider that others may be weaker than we, and the strong are responsible for their example and influence towards the weak. By our moderate indulgence a weak brother may be encouraged to attempt a moderation which he cannot maintain, and so for the sake of an unnecessary luxury we may cause him to stumble and perish.—Westminster.

Pills of Attested Value.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of careful study of the properties of certain roots and herbs, and the action of such as sedatives and laxatives on the digestive apparatus. The success the compounders have met with attests the value of their work. These pills have been recognized for many years as the best cleansers of the system that can be got. Their excellence was recognized from the first and they grow more popular daily.

Farmers Take Right Stand

Canadian farmers rightly insist that a cream separator which contains neither disks nor other contraptions, and yet produces twice the skimming force of common, complicated machines, must be most modern. They believe such a separator has made complicated machines out-of-date. This is common sense and explains why Canadian farmers are buying simple

Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separators

Dairy Tubular Bowl. Made right. No disks needed.

in preference to disk filled or other common, complicated machines. The illustration shows all there is to the Sharples Dairy Tubular bowl. It contains neither disks nor other contraptions, produces twice the skimming force, skims faster, skims twice as clean, wears a lifetime and is several times easier to clean than common separators.

The World's Best. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. Sales easily exceed most, if not all, others combined. Probably replace more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells.

Sharples 30 Yrs

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Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.

Special Calendar

About the Farm.

Don't Let the Song go Out of Your Life.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain, it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though your voice may have lost its trill,
Though the tremulous note should die in your throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
And never a cup of rue
So bitter to sup, but that in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness, too.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Ah! it never would need to go
If with thoughts more true and a broader view
We looked at this life below.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Let it ring in the soul while here,
And when you go hence it shall follow you thence
And sing on in another sphere.

The Pet of the Farm yard.

How to Pick Out the Sound Horse.

A horse is considered practically sound when it possesses no disease, deformity or vice that will interfere with its general or special usefulness. Soundness it important, not only to those who deal in horses, but to those who raise and own them, because its soundness, together with the general appearance of the animal, indicates its relative commercial value. A person who contemplates purchasing a horse, if he is not thoroughly familiar with the subject, will usually find it a matter of economy to employ an expert to assist in the selection, or he will purchase of some well known dealer whose judgment and whose "word" are worthy of dependence. The ordinary individual is likely to pride himself upon his ability to judge horses and to determine their soundness or unsoundness, and yet there is probably no one experience in which individuals are more likely to be deceived than in this. Horse dealers of wide experience usually make allowances in their judgment of a horse for defects which cannot be determined by an ordinary examination, but are likely to show themselves only after a thorough acquaintance with the animal. As a general thing the purchaser sees a horse at its very best as regards appearance, condition, speed and freedom from defects and vices and should take this into account in estimating the value of the animal. In examining animals as to their soundness experienced judges do not allow themselves to be misled, or their attention to be distracted from any part of the animal, either by the owner or by bystanders. An excellent judge of horses once said: "If the owner or a bystander calls my attention to a possible defect about the horse's head I always make it a point to give the opposite extremity a most thorough examination." It is a trick frequently resorted to call a man's attention to a part he knows to be sound in order to attract his attention from an unsoundness in another part. In considering statements made by horse dealers special care should be given not only to the statement, but to the reasons why the statement is made.

When possible it is always a good plan to examine horses in the stable under their ordinary conditions, then to take them out where the light and other conditions are favorable and go over thoroughly every part of the horse until one is satisfied of its freedom from unsoundness.

After thoroughly manipulating every part the horse should be tested in his paces for any defect in locomotion or breathing and afterward he should be tested as to his ability to eat and drink normally. In examining horses for soundness it is generally assumed that the horse has every defect, deformity and vice that horse flesh is heir to, and the presence or absence of these defects is demonstrated by thorough examinations and tests.

In examining the horse in the stable do not disturb him at first but watch him closely for a few moments; he will be likely soon to show any stable vices that he may possess. Among vices to be looked for is "weaving," a habit which horses have of swinging the head or body from side to side, often for an hour at a time, especially when not eating. Cribbing and windsucking are other vices which should be carefully looked for. Kicking in the stall and crowding an attendant against the stall are vices. Some horses have the bad habit of kicking at the side of the stall. Persistent pawing is also to be looked for. The horse should be made to "stand over" by gentle pressure against the hip, when he will frequently show signs of chorea, or stringhalt. A common symptom of the disease is the apparent inability of the horse to lift the foot of the affected hind leg—the foot is seemingly glued

To Cure Any Headache

in shortest possible time, and in such a way as to help and not injure the health use "Mathieu's Nervine Powders." They are Safe, Simple, Sure. Sold by all dealers 25c. per box—box contains 18 powders.

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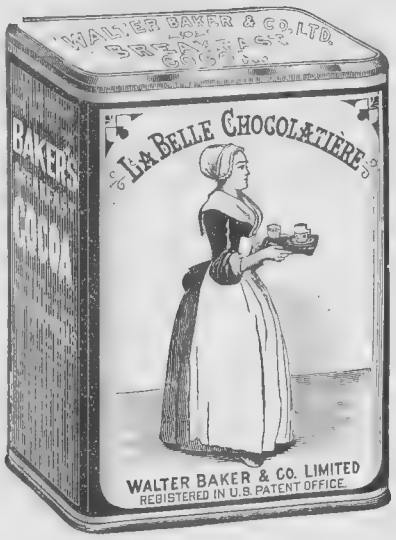
Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



The half pound can contains eight ounces of pure cocoa, of the finest quality, most delicious flavor, and possessing all the strength of the best cocoa beans, most carefully blended.

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When milk alone is heavy and unsatisfying, Benger's Food, *made with milk*, is appetising and nutritive.

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for healthy development in infancy, for rebuilding strength in weakened systems, and for the preservation of old age in usefulness and vigour.

Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use it," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc. on application to Benger's Food Ltd. Otter Works, Manchester, England.

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fast to the floor. After a considerable effort the horse gets the foot loose, lifts it high and moves over with a kind of straddling hop. These symptoms are not shown when the horse is made to jump suddenly by the cut of a whip or slap of the hand; therefore such actions about a horse should be looked upon with suspicion. It should also be noticed whether the horse stands squarely on his feet, or "points" a foot to get relief from lameness or soreness in the part. Halter-pulling is another vice which it is difficult to detect. A sudden movement about the horse's head, which startles him, will usually cause him to fly back on the halter, if he possesses this vice. Horses that are very strongly tied by ropes or similar arrangements about the head should be regarded with suspicion.—From "The Care of Animals," by Nelson S. Mayne.

Caring for the Flock.

This is the way one successful poultry raiser cares for her flocks. The method offers some very practical suggestions.

I feed them table scraps thickened with wheat bran in the morning, and once in eight or ten days I give them a feed of wheat in the place of the table scraps.

At night I feed corn shelled. If it is very cold I shell the corn and put it near the kitchen range, keeping it there all day so it will not chill the hens.

I avoid lice by having two sets of roosting planks. These I change every week or so, as I think best. The roosts I take down and put out in the yard upon some boxes so the sun and rain can do their work thoroughly. In hot weather I often pour hot suds on them.

Under the roosts I have a plank floor about two feet above the ground and when I clean the floor every week I sprinkle lime all over it, especially where it is damp.

I can go in the roosting house and work all day and never get anything on me, as there are no lice about it. Under this floor is where the hens wallow and I put ashes and fresh dirt for them, whenever I think it is needed.

My hen houses are dry and comfortable, the window is open, but has muslin tacked over it in winter. The roosting house is lined with tarred paper. The door always stands open.

Causes for Variations in Test of Milk.

The variation in the test of a cow's milk from day to day is influenced by at least nine different things:

1. The natural disposition of the cow. If she has a quiet, even temperament, her milk will test about the same per cent fat from day to day. While on the other hand if she is nervous and easily excited the per cent of fat will change from one milking to another, in some cases as much as one per cent.

2. The breed of the cow has some influence on the test of her milk. As a rule the Guernsey and Jersey milk is richer than that of the Holstein and Ayrshire.

3. The period of lactation. Most cows give the thinnest milk when the flow is the largest or a few weeks after the cow is fresh; the test gradually increasing until the time when she is a stripper. There is, however, some difference in cows regarding this increase in test as the milking period advances. Some cows do not give much richer milk when they are drying up, while with others the per cent of fat often doubles during the latter part of the milking period.

4. The influence of feed on the test of a cow's milk is usually only temporary. A sudden change of feed which disturbs a cow's digestion may have a very marked effect on the per cent of fat in her milk, otherwise the increase or decrease in feed effects the quantity of milk only.

5. The kind of milking, such as irregular milking, milking fast or slow, etc., has a great effect on the test of a cow's milk. Every cow should be milked in a uniform and quiet way, as this helps her to produce the maximum quantity and to keep the quality about uniform.

6. Intervals between milking. The longer the time between milkings the thinner the milk and the effect which this has on the production of milk by cows is so great that some dairymen milk their cows "by the watch," that is, at exactly the same minute both morning and night.

7. The treatment of the cow during milking and at other times has a great effect on the test of the milk.

8. Sickness.—If a cow is "off her feed" and her temperature rises, the test of the milk in almost every case may increase while the quantity decreases.

9. Change of milkers.—This is one of the most important factors in getting a uniform amount and richness of milk from cows. Any change of milkers is noticed immediately by a cow and the effect is often very striking.

All these factors have an influence on the milk production and the extent to which they effect the test of a cow's milk will depend very largely on the sensitiveness and the nervous disposition of each particular cow.

NAMES AND DATES OF PRINCIPAL FAIRS

Name	Place	Date
Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition	Winnipeg	July 13-23
Northwestern Agric. & Arts Ass'n	Neepawa	June 30-July 2
Alberta Provincial Exhibition	Calgary	June 30-July 7
Yorkton, Sask	Yorkton	July 5-7
Portage Industrial Exhibition	Portage la Prairie	July 12-15
Inter-Provincial Fair	Brandon	July 25-29
North Dakota State Fair	Fargo	July 25-30
Saskatchewan Provincial Exhibition	Regina	Aug. 2-5
Saskatoon Fair	Saskatoon, Sask	Aug. 9-12
Edmonton Exhibition Association	Edmonton	Aug. 23-26
Canadian National Exhibition	Toronto	Aug. 27-Sept. 12
Great Eastern Exhibition	Sherbrooke, Q.	Aug. 27-Sept-3
Western Fair Asociation	London, Ont.	Sept. 9-17
Central Canada Exhibition	Ottawa	Sept. 9-17
Provincial Exhibition	Victoria, B. C.	Sept. 26 Oct-1
Inter State Fair	La Crosse, Wis.	Sept. 27-30
Provincial Exhibition	Halifax, N.S.	Sept. 28-Oct. 6

How Some Boys Brought Home the Cows.

On the farm adjoining mine, at one time there was a 40-acre square pasture, in which there were kept three cows, with a few head of young cattle. At the house in the southwest corner of the pasture, there dwelt three boys who were required to bring these cows to the barn before night so that their father could milk them when he came from the field. At first I used to greatly enjoy seeing those boys bring home their cows, as the pasture was in plain sight from the field where the most of my work was done. While it was a new thing, it

BOVRIL

is the best pick-me-up

Bovril contains all the concentrated nourishment of beef and a daily cup of hot Bovril will give strength to avoid many an attack of illness.

Anywhere At any time

Any Express, Railway or Ticket Agent, Banker, Hotel Clerk or Merchant, in fact anyone who knows you can cash a

Dominion Express Money Order

There's no particular office to which you must go—no advice of issue to wait for—no time limit within which the order must be presented which will, no doubt, suggest to you that by far the most convenient way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Orders.

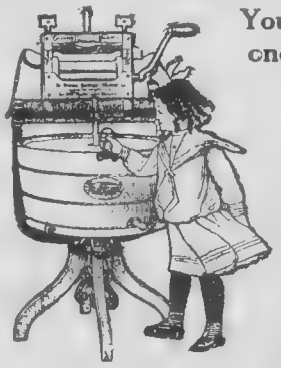
They are absolutely safe. Should they be lost, stolen or destroyed a refund is promptly made or duplicate order issued without charge.

Dominion Express Money Orders are issued by all our regular Agents and by numerous Branch Agencies convenient to business and residential districts—open early and late.

DOES A WASHING JUST LIKE PLAY!

Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

Ladies! just see how easy I do a big washing with my 1900 Gravity Washer. I *start* the tub a-whirling. Then the gravity device under the tub begins to *help* and the rest is *just like play*. Washes a tubful in *six minutes!* How's that for quick and easy work? The 1900 Washer Co. sent me this marvellous machine on trial. They didn't ask for notes or cash in advance. And they let me pay for it a little each week *out of the money it saved me!* They treat everybody the same way.



You can have one shipped FREE

on thirty days' trial, the same as I got mine. The company will let you pay for it on the same easy terms they offered me. The Washer will actually *pay for itself* in a very short time. *Mine did!* I wouldn't take $100 cash for my 1900 Gravity Washer if I couldn't get another just like it. It does beautiful work—handles anything from heavy blankets to daintiest laces. Every housewife who is tired of being a drudge and a slave to the washtub should write to

W. H. E. BACH, Manager

The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street

TORONTO, ONTARIO 2191

for their beautiful Washer Book and generous offer of a Washer on free trial.

MRS. R. H. FREDERICK.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs. Special arrangements are made for these districts.

The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Paper in the West.

A Wonderful Washer

Momentum Balance, Wheel working on ball bearing, keeps the "Champion" Washing going with very little effort.

A new idea in washing Machines.

"Favorite" Churn means easy churning. 8 sizes.

If your dealer does not handle them, write us for booklets and name of dealer near you who does. 77

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, - ST. MARY'S, ONT.

Western Representative

JOHN A. McEWAN, 603 Union Bank Bldg., Winnipeg

Feel "Fagged Out"? It's Unnecessary. Take

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

29

AGENTS WANTED

We are doing big business in the West but have room for more good men.

Stock for Western trade is guaranteed hardy and varieties are recommended by the Western Canada Experimental Farms.

Men willing to start now can make big money selling for Fall Delivery. We co-operate with our Agents in every way and our name and reputation helps sales everywhere.

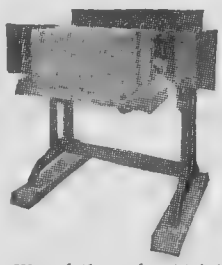
Write for terms and further particulars and state whether you could work all or only part time.

PELHAM NURSERY CO.

TORONTO, CANADA

600 acres under cultivation.

Our New Singer Face Down Block Machine



Made in three sizes. Machine and parts for 4, 8, and 16 inch lengths, in veneer and 8 inch wall, smooth and rock face blocks $34.50.

Write for Catalogue W and three days' trial offer.

Vining Bros. Mfg. Co.
Niagara Falls Ont.

was rare fun for the boys, too; and all three of them would always go along to where the cows happened to be, which was often near the middle of the pasture, and they would carefully surround their little herd and gently drive them to the barn. But when the novelty if this new business wore off, one boy usually had to drive in the cows alone, and as this was pretty sure to be the oldest boy, he soon came to the conclusion that it was neccesary to have a dog, and by some mystery of training known only to boys, he secured one, and then the other boys concluded that they also, were "dog hungry," and there were soon three dogs as well as three boys. This new addition to the cow-herding force was "just dogs" of no especial lineage or pedigree, and as soon as they became a part of the working force, this was about the mode of procedure: Wherever in the pasture the cows were, the dogs must be sent after them; for of course it was of no use to keep dogs without using them; and equally, of course, the cows would run away to the farther corner, and generally about twice or more around the whole enclosure.

Usually the boys would all have to run about twice as far, and yell more than twice as much as when they went

Little Visitors

quietly around the cows and drove them home as they did at first. But it was fun for the boys, and I never heard that it hurt the dogs any; and as to the effect on the cows, I had no means of knowing, with any certainty, but I can hardly believe that it was very beneficial.

Nine times out of ten, in my experience the dog on the farm makes more steps than he saves. My farm friend who keeps sheep, may possibly make good use of a well-trained shepherd dog, but on a dairy farm we have always preferred to do our own barking, and let the dog remain on the other side of the fence.

The dog has long been hailed as man's best friend, which may in some cases have at least the appearance of truth, for there are instances where some individual man has, by his own acts in transgressing the laws of both God and man, forfeited the respect and friendship of all humanity, yet his dog remained more friendly and faithful than ever. But to those who have been so sadly unfortunate as to see some loved one die in the throes of that most awlful of all awful diseases, hydrophobia, ther is another and a very mournful side of this dog question. We all must die—no one dare deny that fact, but there are surely plenty of other diseases, and other deaths less horrible, and apparently less painful than this one. The human race passes from this earthly existence plenty fast enough, without keeping dogs seemingly almost on purpose to keep up the seed stock of the terrible disease. And ther are plenty of localities where sheep could be kept with both pleasure and profit, were it not for the present danger of their being killed by some worse than worthless cur dogs. It may be perfectly useless to say a word about it, but for my part it has long seemed to me that the fewer dogs the better.

High Class Farm Implements.

We have just received from the Parsons Hawkeye Mfg Co., Winnipeg, a copy of their 1910 catalogue, which is easily the largest ever got out by this enterprising firm. Space will not permit us to dwell at any length on the numerous farm implements described therein which include the following:—The Ruth Self Feeder, The Hawkeye Self Feeder, Parsons Standard Feeder, Parsons "White Wings" Feeder, Detachable Manure Spreaders, Portable Grain Elevators, Waterloo Gas Engines, Madison-Kipp Oil Pumps, Success Belt Guides, Boss Cylinder Wrenches, Buffalo Hay Press, Automatic Couplers, Success Strainers, Eureka Lifting Jacks, Glare Gas Headlight, Hanson Flue Cutter, Gullick Spark Arrestor, Pastime Washing Machines, Sawyer Canvas Belts, "Maytag" Automobile.

Every farmer will find this catalogue of the greatest interest while that part devoted to washing machines will appeal strongly to the housewife.

Whey Butter.

In spite of any known process, a portion of this fat runs out in the whey, and is lost though many first class cheese factories have a special separator, through which the whey is run, and a kind of butter is made of it, portions of which are rubbed over the cheese in the curing room, while some of it may be sold as cooking butter, etc. The more of this fat that can be retained in the curd when it goes to press, the better the cheese, and the better it will "cure," especially under cold storage conditions, which are now generally used in curing the best full-cream cheese. Cheese made from skim milk therefore cures badly, if any attempt is made to cure it at all; which should hardly ever be done. Eaten green, or not, over 30 days from the press it is generally relished by most persons and may form a cheap and most healthful food.

The making of cheese at home is not really any more difficult than the making of butter, and can usually be managed with the appliances to be found in the ordinary farm kitchen, or such as can be cheaply built at home; except perhaps the rennet,, which can now be

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

"Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well."—W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

One thousand other recent genuine endorsements will be mailed you with the free treatment.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman**, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of **Caustic Balsam** sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

MORE CANADIAN TESTIMONY

"Fife" Boots duly received. Splendid fit. Well pleased with same. A MACKELLAR, New Westminster, B.C

The Famed FIFE BOOTS

FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.

Always Please

From the beginning they have always been the FIRST to anticipate and meet every demand of the Farmer and country wearer for better and greater Footwear service.

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the merit of the "Fife."

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Crup or Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

PER PAIR **$4.75**, CARRIAGE PAID

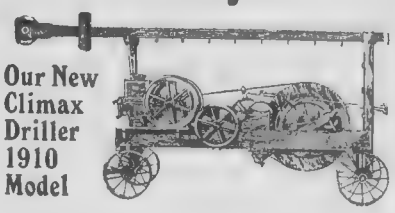
Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE.

A. T. Hogg, No. 103 **Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland**

The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post" trade.

Make $20 to $50 a Day!



Our New Climax Driller 1910 Model

Many owners of Waterloo Outfits are doing better than that.

E. A. Price of Buffalo, Minn., reports $717.00 in 75 hours—over $9.50 an hour. You can see Mr. Price's letter at our offices.

What a magnificent chance for a man with a little money. A

Waterloo Well Driller

costs you from $400 to $1,500. We will arrange with responsible parties for EASY PAYMENTS.

There's a big and growing demand for drilled wells everywhere—all around you. With a Waterloo outfit you can drill wells whether you have had any experience with machinery or not.

We Will Help You Start Business

Show you how to get all the work you can do—how to get free advertising—how to manage your Waterloo Outfit. We will supply you with printed matter, keep in constant touch with you. *Write to-day.* We will explain everything and send you our big free illustrated catalog; and will send you the name of our nearest Canadian dealer.

The Armstrong-Quam Mfg. Co

(Successors to Kelly-Taneyhill Co.) (7)

52 Chestnut St. Est'd 1867 Waterloo, Iowa

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SAVE MONEY

The Best Ever

issued: Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing, Tackle, Baseball, Golf, Tennis, Lacrosse, Camping Outfits, all Summer and Winter Sports. We want

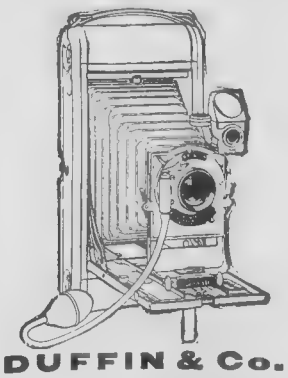
Every Man

who Hunts, Fishes, or plays any Outdoor Game to get our large free Catalogue. Prices right, satisfaction guaranteed. Immense stock, prompt shipment

You save money by getting Catalogue to-day.

T. W. Boyd & Son,

27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal



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Both Professional and Amateur

208 Bannatyne Ave. Cor. Main Street

WINNIPEG.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.

Mention Western Home Monthly.

bought much cheaper than prepared at home. It is sold by most drug stores, in tablet form, and a 25-cent package should make several cwt. of cheese. They are sometimes labeled as Junket Tablets, and their effect is simply to coagulate, or curdle all milk into which they are stirred as per the directions which are sent with them, and by using flavoring extracts many choice dessert dishes can be easily and cheaply made, from either whole or separated milk.

Home Cheesemaking.

Cheese eating is purely a matter of taste and perhaps smell also. Most people shudder and hold their noses at the mere mention of Limburger or Roquefort cheese; yet they are among the highest priced articles of food known, and they are largely sold and used too. Since the invention of the Babcock test for determining the amount of fat in the milk, nearly all cheese factories use it, and require all partons to furnish milk carrying a certain per cent of fat, usually at least 3 per cent of fat; or where the milk is bought outright, the price is fixed according to the amount of fat which it contains, though no cheese maker has yet found a process by which he could retain all of this fat in the curd, and press it into cheese.

Don't Be Afraid.

Experiments.

Any one thinking of making cheese will do well to get some Junket tablets and experiment a little with them, and they will thus get a better idea of what curd is like and how it is formed, this being the first step in the making of all kinds if cheese, or at least of all kinds that can be and usually are made at home. By thus making a few quarts of junket, or flavored curd, for a home dessert, one can get a better idea of the almost wonderful things about that substance which we call milk, than can be gained by pages of directions. It will also be well to settle in your mind at least, the most important question of all, "Will it pay?"

Before the day of the farm separator, cheese making, both in farm homes and in factories, was almost a necessity, in the summer-time at least. but since this helpful machine was perfected so as to be within the reach of every cow owner, home cheese making has almost become a lost art, and hundreds of cheese factories have been sold as junk or turned into creameries or receiving stations for cream. Cheese is high but so is butter, and for that matter, quite a few other things when a fellow has to buy them, yet very few of us western farmer expect to go without any of those things which are now counted as among the common necessities of life, but which were amongst the list of luxuries for kings about a hundred years ago. And who has a better right to these things than the farmer? The western farmer is indeed a king by what has ever been considered the best of all kingly rights, that of conquest. Not only has he conquered the West but he has made it what it is, the pride and glory of the world. He surely is a king, though his crown may be a straw hat, and his only robe of office a pair of well-oiled overalls.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Cripples have running expenses the same as other people.

If a man has a wife he always knows what to do with his money.

The average man thinks his brand of politics is the only real thing.

The foolish person who fools with a bee is apt to get a stinging rebuke.

Some women abuse their husbands as a means of asserting their independence.

It's poor policy to judge a man's worth by the amount of life insurance he carries.

A shabby coat may cover a fat purse, but the combination isn't always a safe one to bet on.

The world is growing neither better nor worse, but the people in it—well, that's another story.

Follow in the footsteps of the average great man and you'll be surprised to find how small his tracks are.

Our idea of a beautiful woman is one who looks attractive with her hair done up in kid curlers—and she is scarce—Chicago News.

Feeding Skimmilk to Pigs.

It has been determined that the most economical way of feeding skimmilk to pigs is by mixing it in the proportion of three pounds of skimmilk to one pound corn meal. The amount of skimmilk which pigs will consume daily depends, of course, on the age of the pigs. Taking them at about the age of six weeks when pigs weight near 40 lbs., they will consume for the first six weeks about 8 lbs. of skimmilk daily with grain. After this time the amount of milk and grain ration can be increased according to the judgment of the feeder.

The skimmilk from ten average cows ought to amount to at least 140 lbs a day.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

The cure that saves horsemen and farmers millions of dollars every year.

It is known the world over as the one certain, reliable remedy for Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone, Bony Growths and any Lameness.

Cases just developing and old, stubborn sores and swellings readily yield to the wonderful curative powers of this famous remedy.

Orangeville, Ont., Dec. 21, '08

"We had a horse which was getting very lame on account of a Spavin. I was anxious about him as we could not work the beast when we most needed him.

Our teamster saw Kendall's Spavin Cure in the store and tried it.

I am pleased to say he had success as the horse has stopped limping and is doing his day's work."

W. A. NICHOLSON.

Don't worry about Spavins, Growths, Swellings or Lameness, but use Kendall's Spavin Cure. It cures every time. The world's best liniment for man and beast.

$1. a bottle—6 for $5. Get our book "A Treatise On The Horse," free at dealers or from us.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Enosburg Falls, Vt. 52

The female house fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at a time and these mature in two weeks. Under favorable conditions the descendants of a single pair will number millions in three months.

Therefore all housekeepers should commence using

WILSON'S FLY PADS

early in the season and thus cut off a large proportion of the summer crop.

Ring-Bone

There is no case so old or bad that we will not guarantee

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 45-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a right beginning by sending for this book.

39 FLEMING BROS., Chemists, Church St., Toronto, Ontario

Correspondence.

My Honey.

I kin hear de Springtime singin' in de blowin' er de breeze,
En see de lady Lily tilted over by de bees,
En hear de sap a-runnin' lak' a river thoo' de trees,
En de red Rose a-sighin' fer my honey!

I got a sorter feelin' lak' a lark dat try his wings
W'en de dew is hangin' heavy whar de honeysuckle swings.
En my heart is got de tingle er de sweetes' fiiddle-strings,
En de red Rose a-sighin' fer my honey!

En de River keep a-callin': "Ain't you gwine ter meet de May?"
Ez he wave de water-lillie roun' en push 'em out his way:
"De birds is in de blossoms, en a-singin' 'Holiday!'
En de red Rose a-sighin' fer yo', honey!"

Oh, I comin', Mister River, thoo' de blossoms en de grass,
En de Trees a-bowin' "Howdy," ez dey see me gwine pass,
En I wish woy'd shine yo' brightes' fer my honey's lookin'-glass,
Kaze de red Rose is sighin' fer my honey!

Strong Versus Weak.

Can any reader of this paper inform a correspondent where to find a text in the Bible which reads thus:—"Let the weak serve the strong for this is the command of God?" If it is not there, then it must be in the "Book of Society" for you find this condition of affairs obtaining in almost every phase of life as though it were an inexorable law. In every-day life you constantly see some frail creatures weighed down, crushed, beneath heavy burdens too great for their puny strength. Consequently they do not live. They just drag out a miserable existence, with elasticity of step gone, brightness of eye supplanted by a dull, leaden look of hopeless resignation to the inevitable, and their whole demeanour suggestive of abject subjection. Talk about slavery! There is a wife—slavery, mother—slavery as killing as any negro slavery. Why, we ask should such an anomaly exist in this age of humanitarianism? Surely it should be tabooed as much as any other crying evil of the age. Surely, says one, "that is an exaggerated view of woman's life." Alas! "'tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true." The fact is too prevalent, too general to be refuted. In the infancy of the race, in the primitive savage condition, women were and are to-day, in heathen countries treated as beasts of burden. Yet, in this age of 'new thought' of boasted freedom, of evolutionary ideas, when men claim to have reached the highest pinnacle of civilization in human history. Strange paradox! Men seem to cling tenaciously to that characteristically barbaric idea that woman was created to serve and man to boss. Perhaps there is only one nation on the face of the globe, where this is not the accepted thing, where this diabolical idea has not sway. That is the United States. The most progressive nation under the sun. And hence, woman is such a different being from the average Canadian or Englishwoman. The American woman is vivacious, alert, full of vitality, elastic, with a fine physique generally, and intelligent to a high degree, carrying herself with an air of importance as though she were somebody, and completely devoid of that humble, apologizing attitude of many a sister of other countries, whose looks depreciatingly say, "I'm only a woman." Of course, no true woman under-estimates the value and obligation of service to others as wife and mother, nor ignores the duty she owes to society. But it is not to that we take objection but to the practice of exaction of the last grain of strength, from the weak by the strong. With all our boasted progress, in some respects we are away behind even Turkey whose laws in the matter of work are far in advance of our own. According to an unwritten law of Osmanli no human being must be made to work hard all day long. Even a domestic slave who works during the morning will not be required to do so in the afternoon. How does this compare with the fragile mother who toils from morn till night, often the first in the household to arise and the last to retire and whose work is never done? We meet with such mothers everywhere, whose vitality has been completely sapped out of them, physically, morally, spiritually by overmuch serving. We go into a home and see a mother struggling to accomplish several things at once with an infant in her arms gasping for breath, whilst a big burly husband sat by the fire, pipe in mouth and legs sprawling away across the kitchen floor,—the very embodiment of selfishness who did not dream of raising a finger to assist the poor family drudge. Such an one informed me she had had no holiday for ten years, and for several years had not been inside of church for she could never 'catch up' with her work; in fact, Sunday was as much a working day as any other day. Worse still she never had any rest except at the birth of her children. Said another woman, "If ever I married again, be sure I'd never have an Englishman." Why? I enquired. "Because an Englishman sits by the stove and lets the fire go out whilst he shivers with the cold." Such thoughtless conduct is noticeable, not merely in the lower walks of life, but in the so-called higher circles. There's that literary man with great pretensions to scholarship, who sits in his study, the whole day, and wonders why his wife is too tired to converse with him at end of day. Of course, she's done nothing at all, only the cooking, washing, ironing, sweeping, scrubbing, entertaining, etc., for she combines the role of general servant with that of hostess. And that is no child's play, when the husband brings home the dinner three or four chums unannounced, and the frail wife's gentle remonstrance only evokes, "that's what you're here for." Now, there is something radically wrong in domestic and social life when the weaker members have to serve the stronger. As there is no effect without a cause, what is the reason of such a condition? Not merely the barbaric instinct, not only the innate selfishness of human nature but perhaps to a large degree it may be due to defective home training of the boys. No boy's education should be regarded as complete unless he has graduated in the school of chivalry. From the earliest he should be taught to carry the pail of water for his sister, to cut wood for his mother, to lead the aged grandmother across the street, to defend the weak and helpless, to support the cause of the oppressed and misjudged. Such training is calculated to develop the thoughtful, courteous, chivalric type of man, whom we all admire and whom we rejoice to herald as the "new" the "Coming Man;" he who recognizes the obligation of strength to weakness.

Observer

From East to West

Moose Jaw, Sask., April 6th, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your interesting magazine since December last, and it has in that short time aroused my interest and curiosity to the extent that I decided to send a letter to the correspondence columns. This great west, as it is generally called, is somewhat new to me as I have only recently come from Ontario. I have since secured a homestead in the southern part of this

The Great English Remedy

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT IF A YOU BAD HAVE LEG

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" (TRADE MARK REG.)

40c Three for $1.00

The pipe they let you smoke at home

Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet.

You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.

Order 3 or More Today

H. MENGES, The Smokers' Friend

410 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

NA-DRU-CO

Medicinal Preparations Are Not "Cure-Alls"

Neither are they intended to take the place of your physician

Reasonable Claims

To claim that any remedy will cure half a dozen, or even two or three, totally distinct diseases, is to at once discredit that remedy with every thinking man or woman.

To claim that any household remedy can take the place, when you are ill, of your physician's skilled diagnosis and prescription, is equally absurd.

We make no such claims for NA-DRU-CO remedies.

But we do claim that in emergencies when you cannot get the doctor quickly, and on the many other occasions when a reliable household remedy is needed, **the right NA-DRU-CO preparation is the safest and best thing you can use.**

If, for example, you feel an attack of sore throat or tonsilitis coming on, two or three applications of **NA-DRU-CO Stainless Iodine Ointment** will check it at once, just as **NA-DRU-CO Wild Strawberry Extract** will cure bowel complaint or **NA-DRU-CO Toothache Gum** stop a toothache.

NA-DRU-CO N D & C Co TRADE MARK

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

Reliable Remedies

There are over fifty separate and distinct NA-DRU-CO Medicinal Preparations. Each one is **compounded by expert chemists** from the **purest and best ingredients** that money can buy. Each one has been **tested for years,** and has been **proved worthy of confidence** before being admitted to the NA-DRU-CO line.

Thus under the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark you can get a thoroughly reliable household remedy for each of the common ills.

To put the reliability of the NA-DRU-CO Preparations beyond doubt or question, **we are prepared to furnish to your physician or druggist, or to any other physician or druggist in Canada, on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO medicinal or toilet preparation.**

Ask these men, who are fully qualified to judge, and in whom you place implicit confidence, all about the NA-DRU-CO line.

If any NA-DRU-CO preparation you try, whether medicinal or toilet, does not entirely satisfy you, the druggist from whom you bought it will willingly refund your money.

Your druggist can supply you with any NA-DRU-CO preparation, for even if he has not the particular article you ask for in stock, he can get it within two days from our nearest wholesale branch.

Some NA-DRU-CO Preparations You Should Keep on Hand

Camphor Ice
Greaseless Toilet Cream
Talcum Powder
Tooth Paste
Tooth Powder
Baby's Tablets
Carbolic Salve
Cascara Laxatives (Tablets)
Cod Liver Oil Compound, Tasteless (2 Sizes)
Dyspepsia Tablets
Headache Wafers
Herb Tablets
Nervozone
Pile Ointment
Rheumatism Cure
Sugar of Milk
Stainless Iodine Ointment
Toothache Gum
White Liniment

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at:

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9

province and it is my intention to remain here, at least until I can call it my own. In this I'm one of many thousands of young men who are braving the difficulties of prairie life in search of a home and fortune. Although there are great opportunities here for young men in every sphere of life, there are also some difficulties and disadvantages. What is quite noticeable in this particular part is the absence of young people, or at least there is some difficulty is getting a number of them together and consequently the young people's meetings of various kinds, such as I was fortunate in being able to attend in Ontario, are out of the question. Some of these conditions improve with time so I'm going to live in hopes of it. Although I don't believe in doing things merely because other people do them yet will in this case and give a slight description of myself. I'm 22 years old, 5 ft. 9 in. high and weigh 155 lbs. As for my looks I leave that for other people. I would be pleased to answer anyone who might consider it worth while to write, especially girls. Would you kindly forward the enclosed letter to A Farmer's Daughter, Armstrong, B. C., in the Feb. number. Hoping to see this in print and wishing the W. H. M. a successful future I'll sign myself "From Ontario."

A Kind-Hearted Maid

Vancouver, B. C., April 29th, 1910.

Sir.—Just a line or two, in order to get acquainted with some of the W. H. M. correspondents, as some of them seem to be so lonely. Well, I can sympathize with them, for I often feel discouraged and lonely especially when my brother is away from home. If any of the bachelors east or west, care to write to me, I'll try and answer all "Shorty Doolittle" included. I would love to

"Help the worn and weary brother,
Pulling hard against the stream."

I liked Saskatoon Turnip's letter immensely. I will try and describe myself. My age is 32, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair and eyes, as for looks well I'm a poor judge, I might flatter myself.

"One of Three."

In the Chinese Quarters, Victoria, B.C.

Violet Wants Postcards

West Hill, Ont., April 9, 1910.

Sir.—I have been taking your valuable paper for some time and I certainly would not do without it. I am like quite a few young people interested in the correspondence columns and would like to exchange postcards with any young people in the West. I am 17 years old, have blue eyes and dark hair. I have been called "Fatty" but I just weigh 150 lbs. and am passably good looking. I wish your paper much success and I would like to see my letter in print. Hoping some of the boys will write I sign myself

"Violet."

Gerry Is Welcome to Our Columns

Marion, Sask., April 1st, 1910.

Sir.—Since coming to this western country it has always been my luck to be employed where I could have the pleasure of reading the W. H. M. And now as I am spending the winter on a homestead, I thought I would avail myself of your generosity in affording us an innocent amusement. Think of a face with a permanent fixture of looks that are always suggesting a mixture of lemons and vinegar: there you've a picture of Gerry. The above description, I think, will answer as well as any, as I doubt if any of your correspandents will ever see me, since I am writing for pastime only. Please forward inclosed letter to "Three Broncho Busters" and oblige "Gerry."

Twenty Years Old and Lonesome

Calgary, Alta., April 1st, 1910.

Sir.—Being an interested reader of the W. H. M., I have decided to write again as I did not see my last letter in print. I will make this one as brief as possible, so our editor can squeeze it in some place in these valuable columns. I, as well as some of the others, am a lonely boy living in this lonesome prairie country, and it gets monotonous without any of the fair sex to cheer me up. I believe I will fall in line and give a description of myself. I am a kid of twenty summers, 5 ft. 5 inches tall, weigh 145 lbs., have black hair and blue eyes. Now, girls, won't you favor me with a letter. My address is with the editor.

"A Shy Guy."

A Letter Worth Reading

Minburn, Alta., April 17, 1910.

Sir.—May I come in for a few moments, please? I, too, am of that species known as the "poor lonely western bachelor." Though, I am sure I am not so lonely as some of the boys seem to be; as a matter of fact I don't believe that any of the fellows, who possess a healthy body and mind are as lonely as some of their letters would lead you to suppose. Why one would almost imagine that, to be a bachelor in the West was equal to being the sole inhabitant of a continent. I am not wishing to insinuate, boys, that there are any of you, who have been writing letters to these columns whose mind and body are not quite sound, but I simply think you have overdrawn the picture, or perhaps in some cases have lost sight of the real idea altogether. You will agree with me I suppose, that, generally speaking those who come to this beautiful West of ours expecting to find a "snap" will be disappointed. We are the pioneers are we not? We are the men in the shack, whose work it is to drive back the wilderness, to make the rough places smooth, and the crooked places straight, and withal a place for ourselves in the world. Think you that we will get through without our metal being tested, or that we are going to come out on top if we do not call all our brain, muscle, and grit to aid us? Anyway I don't think we are in the best, and finest sense of the term, real men, truly developed, until we have experienced some good hard knocks. I don't suppose there

SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

Appendicitis Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"

NEWBURGH, ONT., Feb. 12th. 1910.

"Just about a year ago, our daughter Ella, (fourteen years), was taken with terrible pains in the right side The pain was so severe that we had to carry her to bed. We at once put her under the care of a first-class doctor, who pronounced it a case of Appendicitis and advised an operation.

We took her to a hospital in Kingston where she was again examined by an eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and *must be operated on at once if we wanted to save her life.* As we had taken her to Kingston to have this done we were ready but our daughter was afraid and cried and begged so pitifully, that we postponed it for that day. Luckily for us and for her an uncle came in with some 'Fruit-a-tives' and insisted on Ella taking them. Good results were apparent almost from the first dose, and the continuous treatment cured her.

'Fruit-a-tives' saved our daughter from the surgeon's knife and to-day she is enjoying the best of health."

J. W. FOX, (Father).
LILLIAN FOX, (Mother).

Words cannot express the gratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Fox. And Miss Ella will always remember "Fruit-a-tives"—the discovery of an eminent physician, and the only medicine in the world made of fruit. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c. At dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

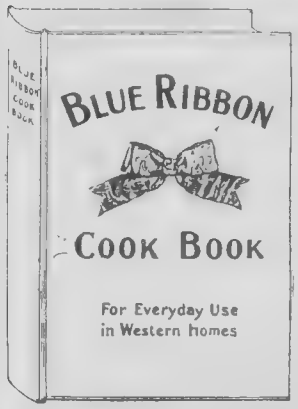
EVERY MAN (Young and Old)

Should have our Free Book A Remarkable Recent Discovery of a New Harmless, Agreeable and Infallible Remedy.

FREE To all interested men, we will send by mail our FREE BOOK, carefully sealed in plain envelope, which fully explains our modern treatment, how weak men of all ages, suffering from masculine debility, loss of power, etc., can now rapidly recover their lost vitality and vigor. No matter your age, or the cause of your present weak state, our remedy acts in a most marvellous manner and makes premature old men, strong healthy and vigorous. All letters and communications strictly confidential. Address, Suite 40

Agote Institute, 55 University Street, Montreal, Canada

You Need This Book



AFTER you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

Not a cheap advertising booklet, but a complete, reliable cook book, strongly bound, clean, white, washable oilcloth. And here's your chance to get it.

¶ Send 75c. for Western Home Monthly for one year and we will send you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book, FREE.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates. You have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effectual medicine.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Angus, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctor's medicines but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A $20 Watch For $10

These figures tell exactly what we are doing — selling a $20 watch for $10. This in itself should be a sufficient "Reason Why" argument to send us your order.

We don't claim this is a $40 watch or a $50 watch, but it is a $20 watch—actually built to sell at $20. It is made in a range of beautiful hand-engraved designs, and fitted with a very special adjusted non-magnetic lever movement, exposed running wheels, cup settings, expansion balance, brequet hair-spring, patent regulator and antique bow and pendant. It is a counterpart of the Waltham, and a magnificent timepiece. Each watch is thoroughly timed, tested and regulated before it leaves our hands, and we stand behind every case and movement.

HOW TO ORDER—Clip out this advertisement and mail it to us to-day, with your name, postoffice address and nearest express office. Specify as to lady or gents' size, and same will be sent to your express office at once. You have the privilege of examination, and if satisfied pay the agent $5.00 and the watch is yours subject to payment of the balance in 30 days. If not accepted you are at liberty to return watch at our expense.

SPECIAL—To the first 300 customers we will send a handsome chain or guard absolutely free.

First come, first served. The number is limited. Don't wait. Order at once or it may be too late.

PEOPLE'S SUPPLY COMPANY
(Mail orders exclusively),
Drawer 843. Toronto. Station F.

DRUGLESS HEALING
or
SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS

I find so much Rheumatism and Chronic Constipation in this northern country. Constipation is a dangerous thing—will lead to Rheumatism, Appendicitis and all kinds of serious Chronic Troubles. This system of treatment will surely cure Constipation and Rheumatism of all kinds. I want every man and woman that is afflicted with these complaints or any other serious Chronic Trouble, to write me, stating your case, and I will prove to you the remarkable cures I have lately made. By arousing the **"Latent Forces"** in the body and working through God's natural laws disease and troubles get fast out of the body. I can heal you in your home. We give personal and absent treatment. This is the cheapest and quickest healing science the world knows. Plenty of references. **Prof. H. W. Banton, Institution of Healing, office 232 13th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta. Tel. 197.**

Marriage, Annulment, Domicile Divorce, 8th. Edition gives law and time governing these subjects in all of the States and Territories of the United States. Postpaid, One Dollar. Jos. Mitchell Donovan, Attorney, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, U.S.A.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

is anything so good as hardships tempered with a little disappointment (kept within limits of course) to strengthen the body, to enlarge the mind, to deepen the heart's well of love and sympathy.

"Have you suffered, starved and triumphed, grovelled down, yet grasped at glory,
Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?
'Done things' just for the doing, letting babblers tell the story,
Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?
Have you seen God in his splendors, heard the text that nature renders?
(You'll never hear it in the family pew.)
The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things
Then listen to the Wild, it's calling you."

Yes! of course girls we miss you, very, very much, but what is the use of lamenting anyway there's too much to do to allow it to disturb our minds to any great extent. You would not want anything to interfere with our progress anyway, would you? Don't think that I am cranky, old and selfish, because I am not any one of the three. I agree with what "Modesty's Purest Gem" had to say about women governing us. You do. Girls govern all our actions, it is thoughts of you first, last, and always. As it has been said women are the cause of all the trouble in life, but it is women who make life worth all the trouble. I should be happy to hear from any of the correspondents or any who should care to write. I am 27 years of age, all other good qualities kept a secret for the time being. "The Bear."

Jamie's Letter.

Laughing Joe on the Battlefield.

Brandon, Man., April 15, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for some months past, and I am very much interested in reading it, specially the correspondence columns. I am 19 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. and weigh 155 lbs., as for good looking some say I am but as I do not believe in self praise, all I will say is, that I do not remember of having ever scared anybody so far. Would like to correspond with some young girls who would answer all letters promptly, and for my part, I will be glad to answer. Now, girls, wake up and drop a line to me; my address will be with the editor. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success possible, I will sign "Laughing Joe."

Has a Loving Disposition.

Carman, Man., April 1st, 1910.

Sir.—I greatly enjoy reading your paper and get amusement reading the correspondence columns. I really think some of the boys and girls write nice letters and it is very kind of you to give them space to air their views. I should like to correspond with some nice young girl for pastime only. Am 5 ft. 10 in. tall, black hair, grey eyes, and weigh 150 pounds; am 19 years old, am of a very loving disposition and should I ever get a wife the best will be none too good for her providing she is a nice sensible girl. I should try my best to give her a good home and if she thought enough of me to milk a cow or two, well and good. Now, as to accomplishments such as playing the piano and being a good dancer wouldn't matter a rap with me so long as she was a good neat housekeeper and cook. I must admit some women have an up-hill time with a man who is an excessive drinker. I would like to get some correspondents of about my own age.

"A Yankee Boy."

Two Jolly Lassies

Dauphin, Man., April 15, 1910.

Sir.—We have been reading your valuable paper for some time past and are especially delighted with the correspondence. To begin with we live in a small town and have heaps of fun going to dances, card parties and skating. We think it much nicer to live in the country than in the city. At our literary club we had a debate on the matter and country side won. By correspondence we do not believe that a happy marriage could ever be made. I would like to see the man I was going to marry before he bought the license. A person might get the ugliest old man or a miser and our idea is that those who have to advertise to get a husband or wife cannot be up to much. For why advertise? Surely there are enough of either sex around them. First, we are cousins and look much alike. Both tall, dark hair with deep blue eyes, fair complexion; while one weighs 136 pounds the other 128 pounds and we are twenty-one and twenty-three years old respectively. Dear editor, we have no doubt taken up a lot of your valuable space but before closing we would like to say that should any young fellows about our age care to correspond, we will also return the favor. Wishing your most interesting paper every success we will sign ourselves

"Heavenly Twins."

Another Eastern Correspondent

Ontario, April 4th, 1910.

Sir.—Have you room for an eastern subscriber, to your valuable paper, to say a few words to the boys and girls of the West? I hope the fair maidens who have left old Ontario are not so much taken up with the western bachelors as to forget the boys they left behind them. Probably you will be curious to know what kind of a person I am. So I will try and tell you from my point of view. Well, I am a bachelor and twenty-five, it would not be right to say I am beautiful but the girls say I am not a bad kid. I live in the famous County of Bruce and I am sure you will all know someone in the West who used to live there. I have visited the West and I must say you have every reason to be proud of your country as I am of mine. Just a few remarks on the matrimonial side of the question. I am not in favor of a mail order business in this line as the goods can not be returned but it is a splendid way to become acquainted and gain correspondents which greatly helps to pass those long hours of bachelor life away. You western boys have my warmest sympathies in your little shacks away out on the prairie with very few neigh-

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Think of the satisfaction of having a brown cotton dress that will not fade!

Simpson-Eddystone Fast Hazel Brown Prints

are the fastest and most beautiful shade of brown printed on the highest quality of cloth. The designs are new, artistic, and stylish; and the fast color grows brighter with washing.

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WHO SUFFER
FROM AILMENTS
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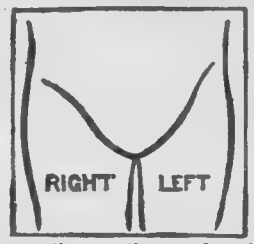
FREE to the RUPTURED
A Quick New Cure



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE.

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to
DR. W. S. RICE, 743 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age ..... *Time Ruptured* .....
Name .....
Address .....
.....
Does rupture pain? ..... *Do you wear a Truss?* .....

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Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the
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Your choice of these hair goods specials sent on 10 days approval. Natural real hair wavy switch 20 in. $1.50, 22 in. $2.00, 24 in. $3.00. Coronet braid 27 in. long $3.00, lengths up to 36 in. in proportion. New fashion turban caps 35c. Extra large allover invisible hair net 10c. Send lock of your hair. 5c for postage and if goods satisfactory remit within ten days.

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MEND THOSE HOLES

In your Pans, Kettles, Etc. **Vol-Peek** mends tin, iron, copper, brass, aluminum, granite and enameled ware. Mends holes up to ¼ inch. Stands temperature 500 degrees higher than solder. Easy, quick. No tools necessary. 25 cents postpaid —enough to mend 50 holes. ***Agents Wanted.***
H. NAGLE & CO., Dept. 15, La Prairie, Quebec.

bors to call in and spend an evening and, I am sure you would be delighted to hear from some of our eastern maidens. Well, I must ring off and let someone else in. I would be pleased to hear from anyone, boys or girls, and would try and answer all letters. Wishing the W. H. M. every success I will sign

"The Man from Bruce."

Good Advice for Homesteader

Marion, Sask., April 20, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for about a year now, and I find it has helped me in many ways. Will you kindly allow me a little of your valuable space to state a few of my views on homesteading, gained by experience? Many homesteaders curse fate because they are "buried" on a homestead, whereas the fault rests with themselves. Some envy clerks, office-help, etc., and think their own life is miserable in comparison. Now, I have tried both and I found eight hours in an office as wearying as 10 or 12 on a farm, and if one is in a city he has to keep up appearances on a bare living wage, with very small prospects for advancement. Don't envy him, boys! The free healthful life for us! And when our patent comes (as come it will) we have a stake the clerk would work a lifetime to save. Don't think you are lonesome and you will not mind your solitude. Music in some form or other is elevating and sympathizes with your every mood. Now as I am encroaching on our indulgent editor's space, I will give a description of myself and close. Age 19, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 148 lbs., fair complexion and hair, blue eyes, do not indulge in intoxicants, dance, or use tobacco.

"I'm Sincere."

From Old England.

Yorkshire, March 14th, 1910.

Sir.—Could you squeeze room in your magazine for a letter from England? I am very much interested in the W. H. M. correspondence column, and would like to see my letter in print as soon as space will permit. I suppose I must describe myself for the benefit of the "boys." I have blue eyes, nut brown curly hair, height about 5 feet 5 inches, and have reached the happy stage of "Sweet Seventeen." Would like to correspond with "Alta's Pride," and his friend "No. 3" in the December issue, if they will write first. Any other bachelor who would care to correspond with a jolly girl in England, will find my address with the editor. Wishing you and your magazine every success. "Merry English Lassie."

From the Land of the Heather.

Edinburgh, Scotland, March 14th, 1910.

Sir.—We are two sporty sisters, who have had pleasure in reading the W. H. M. sent to us by a sister. We are not for sale yet, but would like to correspond with some of the opposite sex, just for fun. We will now proceed to introduce ourselves. Heiland Mary, 5 feet 4 inches, weight about 125 lbs., waist 25 inches, dark brown hair, dark grey eyes, good complexion, and am very fond of all outdoor sports. I am also a good sewer. Blue Bell is 5 feet 6½ inches in height, weight about 124 lbs., waist 24 inches, has light brown hair, dark grey eyes, and a fair complexion. I am a good sewer and can play the piano. We are both very good dancers. I think I have said enough in our favor, so will now conclude. We would be pleased to have a line from "Wung Un Hung" or any others. Address the editor.

"Heiland Mary & Blue Bell."

A Voice from Ontario

Toronto, Ont., April 24, 1910.

Sir.—I hope you will find space in your valuable and exceedingly interesting column for this, my first letter to your magazine and I trust the fact of my being an Easterner, will not find prejudice in your eyes. I am anxious to become better acquainted with our western neighbors and western life, through the medium of postcards or correspondence. The former appeals to me more readily as I have a collection of some 2,000, comprising views from Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and of course the British Colonies, and I am naturally deeply interested in the subject. Your letter was most interesting, "Assiniboia." I am glad to know there are some left who are not "beauty worshippers." One paragraph that seems to be seldom omitted from letters is the description of oneself. I must say that I agree entirely with "California Cowboy Girl," but nevertheless here goes. I have brown eyes, light brown hair, am not quite 20 years, weigh 105 pounds, am 5 feet. The latter is my sensitive point as my friends are unanimous in informing me that I will never grow any taller. Can someone reassure me on that point, please? Where did you learn your English, "Dutch Warbler?" Go up head! Although not red-headed myself, I can appreciate your championship. I have known just as charming girls possessing red hair as vice versa. Thanking you in advance for the privilege of this space, I am, "Sunny Nell."

Auricula Thinks She Is a Jewel

Strathcona, Alta., April 20th, 1910.

Sir.—Being a subscriber to your magazine, I have the privilege of reading the interesting, and somewhat amusing letters which appear in the correspondence columns. I have long intended to write, but through lack of courage have never done so before. If a description is desirable, may it suffice to say I fit in perfectly with the description of western girls we read of in books, "whose eyes lighted like the hues of the topaz and whose hair is like the clear sun set on a summer's day." You may laugh when you get me pictured in your mind but I don't care. I may also add my disposition is that of the story western girl. I should be delighted if some of the readers would write to me and promise to answer all letters promptly. If our eastern girls wish to know about the West and the bachelors, I think I could give them their desired information. But of course I don't care for girl correspondents only, but——Well never mind. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will be so kind as to publish this letter I should feel greatly indebted to you. But if you fail to, I shall feel hurt the rest of my life. Thanking you in anticipation for your kindness, I sign myself "Auricula."

A Champion for the Farmers

Moosomin, Sask., Feb. 10th, 1910.

Sir.—Will you kindly publish these lines in your valuable paper? I notice some of the writers in the correspondence columns have no use for farmers. "The Doctor" in Feb. issue would do well to read the article on "Farmers' Sons" set forth on page 3 W. H. M., Jan., 1910. There we read and cannot help but admit the fact that the great men of all ages were the sons of farmers. Also search through the exports of our country, and it is easily seen that the farmer's product heads the list in value, and we must all admit the fact that the farmer is the backbone of our country and also our empire. Then we hear from "Cutie" in Jan. issue, she certainly has no use for the bachelors. I think she would do well to remember that we only read of one man that was perfect and he was a bachelor. But I admire the sensible letter written by "Modesty's Purest Gem" in Feb. issue. She expresses my opinion exactly and the words which she quotes from Socrates and Sheridan are really beautiful and true. Now a word for our country. I think the golden West with its free gifts of land in half mile squares, its healthy bracing climate, with its good sound laws and sober law-abiding settlers to keep them, offers a better opportunity to the young couple who are willing to work than any other country in the world. Giving a description of myself must say that I am an Englishman, and will be pleased to give any further truthful particulars to any farmers' daughters who may care to write.

"Loyal Farmer."

A Clever Horsewoman

Shoal Lake, Man., Feb. 1st, 1910.

Sir.—My brother has taken your paper over a year and I have been a constant reader, so at last decided to join your correspondence page. I would like very much to hear from Bobby Burns of June issue or any of the others who care to write. I am too shy to write first. I am 5 feet 3 inches tall, weigh 132 lbs. and

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Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer!

Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life itself.

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Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon. Dr. Sproule will study them thoroughly and write you in regard to your case, without its costing you a cent.

Is your throat raw?
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Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

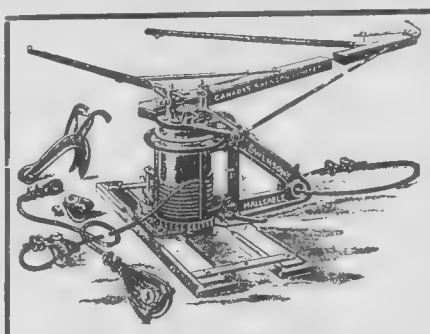
Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information. Address Health Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston. Don't lose any time. Do it now.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON Health Specialist SPROULE, 117 Trade Building, Boston, will you kindly send me, entirely free of charge, your advice in regard to the cure of Catarrh.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....



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I have found the cure.

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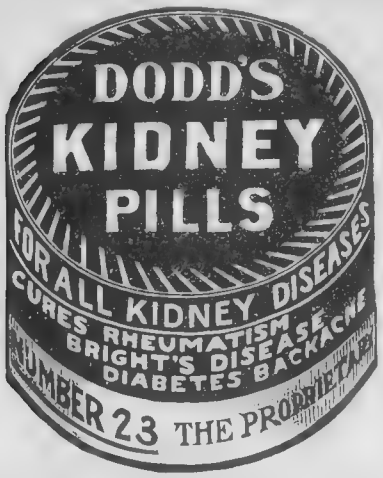

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have brown eyes and hair. I am very fond of music and can dance and skate to perfection, also can ride on horseback with the best of them. I have taken first prize for best lady rider in Winnipeg. I am a dressmaker by trade so you see I'll be always handy. I am just 19 but very old in my ways and think if it was up to me to keep house I would suit a king. Now, if Bobby Burns wants to get lots of letters he had better get busy. My address will be with the editor.

"Brown Eyed Belle."

A Lonely Englishman

Calgary, Alta., April 9th, 1910.

Sir.—Having read your paper for several years I have at last made up my mind to write a letter to your correspondence column. I am not baching it at present but expect to start again soon. I have been in the country for seven years and have roamed round a bit to see the country before settling down but have bought a farm now and intend to make a home for myself. Should any farmer's daughter or any lady reader care to write to me I will answer all letters for the fun of it. I do not think anyone should write with a view to matrimony as it is too serious a thing to enter into without knowing each other well. I am 5 ft. 7½ in., have fair complexion and blue eyes and weigh 165 lbs. and am fond of home life. I do not think a woman ought to have the cows and pigs to look after as I think she has enough to do in the house if she keeps it clean and tidy. I will now close with best wishes to the W. H. M.

"An Englishman."

A Merry Widow

Fielding P. O., Sask., April 20th, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a very interested reader of your journal for some time and have often thought of answering some of the letters but always seem to be busy. However the letter signed Shorty Do Little in this month's paper rather took my fancy and I thought I would write. Mr. Do Little certainly is modest in wishing for a young beautiful lady to correspond with. I presume that he would not care to notice one over forty-five or fifty, although I think that he must be a pretty smart and active man if he expects to get a young wife and he sixty-eight years of age. I dare say he would make a real good husband but I always think that there should not be too much difference in age either way although I have heard and known of very happy marriages where the wife was some years the elder. It is the general sympathies that help to make happiness and if either one is selfish there is sure to be unhappiness for the other. (I forgot to say I am a merry widow.) Mr. Do Little does not say whether he is fond of music, dancing, etc. Well now, I am not a young beautiful girl, if anyone should care to write me he can find out all particulars. I may say though that I have been called a good looking woman (Handsome is that Handsome does). I dance, sing, play the organ, talk, read, etc., and believe in having all the brightness that can be got out of life and try to make others happy all of which I do according to a good old-fashioned Presbyterian conscience. There are a lot of other letters I would like to answer but time is limited. Should this letter be printed and receive a reply I shall be pleased as I take a great interest in your paper and do not intend to be without it. Should anyone wish to write me he will find my address with the editor and I will be pleased to answer him or any others as I like to have lots of friends.

"Ever Leal."

A Chance for X. Y. Z.

Winnipeg, April 26, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of your magazine, for nearly two years, and I enjoy it very much. I find the correspondence column especially interesting, some of the letters are so good. I remember perusing one, signed "X. Y. Z," in either March or May issue, 1909, letter which has as yet, appeared in which in my estimation is the best your pages. Apart from its being grammatically written, the thoughts are good, and well expressed, and the whole letter is much above the average. Franscesca has also written beautifully, and if I may enter your correspondence circle, I should be pleased to count the above mentioned as correspondents, and also any who might care to write to me.

Must I describe myself, and wherefor? Does one's personal appearance make any difference in forming friendships or acquaintances? However, as it appears to be the general rule to do so, I therefore must conform to same.

I am a stenographer, in a large, busy office, I command a good salary and my employers are considerate and kind. Although I like my work well, I sometimes feel it tedious, and long for freedom. When I look out of the window at the broad expanse of blue sky and the bright sunshine, I hear invisible voices calling me, and I feel like some imprisoned thing, because I cannot answer, but my soul does. Duty, one has to do their duty. I am afraid, I am telling you some of my innermost thoughts, instead of describing myself.

I have dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, a clear dark skin, between 20 and 30 years of age, (but look younger, an uncommon thing for a woman) medium height, medium weight, but these things tell very little; one judges mostly by the expression, expression of the eyes, of the mouth, and in fact the whole face.

I am fond of reading, have written a few articles for the local papers, also a Valentine story, of which I will not speak further; love animals, birds, flowers, music, sunshine, and everything that looks free appeals to me.

But my letter is too long, and would no doubt be more interesting had I left out the part, which personally concerns me, and inserted something else.

If the editor honors me by publishing this letter, I shall be glad to hear from you, and I shall be particularly glad to hear from "X. Y. Z." "Margaret."

Wants a "Nice "Girl

Sask., April 18, 1910.

Sir.—Having been a subscriber of your valuable home paper for some time I thought I would try and write a letter for your Correspondence Column which I take a great delight in reading, and if a person follows this column up he runs across people with a lot of different views especially about habits, tobacco, liquors, etc. Now, I think that a man that smokes is by all means the most desirable and if I were a woman I would prefer one that smoked. Give a man a good meal and a pipe of good tobacco and ask him for a dress or a hat and you are pretty sure to get one.

As for the other two habits I think they are filthy and I do not do either. But I smoke and it has helped many a homesteader to bear the loneliness of homesteading. I am a homesteader myself and live six miles from a siding. Am also a bachelor, young, tall, and dark. Measuring 5 feet, 10½ inches, dark hair, brown eyes. Age 24 years, weight 155.

"Rambler's" letter in your April issue just echoes my thoughts. A man was not made to live alone and if when he came home at night and found supper ready and a good smudge going (for the mosquitoes are very bad here during the summer) it would make a great difference and I think any man could afford to be pretty good to his wife, if she was a good wife. Of course looks are entirely out of the question, for you generally find a good looking man is food for nothing else, also a woman; but there are exceptions. When a bachelor comes in for supper and finds none ready he generally can't eat it after he does get it ready. Homesteading here is not so bad, as all the homesteads are taken up and the boys are pretty good fellows and the girls the best in the land. We have dances here and they help to while away the spare hours, everybody is jolly and 'tis a good world after all. Anybody who does not like the west wants to go east for a while and they'll come back into this great west land of ours to stretch themselves. Hoping you will publish this and hoping it may catch the eye of a nice girl who will write, I will sign myself, "Zepyhr."

Praise for Barkis.

Moose Jaw, Sask., May 19, 1910.

Sir.—Just a few lines in reply to Barkis' letter in April number. I have been reading the correspondence columns for some time past and am quite surprised at some of the letters some girls write. What are girls thinking of themselves when they say they do not object to their future husbands, smoking, chewing or drinking? One even says she will let her husband go on a "spree" once a year, while a married woman writes she learned to play cards to keep her husband at home nights.

If there wasn't attraction enough in my home and my company to keep my future husband home nights, I would much rather do without him than learn to play cards. I say three cheers for the young men who have no bad habits, such as the above mentioned. Good for you; Barkis, you hit the nail on the head that time, but don't be too hard on the girls; they are not all bad. For myself I will say I am a farmer's daughter, and am 24 years of age. I will sign myself, "Pap's Daughter."

"Colonial" Writes a Good Letter.

Sask., Canada, April 14, 1910.

Sir.—As I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for several years I thought I would write a few lines if you will kindly find space in your correspondence columns. Now as my crops and stock are increasing I find it very difficult to attend house and keep everything in order, and I have come to the conclusion that I must have a helpmate. I have been baching now for nearly six years. I have a fairly comfortable home to offer to some honorable woman, one who is willing to share her lot with me on a western farm. I do not wish to mention what she should do as I notice some do. I should say a woman has sufficient work in the house; the outside work belongs to the men. I also notice some say how many dresses their wife should wear; that does not seem to me kind treatment. I say if your wife needs a dress and you can afford it never refuse her if you expect her to look as well as your neighbors. I remember some years back I lived at a place a few months one summer; the master bought his wife her dresses, hats and shoes and when she came to wear them they did not fit or look well but she had to be satisfied or go without. I felt very sorry for the poor woman; she was a very hard worker and deserved different treatment. In this month's issue there are quite a number of farmers daughters; those are the sort a farmer is looking out for. Some write for pastime and a good time and they do not mean all they say but these good timers I am afraid will get left and be sorry for themselves.

In this month's issue there are several tendering advice which I think they do not follow themselves, also in one of the back numbers I noticed one letter signed "Doctor." Now I say, doctor, if we all were doctors and bank clerks, who would run the plow and provide farm products? Doctor, in the future leave the farmers alone; every man to his trade. Although I am writing this letter I do not approve of matrimony through correspondence columns but at the same time I do not see why there cannot be found persons suitable; of course, arrangements can be made to see each other before the final steps are taken. Now I will change the subject and say a little for myself. I do not like self-praise and brag, but I believe in being honest, upright and just in all my undertakings. I am an English Canadian, age 36, medium height, weight 130 lbs. darkish hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Protestant. I may safely say without contradiction, that I do not chew or drink as I think they are injurious. I will sign myself,

"A Colonial."

Another One Meaning Business.

Fairfax, April 4, 1910.

Sir.—Having seen a letter from our town in last month's issue of the West-

ern Home Monthly which brought quick results, it has encouraged me to write. This town, though small, is noted for its beautiful and clever girls. But by the time I arrived they were all spoken for.

I have reached the golden year, and I want to be married. Most of the correspondents to this paper are young farmers, but I am a business man, and am in a position to support a wife comfortably. My salary is quite sufficient, besides my little deposit, for a rainy day is not to be despised.

I am five feet ten inches, have wavy hair, am fair with dreamy eyes. My mirror reflects a handsome face. My habits are temperate. I enjoy a smoke but drink nothing stronger than cold tea. I am fond of sport and music. Now girls, I am in earnest "this time" so get busy and write to,

"Cholly with the Golden Hair."

A Chance for the Bachelors

Franklin, Man., May 19, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your paper for a long time and have taken much interest in your matrimonial correspondence department, and must say it is very interesting. I will now proceed to give the customary description of myself. I am five feet six inches tall have lovely brown hair, violet blue eyes, weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds, and have never been kissed.

I am fond of all amusements such as dancing, playing cards, or any outside sports. I am very musical and can play the piano, also the violin, and can sing a little. Well, so much for that, I am afraid your readers will be thinking me a very conceited miss, but I am not. Now I am not writing with a view of matrimony, but would not mind corresponding with a nice-looking young man not over twenty years of age, and who does not smoke, chew, swear, or drink anything stronger than weak tea. He must also be musical. Now I must close as my letter is getting rather long. I will sign myself,

—— "Wild Rose."

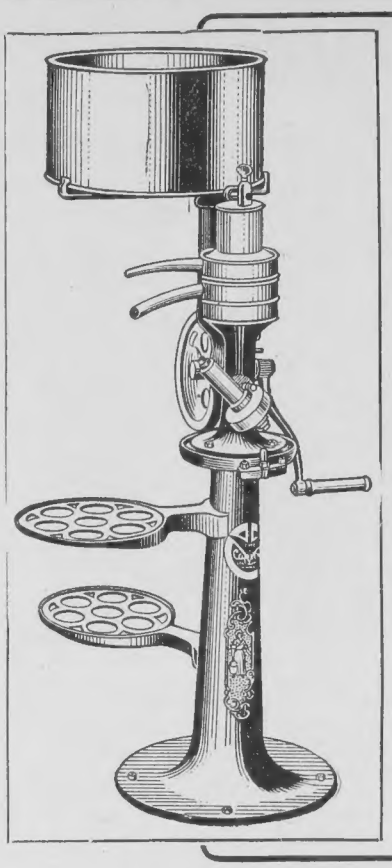
Good Wishes for Homesteaders.

Carberry, Man., May 14, 1910.

Sir.—This is my second letter to the Western Home Monthly. First, let me thank all the kind readers who wrote to me. I am sorry to say I could not find time to answer all of them. So I hope when they read this they will forgive me. I wonder how many have read "Fair play for Canadian women," by Grace Hopewell in the March number and what do they think of it. For myself I think that Canadian women should have a homestead. There are lots of them more capable to work one than a lot of the men. They lack the strength but have the knowledge. I think it is not fair play for any kind of a foreigner to be allowed to have one. Far better to give the women of our country a chance, than to bring so many low-classed people in. Some of them may be alright but they will never make as good a country as the British would. What do all the readers think? There is one who calls himself "Hazel Stubbs." He thinks some of the girls are hard on the bachelors. Well can you wonder at them, when he says "give a wife some encouragement by giving her fowl money." Did you ever hear the like? I think "Hazel Stubbs" is like a great many more men of the present day. There are a lot of them far too selfish to take a wife, because they think it would cost so much more to keep her. They never think that she keeps herself and more than often helps to keep her husband. I don't want you all to think I am crank, but I would like to see fair play on both sides. Well my letter is getting long so I had better quit or the editor will think I have too much to say. Hoping all the homesteaders will have a good crop this year, and wishing the Western Home Monthly every success.

"Isabel Carnaby."

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.



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Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
ROYAL IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 986, WINDSOR, ONT.

In Lighter Vein.

How Henry Blake Knows.

By J. W. Foley.

Don't you dast kill a toad, Henry Blake
 says, for true
As you're born it'll rain right away if
 you do.
For Henry Blake says onc't some boys
 that he knowed
Were goin' a-fishin' an' one killed a toad;
Then it all clouded up an' th' sky got so
 black
An' it thundered and lightninged before
 they got back
Till they was awful scairt! He says he
 dunno why
But he thinks toads has somethin' t' do
 with th' sky.
 An' Henry Blake showed
 Us th' pace in th' road
 Where th' boy went an' kilt him, an'
 that's how he knowed!

Henry Blake says if you just split a bean
An' put half of it on a wart when it's
 green
An' throw half of it between midnight
 an' dawn
In a cistern somewhere, why, your wart'll
 be gone
Just as soon as it rots. Henry Blake
 says it's true,
'Cuz a friend of his showed him a bean
 that he knew
Took off a big wart; an' th' half was all
 black,
An' Henry Blake says that it never came
 back.
 An' Henry's friend showed
 Him the cistern he throwed
 The other half into, an' that's how he
 knowed.

Henry Blake says that a snake's tail
 don't die,
When the snake has been kilt, till it's
 sundown, or nigh;
He says if you watch 'em long after
 they're dead
You'll see th' tail wiggle, which shows
 what he said
Mus' be true: an' he says th' don't
 nobody know
What keeps 'em alive; but he knows it is
 so
'Cuz a friend of his watched one onc't all
 afternoon,
An' th' tail stopped a-wigglin' just ever
 as soon
 As th' settin' sun throwed
 Th' place in th' road
 Into shadder., an' Henry says that's
 how he knowed.

Too Much For the Man-Eater.

A well-known theatrical manager repeats an instance of what the late W. C. Coup, of circus fame, once told him was one of the most amusing features of the show-business: the faking in the "side-show."

Coup was the owner of a small circus that boasted among its principal attractions a man-eating ape, alleged to be the largest in captivity. This ferocious beast was exhibited chained to the dead trunk of a tree in the side-show. Early in the day of the first performance of Coup's enterprise at a certain Ohio town, a countryman handed the man-eating ape a piece of tobacco, in the chewing of which the beast evinced the greatest satisfaction. The word was soon passed around that the ape would chew tobacco; and the result was that several plugs were thrown at him. Unhappily, however, one of these had been filled with cayenne pepper. The man-eating ape bit it; then, howling with indignation, snapped the chain that bound him to the tree, and made straight for the practical joker who had so cruelly deceived him.

"Lave me at 'im!" yelled the ape. "Lave me at 'im, the dirty villain! I'll have the rube's loife, or me name ain't Magillicuddy!"

Fortunately for the countryman and for Magillicuddy, too, the man-eating ape was restrained by the bystanders in time to prevent a killing.

Down With Culchao!

"No'm, Mis' Jos'feem, I doan' lay out to go t' no mo' pergressive meetin's, noh culchah soci'ty doin's, noh any othah meetin's 'ceptin' pra'h meetin', foh a good spell to come. I gotter 'nuff to do me, I reckon, an' I reckon I done be'n was'in' time whut I orter be'n spen'in a-patchin' Aberham Luke's oberhalls. Sence hit got ter be de style, I be'n 'ten'in' mothah's meetin's an' out-doah-aht soci-ty, an' sech, an' heahin' a heap ob big wohds, but I des' nachelly come to de conclusion lately dat dem high-soun'in' wohds doan' hab no message foh dis niggah whils' de cobwebs am a-hangin' onto de pahloh ceilin' an' de chillen's knees am bus' thoo, an' de ole man's wukkin' clo'es need fixin'.

"De las' meetin' was gib' undah de allspices ob de Daughtahs ob Snow-white Pu'ity, an' de talk was mos'ly 'stractions 'bout de pergressiveness ob de ebolution, an' de greates' good to de greates' numbah, an' de surbibal ob de fittes'. 'Pears lak' dey is a heap to be said on de subjec', but whar do hit lead, aftah all? I tek' notice dat aftah de muchal culchah c'mittee call on me I set an' meditate on de extremity ob de hilariousness twell de cohn pone bu'n black in de oven, an' de spaih ribs am all cook to rags.

"I came home f'um dat 'ar las' meetin' 'companied by Aberham Luke an' young Mistah Moses Brayberry, whut's alluz a-hangin' arter my Sagassity 'Liz'buth, an' lets on lak' he brung up in a finishin' school, an' knows all dey is. W'en we git inside he 'ten's lak' he tek' a mighty keen int'rus' in Sagassity 'Lizbuth's li'l' yaller kitten, de Marcus ob Laffeyette, an' ask does we-all know whah he kin git one lak' hit foh he li'l' sistah,, Sagassity 'Liz'buth tell him no, 'cuz de Marcus am de las' ob de ole caliker cat's kittens; de res' all tuck fits an' died, an' de ole cat huhse'f done jouhney'd cat-heabenwa'hd in a fit.

"'Dah now, Mis' Johnsing,' he say, 'dat done prove de point whut de speakah axpostulate dis ebenin'—de surbibal ob de fittes'. Yo'-all couldn't hab no finah 'lustration dan de case in point.'

"'Mebby so,' I dissenshuates, 'mebby so, but I doan' figuh hit out dat-a-way, nohow. De Marcus am de onlies' one ob dat fambly ob cats dat nevah had no fits. De one wif de mos' fits died fus', an' den de nex', an' den de nex'. Hit look to me pow'ful lak' de surbibal ob de on-fittes',' I say.

"Yas'm, Mis' Jos'feem, w'en de fine 'spressions won' stan' de tes' ob common sense an' reason, I 'cide I doan' want no moah ob 'em. Dey am become as soundin' brass an' clinkin' cindahs."

One too Many.

Discretion is a good thing, and Reilly, the tailor, had a heap of it.

One morning Mrs. Murphy, a customer, came into the shop and found him busy with pencil and paper. She asked him what he was doing.

"Oi'm makin' a list av the min in this block that Oi kin lick."

"Hev yez got Murphy's name down?" asked she.

"Murphy heads me list."

Home flew Mrs. Murphy and broke the news to her man. He was in Reilly's shop in a jiffy.

"Me woman tells me that ye're afther making a memorial tablet uv the min that yez can lick, and that ye've got me at the head of it. Is that true?"

"Shure and it's true. What of it?" said Reilly.

"Ye good-for-nuthin' little grasshopper, I could commit suicide on yez with me little finger. I could wipe up the flure wid yez wid me hands tied behind me."

"Are ye sure of that?" asked Reilly.

"I'm sure and more about it."

"All right, then," said Reilly, "if ye're sure of it I'll scratch ye off the list."

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Had a Bad Cough

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. WAS AFRAID IT WOULD TURN INTO

Consumption.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that when a person catches cold it must be attended to immediately or serious results may follow.

Thousands have filled a consumptive grave through neglect.

Never Neglect a Cough or Cold, it can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Afraid of Consumption.

Mrs. A. E. Brown, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I have had a very bad cough every winter for a number of years which I was afraid would turn into consumption. I tried a great many remedies but only received temporary relief until I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and after taking two bottles my cough was cured. I am never without a bottle of Norway Pine Syrup."

Dr, Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It strikes at the foundation of all throat and lung complaints, relieving or curing all Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, etc., and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:

J. J. Pope, P. O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: "I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years, and 'Actina' is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using 'Actina' I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience."

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln St., Milwaukee., Wis., writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using 'Actina,' I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

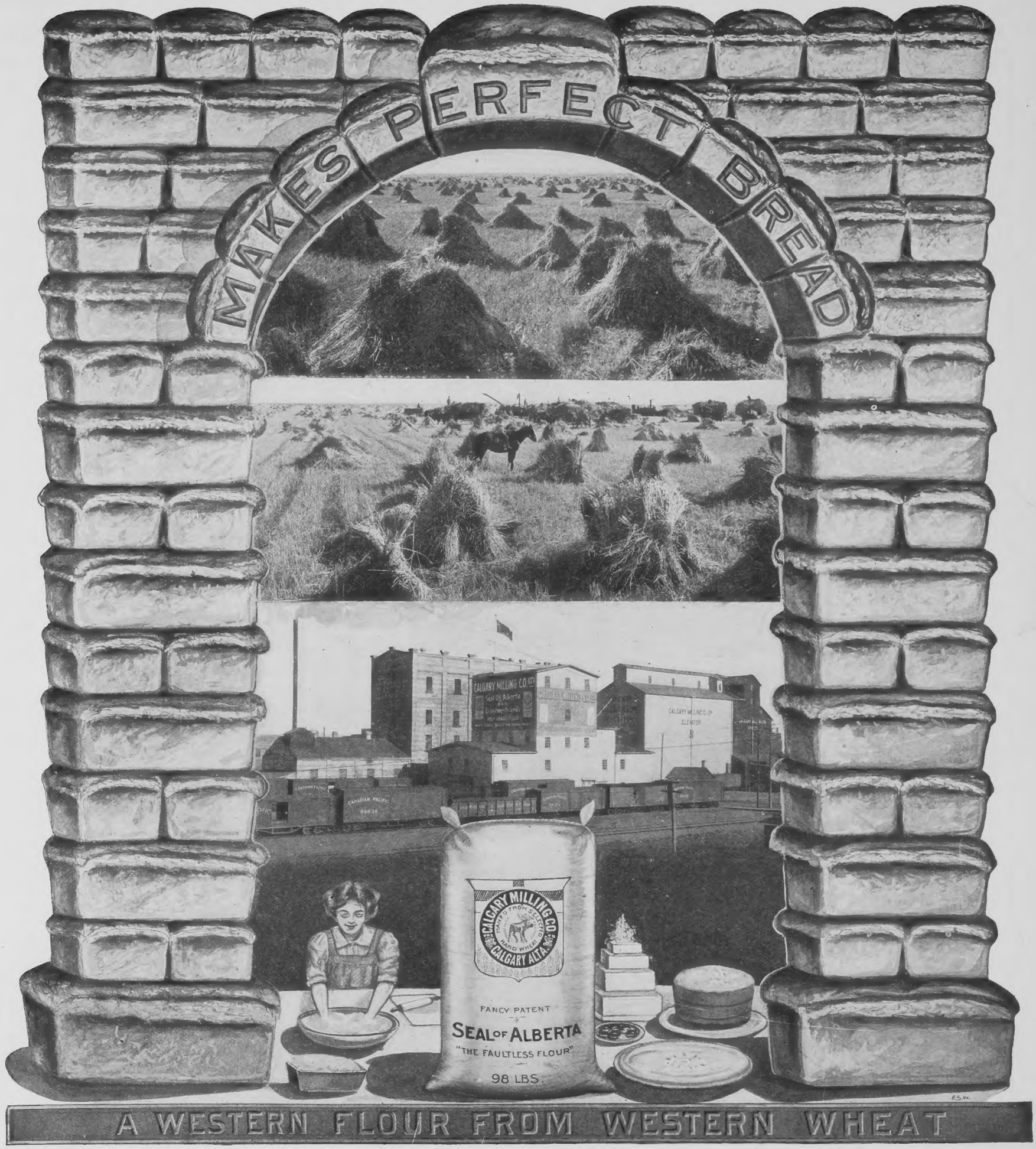
E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes; "'Actina' has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headaches now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial, prepaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo. you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book—Professor Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.



In response to the very large number of applications that have been received for this illustration in picture form, the Calgary Milling Co. are preparing it so as to look well in any room. It will be greatly appreciated if all desiring one would drop a post card to their office as soon as convenient so as to facilitate matters for everyone concerned.

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